

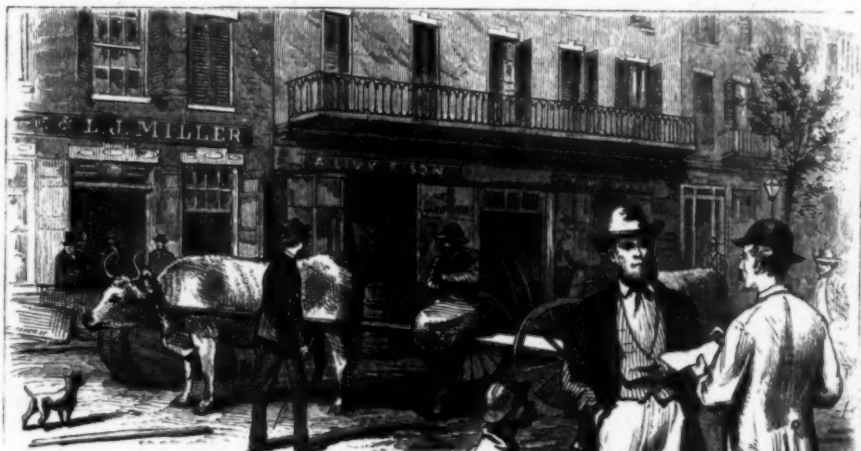
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IN THE COTTON STATES: I.

AFTER many weeks of journeying in the South, through regions where hardly a house is to be seen, where the villages, looming up between patches of forest or canebrake, seem deserted and worm-eaten, and the people reckless and idle, the traveler is struck with astonishment and delight when he emerges into the busy belt extending from Aiken, in South Carolina, to Augusta, in Georgia. There he sees manufacturing villages, hears the whirring of spindles, notes on every hand evidences of progressive industry, and wonders why it was not so years before. Alas! who can compute the sum of the lost opportunities of the Southern States? The traveler will certainly give it up as too formidable a task, and our friends of the South do not like to think much upon it.

This "Sand Hill region," extending from the north-eastern border of South Carolina to the south-eastern border of Georgia, has many noteworthy aspects. Its climate has wonderful life-renewing properties for the invalid worn down with the incessant fatigues and changes of severer latitudes, and its resources for the establishment of manufactures, and for the growth of some of the

most remarkable and valuable of the fruits of the earth, are unrivaled. The upper limit of the Sand Hills in South Carolina is very clearly defined. They are usually found close to the rivers, and are supposed to be ancient sand-banks once not far from the sea-shore. They pass through the State, half way between the ocean and the Blue Ridge, and are most thoroughly developed near Aiken, Columbia, Camden, and Cheraw. They are usually clothed in aromatic pine forests. Down the slopes of these hills, in Georgia and South Carolina, run rivers, which in winter and spring are turbid with the washings from the red clay hills to the northward; and in the flat valleys scattered along these streams

STREET SCENE IN AUGUSTA, GA.

cotton and corn grow with remarkable luxuriance. In Georgia the hills run from the falls of the Savannah River at Augusta, south-west and north-east, as far as the Ogeechee River. The highest point in this curious range, at the United States Arsenal at Summerville, near Augusta, is hardly more than six hundred feet above the sea level. It is the home of the yellow and the "short-leaved" pine, the Spanish and water-oak, the red maple, the sweet gum, the haw, the persimmon, the wild orange, and the China tree; the lovely *Kalmia Latifolia* clothes the acclivities each spring in garments of pink and white; the flaming azalea, the honey-suckle, the white locust, the China burr and other evergreens, the iris, the phlox, the silk grass, are there at home. In the gardens japonicas grow ten feet high in the open air, and blossom late in winter; and the "fringe tree" and the *Lagerstremia Indica* dot the lawns with a dense array of blossoms. Although the unstimulated surface soil of all this section will not produce cotton and the cereals more than two years in succession, yet it is prolific of the peach, the apricot, the pomegranate, the fig, the pear, all kinds of berries, and the grape, which grows there with surprising luxuriance; and



BELL-TOWER AT AUGUSTA, GA.

all vegetables practicable in a northern climate ripen there in the months of April and May.

A pleasant land, one is forced to declare. But this productiveness is the least of its advantages. The beneficial nature of the climate for invalids is the chief glory of the Sand Hill country. Aiken has achieved a great reputation as a winter residence for pulmonary invalids; the equable temperature, and dryness of the air, as well as the mildness, which allows the patient to pass most of his winter under the open sky, inhaling the fragrance of the pine woods, have, year after year, drawn hundreds of exhausted Northerners thither. Before the war the planter of the lowlands, and the merchants of New York and Boston alike, went to Aiken to recuperate; the planter occupied a pleasant cottage during the summer, the Northerner arrived with the first hint of winter; but now the planter comes no more with the splendor and spend-thrift profusion of old, and the Northerner has the little town very much to himself. The accommodations have, for several years since the war, been insufficient; but as the inhabitants creep back towards their old prosperity, they are giving Aiken the bright appearance of a northern town, and the ill-looking, unpainted, rickety houses of the past are disappearing. Originally laid out by a railroad company, in 1833, as a future station of commercial importance, Aiken prospered until fire swallowed it up a few years later. When the war came great numbers of refugees rushed into it, and the misery and distress there were great. The tide of battle never swept through the town; Kilpatrick contented himself with a partially successful raid in that direction when Sherman was on the road to Columbia, and as soon as peace was declared the invalids flocked back again to haunt the springs and the pleasant woody paths, over which the jessamine day and night showers its delicious fragrance.

Aiken is situated seventeen miles from the Savannah River and from Augusta, on the South Carolina railroad, which extends southward to Charleston. The inhabitants of the hill-country, a little remote from the towns, are decidedly primitive in their habits, and the sobriquet of "sand-hiller" is applied by South Carolinians to some specimens of poor white trash, whom nothing but a slave-aristocracy system could ever have produced. The lean and scrawny women, without any symptoms of life in their unlovely frames, and with their faces discolored by illness, and the lank and hungry men, have their counterparts



ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, NEAR SAVANNAH, GA.

nowhere among native Americans at the North; it is incapable of producing such a peasantry. The houses of the better class of this folk,—the prosperous farmers, as distinguished from the lazy and dissolute plebeians, to whom the word "sand-hiller" is perhaps too indiscriminately applied,—are loosely built, as the climate demands little more than shelter. At night, immense logs burn in the fire-place, while the house door remains open. The diet is as barbarous as elsewhere among the agricultural classes in the South—corn bread, pork and "chick'n;" farmers rarely think of killing a cow for beef, or a sheep for mutton; hot and bitter coffee smokes morning and night on the tables where purest spring water, or best of Scuppernong wine might be daily placed—the latter with almost as little expense as the former. But the invalid visiting this region in search of health, and frequenting a town of reasonable size, encounters none of these miseries. At Augusta and at Aiken he can secure the comforts to which he is accustomed in the North, and can add thereto a climate in which existence is a veritable joy. In the vicinity of Aiken many hundreds of acres are now planted with the grape; and twenty-five hundred gallons of wine to the acre have been guaranteed in some cases, al-

though the average production must, of course, fall very much below that.

The development of the resources for manufacturing in the region extending between and including Aiken and Augusta merits especial mention, and shows what may be done by judicious enterprise in the South. The extensive cotton manufacturing at Augusta and Graniteville employ many hundreds of hands. Scarcely a quarter of a century ago the Augusta cotton manufacturing enterprise was inaugurated with a small capital. It was the outgrowth of a demand for labor for the surplus white population—labor which should accrue at once to the benefit of the State, and of that population; and in due time the canal at Augusta was constructed. The Augusta cotton factory, which was not at first prosperous, now has a capital stock of \$600,000, upon which a quarterly dividend of five per cent. is paid. Thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms are now busy along the banks of the canal, where, also, have sprung up four flour mills and tobacco factories. The cotton mill is filled with the newest and finest machinery, and has received the high compliment, from Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, of being "the best arranged one in the United States." At Graniteville, in South Carolina,



SUNSET OVER ATLANTA, GA.

two or three miles beyond the Savannah River extensive mills have also been erected, and eight million yards of cotton are annually made there. The manufacturing village is as tidy and thrifty as any in the North, and there is none in the South which excels it in general aspect of comfort, unless it be that of the Eagle and Phoenix Company at Columbus, Georgia. Six miles from Augusta is an extensive kaolin manufactory.

Early on a bright summer morning, while the inhabitants were still asleep, I entered Augusta, and walked through the broad, beautifully shaded avenues of the lovely Southern city. The birds gossiped languidly in the dense foliage through which the sun was just peering; here and there the sand of the streets was mottled with delicate light and shade; the omnipresent negro was fawning and yawning on doorsteps, luxuriously abandoning himself to his favorite attitude of slouch. I wandered to the banks of the Savannah, which sweeps past the city in a broad and sluggish current, between high banks bordered, at intervals, with enormous mulberry trees. Clambering down among the giant boles of these sylvan monarchs, and stumbling from time to time over a somnolent negro fisherman, I could see the broad and fertile Carolinian fields opposite, and could scent the perfume which the slight breeze sent from the dense masses of trees in the town above me.

Returning, an hour later, into the city,

I found that it had awakened to a life and energy worthy of the brightest of Northern cities of its size. The superb Greene street, with its grand double-rows of shade trees, whose broad boughs almost interlocked above, was filled with active pedestrians; the noise of wagons and drays was beginning; the cheery markets were thronged with gossiping negro women; and around the Cotton Exchange groups were already gathered busily discussing the previous day's receipts. Augusta's excellent railroad facilities, and her advantageous situation have made her an extensive cotton market. The Georgia railroad is largely tributary to the town, although Savannah is of late years receiving much of the cotton which properly belongs to Augusta. The new railway stretching from Port Royal, in South Carolina, to Augusta furnishes a convenient outlet, and the South Carolina and Central roads give communication with Charleston and Savannah. The Cotton Exchange was founded in 1872. For the cotton years of 1872-3, Augusta received 180,789 bales. The cotton factories in the city consume two hundred bales daily, and the Langley and the Hickman factories in South Carolina, and the Richmond mills in Georgia are also supplied from this point. Cotton culture throughout all this section has greatly increased since the war. I was told that one man in Jackson county now grows a larger number of bales than the whole county produced previous to 1860. The use of fer-

tilizers, once so utterly disregarded, is now producing the most remarkable results. But the planters in all the surrounding country give but little attention to a rotation or diversity of crops, and so any year's failure of the cotton brings them to financial distress, as they depend entirely upon the outer world for their supplies. In some of the northern sections of the State planters show a greater inclination to grow their own supplies. Conversation with representative men from various sections of the State, who naturally flock into Augusta to inspect the market, showed, however, that there was a steady and genuine improvement in agriculture through all that section, and, indeed throughout Georgia. Lands which heretofore have been considered of superior quality for cotton growing have, under the new régime, with careful fertilizing and culture, produced twice as much as during the epoch of slavery. The negro on these cotton lands usually works well, according to universal testimony, "and when he does not," said a planter to me, "it is because he is poorly paid." Small farms seem to be increasing in Middle Georgia, and much of the cotton brought into Augusta is raised exclusively by white labor. The small farmers, who were before the war unable to produce a crop in competition with those richer ones who possessed larger numbers of slaves, now find no difficulty in getting their crop to market, and in securing good prices for it.

Augusta, like Savannah, is a town built in the midst of a beautiful wood. The public buildings are embowered in foliage; the pretty City Hall, the Medical College, the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Halls peer out from knots of trees. Broad Street, the main thoroughfare, is well lined with commodious stores and residences, and the streets leading from it are well kept and shaded. In front of the City Hall stands a simple but massive monument, erected to the memory of the Georgian signers of the Declaration of American Independence. Tall men, as well as tall and graceful trees, abound in the streets, for the Georgian is dowered with a generous height. The policemen are clad in an amicable mingling of gray and blue. On the road to Summerville, the pretty suburb on one of

the sand hills three miles away, one sees the powder mill, once disused, which supplied the Confederates with ammunition for many a day; and in a lovely location, at the hill's top, is the extensive United States arsenal, around which are grouped many workshops, built and occupied by the Confederates during the war.

Nothing can exceed in quiet and reverent beauty the floral decoration of the principal cemetery of Augusta. Loving hands have lingered long over the Confederate soldiers' graves, and the white headstones, neatly surrounded with boxwood hedges, nearly all bear inscriptions like the following, which show that the young were the first to go, and first to fall, even as in the North:

"JOE E. R——,
Co. E., 4 Tenn. Cav.,
Died Feb. 17, 1863,
Aged 19."

Here and there tall posts have decorative mottoes worked in evergreen upon them, such as

"The Sacred Trust of Heroes."
"Our Boys in Grey."

Augusta escaped the scorching of invasion, but did not escape the ghost of bereavement, who has claimed such a large space among the pleasant shadows for his



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE AT AUGUSTA, GA.

own particular ground. The old town had a stormy revolutionary history. Named after one of the royal princesses of England by Oglethorpe, it was an Indian outpost after 1735, and in constant danger from the savages, until taken and retaken by Briton and American during the re-

volution. The churches and the institutions of learning in Augusta are numerous, and the huge fair ground of the Cotton States' Mechanical and Agricultural Association occupies many pleasant acres just outside the eastern limits of the city.

From the ashes of the great penitential conflagration in which the exigencies of war enveloped Atlanta, from the ruins of the thousand dwellings, factories, workshops, and railroad establishments totally destroyed in the blaze of 1864, has sprung up a new, vigorous, awkwardly alert city, very similar in character to the mammoth groupings of brick and stone in the North-west. There is but little that is distinctively Southern in Atlanta: it is the antithesis of Savannah; there is nothing that reminds one of the North in the deliciously embowered chief city of Georgia, surrounded with its romantic moss-hung oaks, its rice lowlands, and its luxuriant gardens, where the magnolia, the bay, and the palmetto vie with one another in the exquisite inexplicable charm of their voluptuous beauty. Atlanta has an unfinished air; its business and residence streets are scattered along a range of pretty hills; but it is eminently modern and unromantic. The Western and Atlantic Railway unites it with Chattanooga, running through a country which was scourged in bitterest fashion by the war; the Georgia railroad connects it with Augusta; the Macon and Western with handsome and thriving Macon; the Atlanta and West Point road to the town of West Point, Alabama, gives a continuous line to Montgomery; and the new Piedmont Air Line, which has opened up the whole of Northern Georgia, gives it new and speedy communication with the North *via* Charlotte, in North Carolina. Great numbers of Northern people have flocked to Atlanta to live since the time when General Pope's will was law, and when the Bullock administration was just arising out of the chaos of the constitutional convention. The removal of the State capital from Milledgeville to Atlanta also gave the renaissance city a good start, and the wonderful manner in which it drew trade and capital to it from all sides made it the envy of its sister Georgian cities.

A brief review of the progress of politics in the State since Atlanta became its capital will aid in arriving at an understanding of the present social and political condition of the commonwealth.

When the reconstruction policy of the general government began, a large number of the citizens of Georgia declared for it, and among them was Mr. Bullock, subsequently governor of the State. In the political campaign which ensued, the opposite faction, which totally repudiated the recon-



A COUNTRY CART.

struction acts, condescended to much proscription and denunciation, and numbers of Union men were driven from the State. It was out of this campaign that the Ku-Klux conspiracy, as manifested in Georgia, is supposed to have grown. Prominent Republicans received lugubrious letters containing pictures of coffins, and acts of violence were not wanting; native Georgians, who were leading Republican officials, were hunted down, and assassinated; Republican meetings were dispersed, not without slaughter; and it was manifest from the outset that there was to be a decided upsetting of the attempt to enforce the policy inaugurated by the war. But the Republican party was organized, and its legislature, in which there were many negroes, went into session.

The first trouble that occurred was due to a discussion of the question whether or not men who had held office previous to the war, and then had taken part in the rebellion, were eligible for the legislature. The debate upon this matter was heated and angry, and the final decision was in favor of extreme liberality towards all who had fought on the Confederate side. Many

of these were admitted to the State councils, and after a time, getting control of the middle men, they had the legislature in their hands. Their first act was to oust all the colored members,—some thirty-six,—and to proceed on the basis that a white man's government was the only one for Georgia. The expulsion of the negroes was corrected by act of Congress; and in 1869 the colored element was re-admitted to the legislature. After this, Bullock, who was the first governor chosen under the operation of the reconstruction laws, had full sway for about two years. Some good laws were passed during that time, but the railroad legislation was the occasion of veritable disaster to the progress of reconstruction in Georgia. Bullock was in due time compelled to depart from the State, to save himself from imprisonment; and the Democratic party, completely triumphant, now and then announces its convictions through the medium of Robert Toombs, who has been its leader, and, in some measure, its exponent for many years. It is not long since this gentleman, in a speech made at Atlanta in favor of a convention to revise the constitution of the State, made use of the following language: "Why, look at that miserable thing you call a constitution! It commits you to all the lies of the revolution against you. It says your allegiance is first due to the Federal Government before it is due to your own State! Do you believe that? When you can wrench that from the constitution, do it!"

Under the administration of Governor Bullock, a system of internal improvement was inaugurated, theoretically granting State aid to nascent railroads in the proportion in which the companies building those roads aided themselves. But bonds were over-issued, and were negotiated by prominent bankers in New York city. The Brunswick and Albany Railroad was the principal project. About \$6,000,000 worth of bonds were actually issued during the two years, all of which went to the Brunswick and Albany Railroad, with the exception of \$600,000 granted to the Cartersville and Van West road. The party now in power has repudiated all the railroad bonds issued under Bullock's régime. The New York bankers have not suffered very much by this, but the repudiation will give the credit of the State a severe blow.

The Governor, during these two years in which the reconstruction policy of Congress was upheld, seems to have had an

agitated and miserable existence. He spent a great deal of time and money in Washington before he succeeded in procuring the legislation which restored the negroes to their places in the legislature in 1869. It is alleged that when he took the reins of government in Georgia he was worth no money, but that, a little time after he had assumed the office, he paid his debts, and became reasonably prosperous. But he was surrounded by an atmosphere of corruption, and it is difficult to say that he was individually dishonest. In his defense, which gives a very clear idea of the immense obstacles which wily and subtle men placed in his path, it is evident that he required the shrewdness of an archangel to march without stumbling. It was for the interest of the Democratic party in the State to make reconstruction unsuccessful, and towards that end they unceasingly toiled.

The material on which one was compelled to work, to maintain the power of the reconstruction government in those days, was unreliable. One never knew when he was to be betrayed by the weak-kneed or ignorant legislators who were his own friends. Prominent State officials were applied to to contribute money for "election purposes"—i. e., for the purchase of



STATE HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.

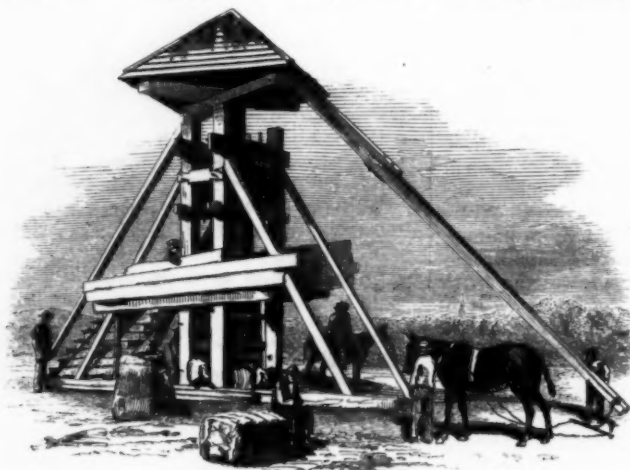
votes. I was told by those who did not fear sincere contradiction, that as much as two thousand dollars was sometimes paid at that epoch for a single vote. Often in danger of losing his life, and always in danger of betrayal, the head of the newly organized party was haunted by horrors.

The career of H. I. Kimball in Atlanta, and in various enterprises in the commonwealth, has not a little to do with the present condition of politics in Georgia. In 1865, Mr. Kimball made his appearance in the State, and began by perfecting arrangements for placing sleeping cars on all the roads in the South. Atlanta was even then peering from beneath the ashes under which she had been buried, and was vaguely whispering prophecies of her future commercial greatness. The capital was likely to be removed from Milledgeville to that city as soon as a regular State government should be resumed, and Kimball, doubtless, saw that as readily as did any of the Atlantians. The Kimball-Ramsey-Pullman-Sleeping-Car Company was the name of the organization with which he started; and he intended, it is said, to get rich out of it by means of \$300,000 franchise stock, which he was to have. This venture was not successful, and many people who furnished the money to buy the necessary cars were sufferers. His next venture was the "Atlanta Opera House." The original company which had contemplated erecting a mammoth block for an opera house, and for stores and public offices, had failed; the unfinished building was considered worth \$115,000, but Mr. Kimball obtained possession of it for \$33,000. This purchase

islature was in session in Atlanta, in the City Hall. The city rented Kimball's new building, as soon as it was completed, for a State House. Kimball had fitted it up with \$55,000, which, it is said, was advanced by Governor Bullock from the State funds. The legislature entered the new capital, and no sooner had they assembled than Mr. Kimball besought them to buy it. They at first refused, but subsequently purchased it for \$300,000. As soon as this was decided on, the \$55,000 loaned by the Governor to Kimball was returned, thus securing Governor Bullock against a charge of impeachment.

Having prospered so well in the Opera House project, the ingenious Kimball conceived the scheme of the Kimball House, which is at present the largest hotel in Atlanta, and one of the largest in the Southern States. A bill was passed by the legislature allowing an advance to the Brunswick and Albany railroad—that is to say, two acts allowed Kimball, who was the contractor to build the road, to draw respectively \$12,000 and \$15,000 per mile, before building each section of twenty miles. By this issue he obtained the funds with which to build the Kimball House. He constructed the first twenty miles of the Brunswick and Albany railroad in good faith, then gradually encroached,

until there was no longer any semblance of adherence to the letter of the act, which naturally required him to build the road as fast as the money was advanced. Meantime the Democrats were vigorously attacking Gov. Bullock, charging him with every kind of theft, and he was in a precarious situation, when he suddenly found that he had not a majority in the legislature that he could count on. Then ensued a severe struggle on his part against the ousting which was threaten-



A COTTON PRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

gave him the means of raising money; he finished the Opera House, furnishing it up as a legislative edifice. At that time the leg-

ed. Kimball continued to unfold superb schemes, and turn them to his private account. In the fall of 1871, Gov. Bul-

lock paid a visit to California, whence he was hurried home by the announcement that the legislature was to meet in December. He returned; surveyed the political field; found that he was in imminent danger of being complicated and possibly impeached, and went North and resigned. Shortly after, Kimball disappeared from Atlanta and from his Southern field of operations, and the bubble burst.

The state railroad, running from Atlanta northward to Chattanooga, had been leased under Bullock's administration. The Democrats, who now came into power, charged that the governor was guilty of gross official misconduct in leasing the road, although it was done in obedience to an act of the legislature, and they proceeded to prosecute every one who had been connected with the management of it under the Bullock régime. They based their charge against the governor upon the theory that he was personally and pecuniarily interested in the road, as Kimball was one of the lessees, and the governor was alleged to be Kimball's partner. This, however, the governor expressly denies, showing that the road, which, for the twenty years from its building up to 1868, had been an expense to the state, and a fruitful source of political corruption, was made profitable under the lease system. The prosecutions by the Democratic party were characterized by a great deal of acerbity, and in one case the Supreme Court decided that much injustice was inflicted upon a prosecuted party. The democratic legislative committee appointed to investigate the official conduct of the late governor was in session seven months, and confined its final report mainly to denunciations of the governor's course on the supposition that he was Kimball's partner. They took complete control of the state government, gloried in the repudiation of the various bonds issued from 1869 to 1871, and maintained that the reconstruction acts of Congress were "unconstitutional, revolutionary, null, and void."



FOUNTAIN IN FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH, GA.

Certainly reconstruction is null and void in Georgia. It has been a complete failure there. That there have been glaring injustices practiced on both sides, no fair-minded man can for an instant doubt. The Republican administration lasted scarcely three years; and the legitimate results of the war were not maintained so long as that after 1868. Out of the 90,000 colored voters in the state, scarcely thirty thousand vote to-day: free schools are almost unknown outside the large cities and towns; and there has not been a Republican inspector of elections since the Democrats assumed power. To judge from the testimony of native Georgians, who are Republicans, and who have never been suspected of any dishonesty or untruth, the negroes are very grossly intimidated; and the Ku-Klux faction still exists as a kind of invisible empire. This is naturally to be expected after the occurrences in Louisiana, South Carolina and Alabama: it is the revulsion from tyrannical ignorance and carpet-baggery; and may prove as baneful in its results as has its degraded and disrepu-

table opposite. The democrat of Georgia talks with all the more emphasis of a white man's government in his commonwealth, because he feels that there is a black man's government in a neighboring state; if he has ever had any exaggerated fears as to a too free assumption of civil rights by his ex-slave, those fears are accented ten-fold since he has seen the real injustice practiced by negroes where they have attained supreme, unrestricted power.

Both the whites and blacks in the state have large and effective military organizations, and drill constantly, as if dumbly preparing for some possible future strife. The battalions of the white race still cling to the Confederate gray, in some cases; the negro militiaman blossoms into a variety of gorgeous uniforms. I saw a company of blacks assembling in Atlanta; they were good-looking, stalwart men, and went about their work with the utmost nonchalance, while here and there a white muttered between his teeth something unmistakably like "d—n niggers." There is a very large negro population in Atlanta and the surrounding country.

But few traces of the war are now left in Atlanta. The residence streets have a smart new air; many fine houses have been recently built, and their Northern architecture and trim gardens afford a pleasant surprise after the tumble-down, unpainted towns of which one sees so many in the South. The banks, the theaters, the public business blocks, the immense Kimball House, all have the same canny air—seem to be boasting of their tidy looks and prosperity to the countrymen who come into town to market. I strolled into the Capitol (the quondam Opera House, which Kimball sold the Legislature). In the office of the State Treasurer I encountered some gentlemen who seemed inclined to believe that the State would not suffer if all debts contracted under the Bullock régime were

repudiated. One said that he could not inform me how much the State debt, as construed by the reconstructionists, was; he reckoned no one knew; the scoundrels who contracted the debt had run away; if they could lay hands on Bullock they would put him in the penitentiary. I found, everywhere I went in the Capitol, a spirit of extreme bitterness prevailing against the departed carpet-baggers; and all complained that the State affairs had been left in a wretched condition.

The attempt to establish free common schools throughout Georgia has thus far resulted in failure. Prior to the war there was but little effort made at the education of the masses. A small sum was appropriated as the "indigent school fund," but the majority of the poorer classes in the back country remained in dense ignorance. In the present State School Commissioner's office I was informed that there had been no common school open outside the large cities for some time. It was alleged that the school fund had been diverted to unlawful purposes during the "previous administration," and that the State had been much embarrassed by a debt of \$300,000, incurred in prematurely putting schools into operation. There seems no doubt of a sincere desire on the part of the Georgia Conservatives to maintain free schools; and it is, by the way, noteworthy that three



A VIEW IN FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH.

of the Southern States that are Conservative in politics are leading all the others in education. Local taxation is the principal bugbear. The farmer dislikes to be taxed for schools; he still has various absurd prejudices; thinks the common school a pauper institution, and gets angry if there is any talk of compulsory education. The school population of the State is about 370,000, and the annual school revenue, derived from interest on bonds,—from the poll tax, from taxes on shows, and from dividends on railroad stock,—amounts to \$280,000. This is, of course, ridiculously small, and now that Georgia has arrived once more at some degree of material prosperity, will, doubtless, be increased, and amends will be made for the shameful negligence which allowed the whole school machinery to stop and rest for a year. A praiseworthy but fruitless effort has recently been made in the Legislature to follow in the steps of Tennessee, by favoring local taxation, a limit to the amount of which is to be fixed, to guard against the creation of excessive taxes by negro votes; and the Peabody fund is employed in aiding the proselyters who preach the cause of common school education in the back counties. The illiteracy in Georgia previous to 1860 was alarming; the most moderate estimates showed that eighteen per cent. of the adult native white population could not even read; and, in 1860, when the State had a scholastic population of 236,454, only 94,687 attended school. Prejudice is strong, but the free school will establish itself in Georgia, as everywhere South, in due time. I think that the mass of Georgians respect an educated negro, but are determined to make him do the work of educating himself. The negro needs a good general education, mainly because it will strengthen his character, and make him more independent. He is at present very easily intimidated with regard to his voting, and readily falls into corrupt practices in election time, because he does not know enough to consider the evil effects.

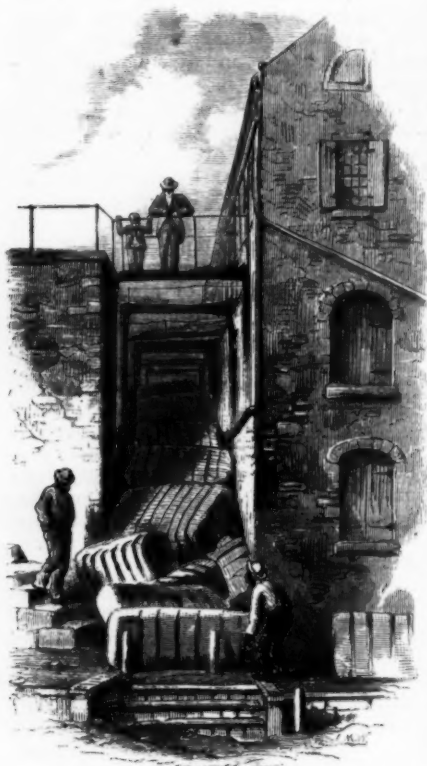
The manufactures of Atlanta are not extensive; there are some large rolling mills, and a good deal of iron is brought down from the country to the northward, and worked over there. Of course there is a large cotton movement through the town; and, in the late autumn, a journey along the railroad to Chattanooga discloses hundreds of teams toiling over the rough roads, bringing goodly stores of cotton bales to

the stations. Journalism in Atlanta is vivacious and enterprising, and the "New Era" and the "Herald" are newspapers of metropolitan dimensions. The Governor's residence is a pretty building, on an ambitious avenue, where stand many handsome mansions; the City Hall is quite imposing. Atlanta is the home of General John B. Gordon, one of the present United States senators, and a noted Confederate general. On the road from Atlanta to Augusta, and but fifteen miles from the Capital, is the remarkable "Stone Mountain," a peak of solitary rock, three thousand feet in height, and several miles in circumference. Near its top are the remains of an ancient fortification; and along the sides there are little patches of soil, but from a distance the great pyramid stands out seemingly naked before the sky, its dark gray looming up angrily against the crystal vault.

Northward, twenty miles from Atlanta, at the base of the Kenesaw mountain, lies the pretty little town of Marietta, once the location of a flourishing military academy, and now a summer resort for the well-to-do of Atlanta's thirty thousand residents. The country between Atlanta and Chattanooga seems as peaceful as if never a soldier had set his foot upon it; yet it needs no stretch of memory to recall those wild days when the giant strategists, Sherman and Johnston, bitterly fought and fortified, and marched and countermarched during long months, from Dalton to the Chattahoochee River, whence Sherman pushed on against Hood, and the desperate Confederate armies, whose command Hood had taken after the Richmond government's fatal error,—the removal of Johnston,—until the great granary and storehouse of the Confederacy, with Atlanta for its center, was conquered by the Union arms. The "State," or Western and Atlantic road, once the object of so many hostile cavalry raids, does a thriving trade. At all the stations, in harvest time, are groups of jovial and contented agriculturists, white and black, their garments flecked with cotton fleeces. Near Marietta, at Roswell, there are flourishing cotton factories. Allatoona and Resaca, memorable for the scenes of 1864, lie in a broken, picturesque and fertile country; the lands along the creeks are especially rich. Dalton, the junction of the "State," the branch of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and the Selma, Rome and

Dalton railroads, is a flourishing grain depot for Atlanta; here and there on the adjacent mountains may be seen fast crumbling remnants of Johnston's fortifications, erected a decade ago. At Cartersville, fifty miles from Atlanta, fine crops of wheat and cotton are raised; and in the vicinity large quarries of slate and marble have been opened, and worked successfully.

The transition from the brisk air and reddish uplands of Northern Georgia, to the



LOOKING DOWN THE BLUFF—SAVANNAH.

sluggish atmosphere and somber voluptuousness of the lowlands of the coast, is startling. One seems to have come upon another country, to have passed beyond seas, so great is the difference. The Savannah River, up which you sail returning from Florida some radiant morning, seems to you to have no affinity with the Savannah which, far among the Northern mountains, you saw born of the frolicsome or riotous streamlets, for ever leaping and roaring in

the passes or over mighty falls. Here it is broad, and deep, and strong, and near the bluff, on which the city stands, it is freighted with ships from European ports, and from the Northern cities of our own coast. The moss-hung oaks, the magnolias, the orange trees, the bays, the palmettoes, the olives, the stately shrubs of arbor vitæ, the Cape myrtles, the oleanders, the pomegranates, the lovely japonicas, astonish the eyes which have learned to consider a more Northern foliage as Georgian. Very grand in their way were the forests of pine, with their somber aisles, and the mournful whispers of the breeze stealing through them; but here is the charm of the odorous tropical South, which no one can explain. Yet it is not here that one must look for the greatest wealth of the State; for middle Georgia is, perhaps, the richest agricultural region in the commonwealth, and the hundreds of farms along the western boundary are notable instances of thorough and profitable culture.

But here at Savannah began the existence of Georgia; here it was that Oglethorpe planted his tiny colony, hardly a century and a half ago; here on the pine-crowned bluff, where an Indian tribe dwelt in a village called Yamacraw, he disembarked the adventurers who had come with him from England, under the sanction of the charter accorded by George the Second, and in due time established a group of tents defended by a battery of cannon. From this humble beginning, Savannah soon grew to the proportions of a town, and was laid out into squares. As the colonists had first landed on the shore of South Carolina, and been very kindly received by the Carolinians, they named the streets of the new settlement after their benefactors—Bull, Drayton, Whitaker, St. Julian and Bryan, and some of them still bear those names. Savannah in 1734 was a little assemblage of squares in a clearing in the pine forest. The inhabitants locked themselves into their cabins at night, because the alligators strolled through the town, seeking whom they might devour; and the Indians, who now and then threatened to "dig up the hatchet" when the colonists encroached, kept all in constant alarm. Two years later, the distinguished founder of Methodism, John Wesley, preached his first sermon in America in Savannah. An English gentleman who visited the colony in this same year tells us that "the houses are built at

a pretty large distance from one another, for fear of fire; the streets are very wide, and there are great squares left at proper spaces for markets and other conveniences." To this fortunate early arrangement the town owes its beauty to-day. No other American city has such wealth of

the rest of the settlers, grew and flourished until John Reynolds came out from England as governor in 1754, the trustees having resigned. The colonists welcomed him joyously at first, but afterwards regretted it, for he was not specially interested in them. He allowed the town to fall into

decay, and, notwithstanding the fact that the general assembly of Georgia had met at Savannah in 1750, even considered the question of the removal of the capital. This was not effected; a new governor was sent over, but the people were rapidly becoming independent, and the "Stamp Act" put the same fever into their blood that stirred the pulses of their cousins in Massachusetts. It is curious to note, in view of later events, that Savannah sent to the Old Bay State much of the powder used in the defence of Bunker Hill.



HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GEN. SHERMAN IN SAVANNAH.

foliage, such charming seclusion, such sylvan perfection, so united with all the convenience and compactness of a large commercial center. The trustees of the colony, appointed under the royal charter, made a strict agrarian law, which divided the original town into two hundred and forty "freeholds;" the town land covered twenty-four square miles, every forty houses, (each house being located on tracts of land of exactly the same size,) making a ward; each ward had a constable, and under him were four tithing-men. Every ten houses made a tithing; and to each tithing there was a mile square, "divided into twelve lots, besides roads." Every freeholder of the tithing had a lot or farm of forty-five acres there, and two lots were reserved by the trustees. Great efforts were used to make Georgia, as the new colony was called, after the English king who had granted the charter, "a silk and wine growing country;" but after protracted trials the colonists gave up their dreams of speedily realizing immense fortune and set to work at more practical schemes.

Savannah, escaping, as by miracle, from Indian malice and the tyranny of the "trustees," who were of small benefit to

trouble with the Spaniards in Florida, which finally culminated in open war. Spain, with her wonted arrogance, had firmly bidden the Georgians quit their newly established homes; but Spanish bravado did not frighten them. Anglo-Georgian and Hispano-Floridian fortified one against the other; the same Spanish intrigue, which was at work among the thousands of negroes in South Carolina, was active among the Indians in Georgia. When at last England and Spain went to war, Oglethorpe and his colonists played an important part in 1740, and penetrated to the very walls of St. Augustine in Florida, though they did not succeed in taking it.

Although last settled of the old thirteen states of the Union, neither Georgia nor her chief city were backward in accepting the issues of the revolution. A Georgia schooner was the first commissioned American vessel, and made the first capture of the war—sixteen thousand pounds of powder. Savannah revolted against its royal governor early in 1776, and imprisoned him; and the next year the convention which formed the State constitution met in the city. Towards the close of 1778, the British, after a savagely disputed battle, captured the city; a brutal soldiery

shot and bayoneted many citizens in the streets, and imprisoned others on board the English ships. British rule, with all the rigor of military law, was enforced until an evacuation was rendered expedient by the success of American arms elsewhere.

There is one history-picture which the memory of Savannah's trials during the Revolution should ever bring to mind, a picture which has in it the sparkle of French color, and which may serve as a noble remembrancer of French gallantry and generosity. In the dull and dreadful days of 1779, when English rule had become all but intolerable, a superb fleet one day in September anchored off Tybee, and the amazed English saw the French colors displayed above twenty ships of the line and eleven frigates, commanded by Count D'Estaing, sent by the King of France to aid the struggling Americans. Five thousand of the best soldiers of the French army, united with such as the American government could muster, laid vigorous siege to the town; troops were landed, and lively attacks were made upon the British positions by the combined forces; a strong bombardment was kept up for some time; but the besiegers were finally compelled to withdraw, leaving the unfortunate town to the mercies of the enraged English. In this long and brave assault, which lasted nearly two months, the chivalrous Pulaski, who had devoted himself to the cause of American liberty, lost his life, and here, fighting to save the beloved flag which he had grown to cherish more than life, perished Sergeant Jasper, who had already immortalized himself by keeping the American colors, at imminent risk of death, still waving over the battlements of Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor, in the thick of a terrific bombardment.

Savannah was, in her early history, one of the most patriotic of American towns. She not only produced men renowned for bravery and true chivalric qualities, but she took every occasion to demonstrate her faith in the Union. She received the new president, Washington, with joyous enthusiasm, gave Lafayette an overwhelming welcome, and during his visit laid the corner-stones of two handsome monuments, which are to-day counted among the city's treasures—those to Pulaski and Gen. Greene.

"The Forest City," as the Georgians



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAVANNAH.

affectionately call it, is situated on a sandy plain, only fifty feet above sea level, and eighteen miles from the mouth of the Savannah river. From the Northern bank stretch away the vast lowland rice fields of South Carolina, once under perfect cultivation, but now only here and there cultured, and serving mainly as the homes of a mass of ignorant and dissolute negroes. The city to-day is simply the amplification of the old plan of Oglethorpe and the trustees. It is divided by many wide streets and lanes which intersect at right angles, and there are many large squares at regular distances. There is little noise of wheels or clatter of hoofs in the upper town; the streets are filled with a heavy black sand over which dray and carriage alike go noiselessly; one wanders in a kind of dream through the pretty squares, so gay in their dress of flowering shrubs and tall and graceful trees: it is a city through which he moves, yet as tranquil and beautiful as a village. The winter climate is delicious; the cold weather lasts hardly six weeks; many flowers bloom in the open air from November to April; in February the jessamine and

the peach tree are radiant with blossoms; and, a wholesome sea-breeze continually sweeps inland. In summer, that is, from April to November, there is a mild malaria in the atmosphere, but it has been much modified during the last quarter century, and the visitations of yellow fever have been rare. Savannah certainly possesses the advantage of an equable temperature, for during ten months of the year, the range is from 70 to 92 degrees. Situated at the northern limit of the tropics, not far from the Gulf Stream, the mean temperature is the same as that of Gibraltar, Bermuda, Palermo, Shanghai, or Sydney. The Northern invalids who have been restored to health by a winter or two in Savannah number hundreds.

The levee of Savannah is as picturesque, though not as extensive, as that of New Orleans. Looking down from the bluff, along whose summit "the Bay," the principal commercial avenue, runs, one sees a forest of masts; a mass of warehouses not unhandsomely grouped; cotton-presses, surrounded by active chattering toilers; long processions of mule-teams, crowds of sailors talking in every known language, rice mills, high mysterious stairways, with wondrous effects of light and shade on their broad steps, winding walls, and railroad wharfs. Along the water front the business blocks are so constructed that they rise above the bluff, and are connected with Bay Street by means of platforms and balconies, from which one can look down, as from housetops, on the busy life of the port. The few buildings which the great fire of 1820 spared give an air of quaintness and age to the whole.

As we walked, day by day, through the Savannah streets, late in autumn, we were amazed at the masses of cotton bales piled everywhere. They lined the commercial avenues for hundreds and hundreds of rods; down by the water side they were heaped in mammoth piles, and the processions of drays seemed endless. The huge black ships swallowed bale after bale, gaping for more; the clank of the hoisting-crane was heard from morning till night. At the great stone Custom House the talk was of cotton; at the quaint old "Exchange," in front of which Sherman reviewed his army in 1865, cotton was the theme; and in all the offices from end to end of long and level Bay Street, we encountered none save busy buyers and factors, worshipping the creamy staple, and

gossiping rapturously of middlings low, and profits possible.

Savannah's progress since the war has not been less remarkable than that of the whole State. The recuperation of its railroad system has been astonishing. Sherman's army, in its march to the sea, destroyed one hundred and ten miles of the Georgia Central Railroad track between Savannah and Macon, and thirty-nine miles between Savannah and Augusta. The military authorities returned the road to the control of its directors, June 22, 1865, and early in 1866 it was reconstructed so as to answer the public demand. This immense corporation at present operates in its interest, with its tributaries, 1545 miles of railway. It extends from Savannah to Macon, thence by the South-western and Muscogee road to the thriving cotton-spinning town of Columbus, thence by the Columbus and Opelika route to Opelika, a brisk manufacturing town in Alabama, thence to Montgomery, and through Selma gets an unbroken rail communication with the Mississippi River at Vicksburg. This, it is expected, will be the connecting point of the Southern Pacific route with the roads leading to the Atlantic coast. The Central's connections also give Savannah direct communication with New York and Memphis, *via* the Atlanta and Chattanooga route, and connection at Augusta with the South Carolina road. From Macon it sends out another arm to grasp Atlanta,—the Macon and Western road,—and there, also, connects with the Georgia Railroad to Eufaula, Alabama, whence, by steamers on the Chattahoochee River, it secures an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. It is interested in a host of small local lines, and has, indeed, spread an almost perfect network over the State, contributing, in the highest degree, to the prosperity of Georgia, by the superb facilities which it has afforded for transportation of products. On its trunk lines, during harvest, immense cotton trains run night and day, bringing to Savannah the fleeces plucked from the fields of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. The Central has long been a banking as well as a railroad company, and has always paid large dividends. The railroad interest in Georgia is secondary to none other but agriculture. The various companies, great and small, are managed with much ability, and new projects for local and through routes are rarely received with disfavor. Savannah is somewhat excited over the pos-



ON THE LEVEE AT SAVANNAH.

sibilities of the completion of the Southern Pacific route to San Diego, in California, as the surveys have shown her to be the nearest Eastern port on an air line from the Pacific terminus.*

The Atlantic and Gulf Railroad is another important feeder to Savannah. It is the main thoroughfare connecting Savannah with Florida, Southern and Southwestern Georgia, and Eastern Alabama, and extends to Bainbridge, on Flint River, 237 miles from Savannah. From Lawton to Live Oak runs a branch road connecting the Florida system with that of Georgia—at present the only Northern outlet for the dwellers in the flowery Peninsula. A road from Macon crosses the Atlantic and Gulf route fifty-six miles from Savannah, and gives Brunswick, which was at one time expected to be a great city, an important outlet by land. The Savannah and Charleston railroad, completely destroyed during the war, has been rebuilt, but is so poorly stocked that it is a penance to ride over it, although the lowland scenery through which it runs is among the most exquisite in the Atlantic States. The grand cane-brakes, unsubdued and seemingly impenetrable, extending on either side the track for miles; the stretch of lovely field, with the fawn and rabbit bounding across it; the odorous

forest, with its stately avenues of pine; the little villages of the gatherers of naval stores; the mossy boughs, and tangled vines, the muddy-colored rivers, and the marshes filled with wildest masses of decaying vegetation—all add to the charm.

The numerous steamship lines from Savannah to Liverpool, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, carry away enormous quantities of cotton, and if the needed improvements at the mouth of the river were made, the commerce of the port would be very much increased. The entrance is considered one of the easiest on the Southern coast, the bar having a depth of nineteen feet of water upon it at mean low tide, and a rise of seven feet on the flood; but it is now necessary that the obstructions placed in the stream in war time be removed, and that extensive dredging be accomplished.

The total amount of upland cotton exported from Savannah in American vessels from July 1, 1865, to June 30th, 1872, was 704,373 bales, or 323,202,812 pounds, valued at \$59,537,460: total amount of sea-island cotton exported in American vessels, 12,437 bales, valued at \$2,062,576. In foreign vessels during the same period, 1,292,979 bales of upland cotton, valued at \$124,562,590, and 21,899 bales of sea-island cotton, valued at \$4,057,708, were exported. The coastwise trade was also very large, amounting to 1,539,560 bales of upland, and 40,574 bales of sea-island cotton.

The value of both exports and imports since 1866 has been as follows:

* Savannah would be, by shortest distance from San Diego, 2,070 miles; Charleston, 2,184; Norfolk, 2,331. The completion of a Southern Pacific railway will certainly add immensely to the commercial importance of Savannah.

1867.....	\$41,225,488
1868.....	50,226,209
1869.....	49,152,639
1870.....	58,850,198
1871.....	64,893,892
1872.....	68,100,164

and in 1873 they did not fall short of the amount in 1872. Savannah and Charleston are rivals in the cotton trade, and the newspapers of the two cities fight at every opportunity with an eager fierceness. Savannah is now receiving more than seven hundred thousand bales of cotton yearly. The crop of Georgia alone, I should say, is rather more than that in successful years; and, at the rate at which the production in the regions tributary to the Forest City is increasing, she will soon rank with New Orleans. There is an enormous disparity between the amount of exports and imports; most of the vessels which enter the port of Savannah are compelled to go there in ballast. If cotton were taken away from the town, there would be little vivacity left. The aim of the port is to control the cotton of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and it is entered in the lists as a formidable competitor with Charleston for supremacy. A flourishing cotton exchange, earnest merchants and manufacturers, and certain advantages of location, are doing much to place Savannah first among the Southern Atlantic cities.

There is a constant drain of emigration from the poorer districts of Georgia, as from Alabama, and, indeed, from most of the cotton states. Hundreds of poor whites, unable to make a living from the worn-out soil, under the new order of things, fly to Texas. Yet Georgia certainly does not grow weaker. Her material progress is in the highest degree encouraging. The valuation, in 1858, counting the slaves as capital, was over six hundred millions of dollars; the revolution decreased it to \$148,122,525, on a gold basis, in 1866. The commonwealth had been racked literally to its center by the invasion and support of a merciless army. She was weighted down so heavily that recovery seemed impossible. Yet she grew in strength and prosperity year by year thenceforward. In 1872 she returned a valuation in gold of \$213,160,808, a substantial increase in six years of nearly seventy-five millions in currency. In other words she increased her wealth by about the total gold value of all her lands—some thirty millions of

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acres. This liberal increase was accomplished despite a decrease in the number of laborers, for although the aggregate population had increased since the war, there were only 114,999 laborers reported in 1871, while in 1866 there were 139,988. In 1872 the number had still further decreased, and it is estimated that in six years nearly thirty thousand laborers have been lost to the state.* But the improved methods of culture, and the use of powerful fertilizers, as well as the influence of an energetic spirit which perhaps distinguishes the Georgian above his neighbors of the other States, have enabled the lessened number of workers to do what few dared to predict as possible. It is estimated that in six years and a half the increase in the total value of the property of the state has been 44 per cent. It is to be regretted that the legislators of a com-



STAIRWAY AT SAVANNAH.

monwealth which has shown itself capable of such an elastic rebound from ruin and misfortune should embarrass their future

*The population of Georgia, in 1860, was 1,057,286, divided into 591,550 whites, 2500 free and 462,198 slave blacks. In 1870, the population was 1,200,609; number of blacks, 545,132.



THE PULASKI MONUMENT, SAVANNAH.

prospects by ominously talking of repudiation. Now that the majority of the plantations are in good condition; now that the farming implements destroyed in the war have been replaced; now that the quantity of live stock in all sections has been nearly doubled since 1867; and that the planters look confidently forward to the time when Georgia shall produce a million bales yearly,—in spite of all the drawbacks and failures of an imperfect and vexatious labor system,—it is hardly wise to threaten the state's credit with destruction, because of the irregularities which the government, inaugurated by reconstruction, brought into existence. With caution in future, and with some check upon the multitude of railway schemes which constantly arise, Georgia can lightly carry all the debt she has contracted, until she is ready to throw it off. Railroad building and speculation have always been passions dear to the Georgian heart; and within thirty years more than forty millions of dollars were invested in lines built in the State.

So feverish has become the railroad mania that there is a class who are in favor of an inhibition of State aid to works of internal improvement, and who would be glad to see a clause to that effect inserted in the constitution. It is expected that

in due time a convention will be called for the purpose of altering the constitution in many ways, as the Georgia conservative press and politicians are clamorous for one to take the place of "the instrument dignified with that name and forced upon the people by Federal intervention."

Autumn-time in Georgia, when harvest is nearly over, is brisk and redolent of inspiring gayety. In the last days of November the towns and cities are filled with the planters from hundreds of miles roundabout; money flows plentifully; at Savannah there are agricultural fairs, races, reviews of the fine military organizations which the city boasts, balls, and wassail. The halls of the Screven and the Pulaski, Savannah's two prime hotels, echo to the cheery laugh of the tall and handsome planter, as well as to the cough of the Northern invalid. On a bright day in December, when a stiff breeze is blowing through the odorous foliage, Savannah presents an aspect of gayety and vivacity which is hardly Southern in character. Elegant equipages dash along the hard white roads leading to the pretty river-side resort known as "Thunderbolt," or the somber, mystical aisles of the "Bonaventure" cemetery. Where the Tatnalls once lived in regal splendor, Savannah now buries its dead. There are many fine monuments in the forest cemetery, but no marble can vie in beauty and grandeur with the mighty yet graceful live oaks which spread their arched boughs and superb foliage. From Bonaventure one may look out across the lowlands traversed by estuaries, along which steamers crawl on the inland route to Florida; or may stray into cool pineries; then returning, may find himself beneath such lofty domes, or such broad and majestic aisles, whose pavements are of tessellated sun and shade, that he may start with surprise when, awaking from his day-dream, he discovers that he is not wandering in some giant cathedral. The inhabitants of Savannah have the delights of sea-bathing and sea air within a few miles of town at such pretty resorts as the "Thunderbolt," the Isle of Hope, Beaulieu, Montgomery, and White Bluff.

From the steeple of the venerable Exchange one can get, here and there, glimpses of Savannah's especial curiosities. On Bull street he can see the Masonic Hall, where the ordinance of secession was passed in 1861; and, piercing the foliage, the tall

spire of the Independent Presbyterian Church, or St. John's, or the Ionic proportions of Christ Church, in the parish over which John Wesley was once rector; and may look down into parks where flashing fountains scatter their spray-jets upon lovely beds of flowers. Forsyth Park contains a massive fountain, around which, as in continental cities, troops of children and their nurses are always straying. In Monument Square rises a handsome shaft to the memory of Greene and Pulaski. Monument Square is one of the principal centers in Savannah, and around it are grouped the hotels and the State Bank edifice; the Bank itself exists no longer. The Pulaski monument, a beautiful marble shaft, surrounded by a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, ornaments still another square. Wandering up Bull, or Drayton, or along Broad streets, one sees shop, theater, public hall, market, luxurious private dwellings, many-balconied and cool, and fountain and monument; yet feels around him the tranquility and beauty of the southern forest. Each one of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Savannah should daily have a benediction in his or her heart for the planters of the colony, who gave Savannah such scope for gardens and parks, for fountains and shaded avenues.

The municipal control of the town thus pleasantly situated is very nearly perfect. The police corps is a military organization, clothed in Confederate gray, subject to strict discipline, armed with rifles, revolvers and sabers, and occupying a handsome garrison barracks in a central location. It is one of the prides of the city, and Gen. Anderson, an ex-United States and Confederate officer, keeps it in perfect discipline. Only now and then, in the troublesome days or reconstruction, did it come into collision with the factions at election time. One policeman wanders over each ward every night.

There is but little violation of law, save in the brawls incidental to a seaport, and the larcenies arising from the freedman's undeveloped moral consciousness. The negroes no longer have any voice whatever in political matters, and are not represented in the city government. The registration law in the city, which was in force at the outset of reconstruction, has been abolished. There are only four hundred negro voters registered in the city. The banking capital of Savannah was decreased from twelve to three millions by the war, but the city owes comparatively little money, has a valuation of sixteen millions, and manages to do much business on small capital. Education in the city and in the thickly settled county of Chatham surrounding it is making far better progress than in the back country. In 1866 the Board of Education in Savannah was made a corporate body, and a most excellent system of schools for white children was inaugurated, to which have now been added



A COUPLE OF "CRACKERS."

several schools for the colored children. The Peabody Fund does its good work there, as elsewhere. Twenty-five hundred white children attend the sessions, but only four or five hundred out of the three thousand negro children in Savannah have been accorded facilities. There is a good deal of absurd prejudice in Savannah against the colored man yet, and, although the Board seems inclined to do its duty, the citizens do not urge any elaborate effort to raise Sambo out of ignorance. Savannah is quite rich in private, educational, charitable and literary institutions, prominent among which are the Union Society and the Female Asylum for Orphans, the former on the site of the Orphan House which Whitfield established in 1740. The Georgia Historical and Medical Societies are flourishing, and of excellent reputation.

The "Empire State of the South" needs manufactures, more especially of articles in daily use by farmers and their families in the agricultural regions. It is not without some little bitterness that a Georgia journalist recently wrote: "A Georgia farmer uses a Northern axe-helve and axe to cut up the hickory growing within sight of his door, plows his fields with a Northern plow, chops out his cotton with a New England hoe, gins his cotton upon a Boston gin, hoops it with Pennsylvania iron, hauls it to market in a Con-

cord wagon, while the little grain that he raises is cut and prepared for sale with Yankee implements. We find the Georgia housewife cooking with an Albany stove, and even the food, especially the luxuries, are imported from the North. Georgia's fair daughters are clothed in Yankee muslins, and decked in Massachusetts ribbons and Rhode Island jewelry."

Yea, verily! Throughout the cotton States this statement holds true. In the interior cotton districts of Georgia there is often a great deal of pecuniary distress, because the condition of the market or the failure of the crop presses sorely on those who have given no care to raise anything for self-support, and who have staked their all on cotton. Diversified industry would make of Georgia in twenty years a second New York; for even in her present ill-organized condition she actually makes great progress. The creation of manufacturing centers like Columbus, Macon, Albany, Thomaston, Augusta, Atlanta, Marietta, Athens, and Dalton is encouraging, but much remains to be done. Only about five millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods in the State as yet, and the grand water power of the Chattahoochee still remains but little employed. Agriculture must, therefore, be the main stay of the commonwealth, and the prospect is, on the whole, encour-

aging. The present cash value of the farms in Georgia is considerably more than \$100,000,000, and might be doubled by something like systematic and thorough cultivation. The number of small farms is steadily increasing, and the negroes have acquired a good deal of land, which, in the cotton sections, they recklessly devote entirely to the staple, with an improvidence and carelessness of the future which is bewildering to the foresighted observer. They are fond of the same pleasures which their late masters give themselves so freely—hunting, fishing, and lounging; pastimes which the superb forests, the noble streams, the charming climate minister to very strongly. In the lower part of the State, in the piney woods and swamps, the inhabitants are indolent, uneducated, complaining and shiftless. They are all of the



VIEW IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH.



GEN. OGLETHORPE, THE FOUNDER OF SAVANNAH.
(FROM ENGRAVING IN POSSESSION OF GEORGE W. JONES, ESQ.)

same stamp as the old woman who explained to a hungry and thirsty traveler that they couldn't give him any milk, "because the dog was dead!" Applying his perceptive powers to this singular remark, he discovered that the defunct dog had been wont to drive up the cows to be milked at eventide, and that since his death it had not occurred to any of the family to go themselves in search of the kine. People who have plenty of cattle, and might raise the finest beef and mutton, rarely see milk or butter, and wear out their systems with indigestible pork and poor whisky. Their indolence, ignorance, and remoteness from any well-ordered farming regions are the excuses. These are the sallow and lean people who always feel "tollable," but who never feel well; a people of dry fiber and coarse existence, yet not devoid of wit and good sense. The Georgia "cracker" is eminently shiftless; he seems to fancy that he was born with his hands in his pockets, his back curved, and his slouch hat crowded over his eyes, and does his best to forever maintain this attitude. Quarrels, as among the lower classes generally throughout the South, grow into feuds, cherished for years, until some day, at the cross-roads, or the country tavern, a pistol or a knife puts a bloody and often a fatal end to the difficulty. There is, in all the sparsely settled agricultural portion of Georgia, too much pop-

ular vengeance, too much taking the law into one's own hands; but there is a gradual growth of opinion against this, and even now it is by no means so pronounced as in Kentucky, and some other more northward States. The "d—n nigger" is usually careful to be unobtrusive in quarrels with white men, as the rural Caucasian has a kind of subdued thirst for negro gore, which, when once really awakened, is not readily appeased. Yet, on the whole, considering the character which the revolution has assumed in Georgia since the fall of the reconstruction government there, it is astonishing that the two races get on so well together as they do.

Columbus, on the border of Alabama, separated from that State by the Chattahoochee River, which gives it an outlet to the Gulf, through Florida, is a lively, thriving town, which must one day rival Lowell or Manchester, because its water power is exceptionally fine. The river, some distance above the city, flows through a rugged and beautiful ravine, where the best building stone is to be had. It is said by competent authorities that along the stream within two miles of the city there are sixty sites, each large enough for the establishment of a capacious factory. Columbus impressed me more favorably than any other manufacturing town I had seen in the far South. It lies right at the center of the cotton belt, is pierced by six important railways, receives about 130,000 cotton bales yearly, and in the mills of the Columbus Manufacturing, and Eagle and Phoenix companies, employs hundreds of women and children. The streets are wide and cheery; the shops and stores quite fine; the residences pretty; the little town of Girard across the river, built by the mill proprietors as a home for their operatives, is charming; there is an aspect of life, and energy, and content in the place strongly contrasted with the dead and stagnant towns, of which I had seen so many. True, there were hosts of idle negroes roosting in



A SAVANNAH SERGEANT
OF POLICE.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

shady places about the squares, and under the porticoes, but they are found everywhere in the South. The managers of the cotton mills will not employ them in their establishments. When I asked one of the superintendents why not, he smiled quaintly, and said: "Put a negro in one of those rooms with a hundred looms, and the noise would put him to sleep." To which, never having seen the "man and brother" under the specified circumstances, I could, of course, make no answer. Columbus has direct water communication with Texas, the great wool market of the future, and could supply woolen mills very readily and cheaply. The Columbus manufacturers claim that a bale of cotton can be manufactured \$22 cheaper there than in or near Boston, and that their labor is thirty per cent. cheaper, while they are never subject to obstructions from ice.* The operatives in the mills were evidently saving money, and their houses and gardens were models of neatness and comfort. After riding all day through regions where the log-cabin was oftener seen than the frame house, and where the forests still hold possession of nine-tenths of the land, it was refreshing to come upon a town of such energy, activity and prospects as Columbus.

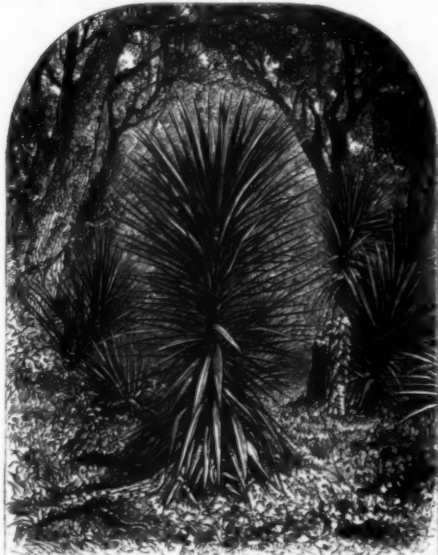
The journey from Savannah to Macon carries one well out of the lowlands into a high rolling country, admirably suited to

* The first cotton factory established at Macon has sometimes divided twenty-one per cent yearly, and is gradually accumulating a very large surplus fund.

cotton raising. Macon is the site of the annual Georgia fair, which late in autumn, all the planters attend. The smaller towns around about it on the various lines of rail are not very promising in appearance. The unpainted houses seem deserted until one sees half a dozen negro children pop their heads above the window-sills, and the "judge," and the "colonel," and the "doctor" come lazily to the train to get the mail and the newspaper. In most of the towns the train-conductor is looked upon with awe, and is invariably addressed as "captain." The railroads are well managed in everything save speed, and the natives traveling are always civil and communicative. Macon is picturesquely perched on a hill, around which a densely wooded country stretches away in all directions. The Ocmulgee River winds between broken and romantic banks not far from the town; and near it are many Indian mounds and the site of a venerable fort, used during the wars with the Cherokees. The cotton factories, large iron foundries and the railway activity of Macon, give it even a more sprightly appearance than Columbus; but the latter has fifteen thousand population, while Macon has but ten thousand. The Wesleyan Female College and the Southern Botanic-Medical Institute, as well as the State Academy for the Blind, are located at Macon. From the pretty Rose Hill Cemetery the outlook over the Ocmulgee is very fine.

Society is good and cultured in Savannah and in most of the large towns through the State. There is still bitterness and ostracism for him who votes the Republican ticket, whether he comes with the odor of carpet-baggery about him or not. Savannah is more courteous and liberal in her sentiments than a few years since, but keeps up a latent bitter feeling, ready to be flashed out on good occasions. These remarks do not apply with so much force to the gentlemen as to the ladies, for the average Southern man is altogether too American and too frank to show resentment towards individuals because they represent the best element of a party whose worst elements are obnoxious to him. There is a tendency among large numbers of the men to sink politics, and to attend with all their energies to business. But all seem determined to make Georgia's government one "for white men;" and whenever there is any need for concerted action, every one is alert. Still it is morally

certain that before a continued prosperity all political troubles will finally disappear. The labor question is the important one for Georgia, and all the other cotton States, to settle. The negro, after he discovers what he loses by allowing himself to be intimidated or talked out of his vote, will learn to respect it, and use it intelligently. The negroes of the State are possessed of no small acuteness and power of development, and, wherever there are educational facilities for it, they speedily improve them. The especial need of the race is good teachers, raised from its own ranks, and the creation of a university at Atlanta for the colored population was one of the most beneficent works of the American Missionary Society. The Georgia University at Athens, frequented, of course, exclusively by whites, is an excellent institution. It was endowed by the legislature in 1788, but did not begin its sessions until 1801, since which time it has been noted among Southern literary institutions. Milledgeville, the quondam capital of Georgia, is a quaint and pretty little town on the Oconee River, not far from Macon. The State Asylum for the Insane is located there, and the legislators now and then ominously mutter that they would like to remove all the governmental machinery from Atlanta back to the old governmental seat; but the Atlanta influence is powerful against such a movement.



A SPANISH DAGGER TREE, SAVANNAH.

The deft and graceful pen of that sprightly and distinguished Georgian poet, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, is fitter than mine to paint aright the charms of the Georgia lowland scenery. To a poet's verse belong the inexpressible charms of the dark green and somber foliage, the hurry of waters on the white, low beaches, the sighing of the wind through the long and dainty moss-beards, and the magical effects of sunrise and moonrise on the broad and placid current of the Savannah. To verse belong the many stories and legends of the chain of fertile islands strung along the Georgian coast, from Tybee to Cumberland. These island plantations are fast falling into decay since the close of the war, and the culture of sea island cotton on them has experienced many sad reverses. The war left its scars on these islands. The Union troops seized Tybee, near the mouth of the Savannah, as early as 1862, and from it bombarded that superb fortification, Fort Pulaski, on Cockspar Island. The massive walls of Pulaski, on which the United States had lavished money and skill, only to find it turned against them, yielded to the terrible summons hurled at it from the mouths of rifled cannon and mortars; and the battered stones loom up to-day, a sad memorial to the passer-by on the river of the havoc wrought by civil war.

Journeying along the coast, one passes Warsaw sound, where the plucky little monitors captured the ironclad "Atlanta" in 1863, and a sail up the Ogeechee River will bring one to the scene of the brave defense of Fort McAllister, whose little garrison, stirred by a sense of duty, held grimly on, long after Sherman was at the gates of Savannah with a victorious army, and the Union fleet kept the coast blockaded—long after they had been cut off from all hope of relief; who held on until captured and literally crushed down by overwhelming numbers. The many lagoons which penetrate the low and fertile lands are easily accessible, and on the islands there will in future be delightful homes, when a fresh and numerous population shall have come to a State whose only need is more people. The Atlantic coast of Georgia, seen from the deck of an ocean steamer, seems low and uninteresting,—only a few sand hillocks now and then loom above the level of the waves,—but a nearer approach shows luxuriant vegetation and enviable richness of



COTTON PICKING IN ALABAMA.

soil. From Fernandina, in North-western Florida, one can easily reach Cumberland Island, the old home of Gen. Lee, of revolutionary fame, and the scene of sharp fighting between British and Americans in 1815. On this, as on the neighboring islands, the orange grows luxuriantly, and, with a return to careful and reliable culture, the cotton crop there could be made of immense value.

Crossing the Chattahoochee river into Alabama, I found that the spirit of manufacturing enterprise had spread abroad from Columbus, in Georgia, and had built up a thriving town at Opelika. The Atlanta and West Point Railroad gives a connection with the Georgian capital, and through trains from Mobile and Montgomery are frequent. The branch road communicating with Columbus runs through a well cultivated, but not specially interesting, country. There are vast quantities of blue limestone in this section, and the inhabitants are now beginning to utilize it. A few miles from Opelika, at Auburn, the East Alabama College is located, and there is also a thriving school for women.

In the cars, on the road from Opelika to Montgomery, I found the usual num-

ber of rough but honest folk bound for Texas; a sprinkling of commercial Hebrews, who bitterly bewailed the misfortunes attendant on the failure of the cotton crop during two successive years; and some very intelligent colored men going to the legislature, then in session.

People generally complained of a desperate condition of affairs, consequent upon the crop failures, and spoke with bitterness of the poverty which had overtaken both whites and blacks. The lands around Montgomery were, every one admitted, wonderfully rich, but the caterpillar had devastated the fields as fast as the planter had planted them; and the consequence was that many persons were not only overwhelmed with debt, but hardly knew where they were to get anything to eat. My visit to Montgomery fully demonstrated to me that these statements were in no wise exaggerated.

Montgomery county, in which the capital is situated, once comprehended a large portion of Central Alabama, but now includes only eight hundred square miles. There are nearly three times as many blacks as whites within its limits. It has usually been considered first on the list of the agricultural counties of the State, and in the first rank

in wealth. No section of the South, not even the wonderfully rich Mississippi delta, offers better soil for the growing of cotton and corn. The undulating prairie and the fertile alluvial afford every chance for the amassing of riches. Five great railways run through the town and the county, and the river navigation is excellent.

It was difficult to conceive how this marvelous section had fallen into such decay that the market place of Montgomery was filled with auctioneers presiding over sheriff's sales, and that there was a general complaint of poverty, much destitution, and, in some cases, despair. The citizens explained that the failure of the "crops" (the crops meaning cotton) during two years, and the arrival of the panic, had completely worsted them. The negroes employed by planters were discharged by hundreds when the panic came, and having, as a mass, no means, constituted a "bread or blood" populace, whose presence in the country was in the highest degree embarrassing. The mayor of the city gave these unfortunate people charity out of his own purse for a long time, until other cities and towns rallied, and sent in help.

Stealing was, of course, frequently resorted to by the freedmen as soon as they were idle, and the whole country round was pillaged. Owing to the ravages of the caterpillar, Montgomery's tributary crop, which usually amounts to 60,000 or 70,000 bales, had fallen to one-third that amount. As most of the planters had grown nothing else, it seemed very probable that some of them might have to go hungry.

Montgomery has a double historic interest as a capital, for it was there that the Confederacy first established its seat of government; there that the provisional congress assembled for two months; and the house occupied at that time by Jefferson Davis is still pointed out. The town is prettily situated on the Alabama river, and used to export one hundred thousand bales of cotton, much of which was floated down the current of the great stream. As a manufacturing center, it would be very advantageous, but, although Alabama has exempted manufactures from taxation, no effort has, as yet, been made to establish them. Montgomery, therefore, a town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, with fair transportation facilities, good streets, many elegant business blocks, fine churches, a

good theater, an elegant courthouse, and a mammoth hotel, has a valuation of only \$6,500,000, and its streets are filled with black and white idlers. If the negroes could be persuaded to show the same industry in manufacturing that they do in attending mortgage sales, the section would not lack capable workers. I was told in the market square that some of the negroes had come sixty miles,—many from the mountains of Coosa County,—to attend upon the sales, and on these expeditions were accustomed to be absent from their farms for days together. The plantations in all the adjacent belt were expected to go off at sheriff's sales at the time of my visit. How many of them the original owners managed to retain in their possession, I know not, but think the number must have been small.

The Capitol building, crowning a fine eminence, from which one could get a view of the town spread out over the undulating



THE COTTON PLANT.



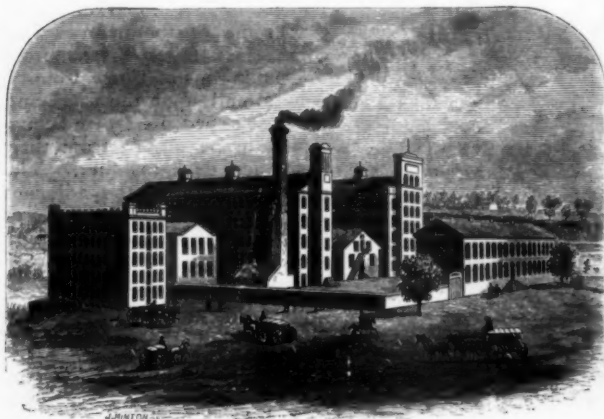
THE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

prairies, was surrounded with the usual number of negroes, old and young, who seemed to have no thought whatever for the morrow. A few gray-headed Africans were seated on the gateway steps as I went in, and moved lazily and grumblingly aside to let me pass. The colored legislators lounging about the lobbies, waiting for the session to begin, were of a rather higher type than those in South Carolina and Louisiana. There were a good many among them who were lightly tinctured with Caucasian blood, and all were smartly dressed and aggressive in their demeanor.

When the "House" assembled, I went in, and found the honorable representatives engaged in a stirring battle over

some measures which the Conservatives desired to pass before, and the Radicals to hinder until the close of the session. The speaker, the Hon. Lewis E. Parsons, was the first provisional governor under reconstruction, and remained in office until, under the new constitution, provision had been made for the election of a governor and general assembly, in 1865. He was originally, and still is, a man of remarkable intellect, a good Republican and an honest man, and has done much in staying the tide of ignorance and oppression from overwhelming the State. Alabama, even after she was supposed to be reconstructed, flatly refused to recognize the Fourteenth Amendment, and was consequently remanded to her provisional condition as a conquered province, and Robert M. Patton, the successor of Gov. Parsons, found himself under the supervision of the Brigadier General commanding the district of which Alabama formed a part. A new constitutional convention was held; blacks carried over whites the adoption of a constitution in complete harmony with the requirements of Congress, and in the summer of 1868, Wm. H. Smith became the Republican governor of the State. Under his administration began the era of domination of the hybrid legislature, and it is not surprising that the State was shaken to its center by the ensuing legislation. The legislature was besieged by persons interested in railway schemes, and the State's credit was pledged in the most prodigal fashion. At the same time immigration to the State was hindered by the operations of

the Ku-Klux and by the exaggerated bitterness of the white Alabamians, who did not seem willing to forgive the North for having forced negro suffrage upon them; and in the counties where the negroes were in the majority there was the mismanagement, turmoil, and tyranny which prevailed in other States of the South. In 1870, Robert B. Lindsay was elected governor, but Gov. Smith refused to vacate his office, on the ground that Lindsay had been fraudulently elected, and surrounded him-



COTTON MILL AT COLUMBUS, GA.



IN THE MARKET PLACE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

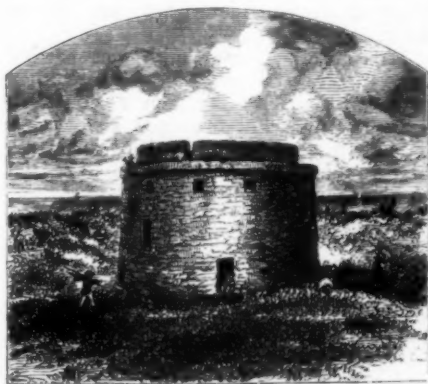
self with Federal soldiers. Lindsay was, however, declared elected, and the State had two governors and two legislatures, like Louisiana and Arkansas, until Gov. Smith was ousted by a writ from the Circuit Court. Gov. Lindsay was succeeded in 1872, by David P. Lewis, who was in power at the time of my visit. The various railroad complications have somewhat impaired the State's credit, and Alabama has latterly found it very difficult to meet the interest upon bonds which she had endorsed for some of the new railroad enterprises. The condition of these roads is the cause of all the State's financial trouble. The Alabama and Chattanooga road, the Montgomery and Enfaula, the Selma and Gulf roads have all aided in the embarrassment in which Alabama is plunged to-day by the lamentable condition of her State indebtedness.

In the house of representatives the col-

ored members appeared to have voluntarily taken seats on one side of the house, and the Conservatives, who were in like manner assembled together, were overwhelmed

by a deafening chorus of "Mr. Speaker!" from the colored side, whenever they prepared any measure. Sometimes the colored opponents would show that they misapprehended the attitude of their white friends, and then long and wearisome explanations and discussions were entered upon, enlivened only by an occasional outburst of a dusky member, who fiercely disputed the floor with his ex-master, and whose gestures were only equaled in eccentricity by his language. The Senate was a more dignified body; in it there were some gentlemen of distinguished presence and considerable eloquence.*

But at Montgomery, as elsewhere throughout the reconstructed States, it was easy to see that ignorance and corruption had done much to injure the *morale* of the State. The worst feature observable was a kind of political stagnation in the minds of the white people—a mute consent to almost any misfortune which might happen. This was more dreadful and depressing than the negro ignorance. I do not mean to infer that the whites in Alabama are all educated. The ignorance of the poorer white classes in the country is as dense as that of the blacks; and there is evidence of rough and reckless manners of living. Nothing but education and a thorough culture of the soil—a genuine farming, will ever build up



OLD FORT ON TYBER ISLAND.

* Ample attention will be paid in the succeeding paper to the other characteristics of Alabama.

the broken fortunes of this once wealthy section of Alabama.

Coming down from the Capitol, one sunlit autumn morning, I was fairly amazed at the great congregation of idle negroes in the market square. They were squatted at corners; they leaned against walls, and cowered under the canvas of the huge country wagons; they chattered like magpies at the shop doors, and swarmed like flies around the cheap and villainous grog-shops which abounded. No one

was at work; none had any thought for the morrow. Those with whom I stopped to converse "cursed their dull fate" in the mild, deprecatory manner peculiar to the African. Their descriptions of the caterpillar, who feeds upon the leaves of the cotton plant, and of its able assistant, the ball-worm, who buries himself inside the cotton ball, and feeds on it until it is entirely gone, were graphic and amusing, but it would require almost countless pages to translate them here.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN a few words, Gideon Spilett, Harbert, and Neb were made acquainted with what had happened. The accident, which, in the eyes of Pencroff, might have had very serious consequences, produced a different effect upon his companions.

Neb, in his delight at having found his master, did not listen, or rather, did not care to trouble himself with what Pencroff was saying.

Harbert shared in some degree the sailor's apprehensions.

As to the reporter, he simply replied:

"Upon my word, Pencroff, it's of no consequence to me!"

"But I repeat that we haven't any fire!"

"Pooh!"

"Nor any means of relighting it?"

"Nonsense! isn't Cyrus here?" replied the reporter. "Is not our engineer living? He will soon find some way of making a fire for us!"

"With what?"

"With nothing."

What had Pencroff to say? He could say nothing, for, in the bottom of his heart he shared the confidence which his companions had in Cyrus Smith. The engineer was to them a microcosm, a compound of every science, a possessor of all human knowledge. It was better to be with Cyrus on a desert island, than without him in the most flourishing town in the United States. With him they could

want nothing; with him they would never despair. If these brave men had been told that a volcanic eruption would destroy the land, that this land would be engulfed in the depths of the Pacific, they would have imperturbably replied: "Cyrus is here!"

While in the palanquin, however, the engineer had again relapsed into unconsciousness, which the jolting to which he had been subjected during his journey had brought on, so they could not now appeal to his ingenuity. The supper must necessarily be very meager. In fact, all the tetra's flesh had been consumed, and there no longer existed any means of cooking more game. Besides, the couroucous which had been reserved had disappeared. They must consider what was to be done.

First of all, Cyrus Smith was carried into the central passage. There they managed to arrange for him a couch of seaweed which still remained almost dry. The deep sleep which had overpowered him would, no doubt, be more beneficial to him than any nourishment.

Night had closed in, and the temperature, which had modified when the wind shifted to the north-west, again became extremely cold. Also, the sea having destroyed the partitions which Pencroff had put up in certain places in the passages, the Chimneys, on account of the draughts, had become scarcely habitable. The engineer's condition would, therefore, have

been bad enough, if his companions had not carefully covered him with their coats and waistcoats.

Supper, this evening, was of course, composed of the inevitable lithodomes, of which Herbert and Neb picked up a plentiful supply on the beach. However, to the molluscs, the lad added some edible seaweed, which he gathered on high rocks whose sides were only washed by the sea at the time of high tide. This seaweed, which belongs to the order of *Sucacæ*, of the genus *Sargassum*, when dry, produces a gelatinous matter, rich and nutritious. The reporter and his companions, after having eaten a quantity of lithodomes, sucked the *Sargassum*, the taste of which was very excellent. It is used very often in parts of the East by the natives.

"Never mind!" said the sailor, "it is time that the captain came to our help."

Meanwhile the cold became very severe, and unhappily they had no means of defending themselves from it.

The sailor, extremely vexed, tried in all sorts of ways to produce fire. Neb helped him in this work. He found some dry moss, and by striking together two pebbles he obtained some sparks, but the moss, not being inflammable enough, did not take fire, for the sparks were really only incandescent, and not at all of the same consistency as those which are emitted from flint when struck in the same manner. The experiment, therefore, did not succeed.

Pencroff, although he had no confidence in the proceeding, then tried rubbing two pieces of dried wood together, as savages do. Certainly the movement which he and Neb gave themselves, if it had been transformed into heat, according to the



TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

new theory, would have been enough to heat the boiler of a steamer! But it came to nothing. The bits of wood became hot, but did not ignite.

After working an hour, Pencroff, who was in a complete state of perspiration, threw down the pieces of wood in disgust.

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Pencroff's ill humor did not last long. Harbert had taken the bits of wood which he had thrown down, and was exerting himself to rub them. The hardy sailor could not restrain a burst of laughter on seeing the efforts of the lad to succeed where he had failed.

"Rub, my boy, rub!" said he.

"I am rubbing," replied Harbert, laughing, "but I don't pretend to do anything else but warm myself in my turn instead of shivering, and soon I shall be as hot as you are, Pencroff!"

This was soon the case. However, they were obliged to give up, for this night at least, the attempt to procure a fire. Gid-

eon Spilett repeated, for the twentieth time, that Cyrus Smith would not have been troubled for so little. And in the meantime, he stretched himself in one of the passages on his bed of sand.

Harbert, Neb, and Pencroff did the same, while Top slept at his master's feet.

Next day, the 28th of March, when the engineer awoke, about eight in the morning, he saw his companions around him watching his sleep, and, as on the day before, his first words were:—

"Island or continent?"

This was his fixed idea.

"Well!" replied Pencroff, "we don't know anything about it, captain!"

"You don't know yet?"

"But we shall know," rejoined Pencroff, "when you have guided us into the country."

"I think I am able to try it," replied the engineer, who, without much effort, rose and stood upright.

"That's capital!" cried the sailor.

"I feel dreadfully weak," replied Smith.

"Give me something to eat, my friends, and I will soon feel stronger. You have fire, haven't you?"

This question was not immediately replied to. But in a few seconds, said Pencroff:

"Alas! we have no fire, or rather, captain, we have it no longer!"

And the sailor recounted all that had passed the day before. He amused the engineer by the history of the single match, and then related his abortive attempt to procure fire in the savage's way.

"We shall consider," and if we do not find some substance similar to tinder—"

"Well?" asked the sailor.

"Well, we will make matches."

"Chemicals?"

"Chemicals!"

"It is just as easy as that," cried the reporter, striking the sailor on the shoulder. The latter did not think it was so simple, but he did not protest. All went out. The weather had become very fine. The sun was rising from the sea's horizon, and the huge precipice was everywhere touched with golden spangles.

Having thrown a rapid glance around him, the engineer seated himself on a block of stone. Harbert offered him a few handfuls of shellfish and sargassum, saying,—

"It is all that we have, Captain Smith."

"Thanks, my boy," replied Smith; "it will do—for this morning at least."

He ate the wretched food with appetite, and washed it down with a little fresh water, drawn from the river in an immense shell.

His companions looked at him without speaking. Then, after being refreshed more or less, Cyrus Smith, crossing his arms, said:

"So, my friends, you do not know yet whether fate has thrown us on an island, or on a continent?"

"No, Captain," replied the boy.

"We shall know to-morrow," said the engineer; "till then there is nothing to be done."

"Yes," replied Pencroff.

"What?"

"Fire," said the sailor who, too, had a fixed idea.

"We will make it, Pencroff," replied Smith.

"While you were carrying me yesterday, did I not see in the west a mountain which commands the country?"

"Yes," replied Spilett "a mountain which must be rather high."

"Well," replied the engineer, "we will climb to the summit to-morrow and then we shall see if this land is an island or a continent. Till then, I repeat, there is nothing to be done."

"Yes, fire!" said the obstinate sailor again.

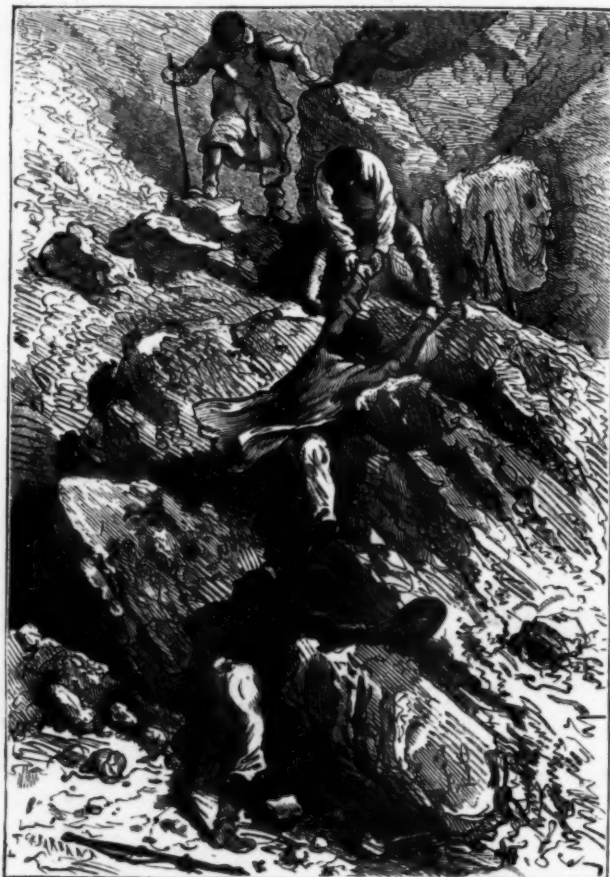
"But he will make us a fire!" replied Gideon Spilett, "only have a little patience, Pencroff!"

The seaman looked at Spilett in a way which seemed to say: "If it depended upon you to do it, we wouldn't taste roast meat very soon;" but he was silent.

Meanwhile Captain Smith had made no reply. He appeared to be very little troubled by the question of fire. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought; then, again speaking—



"HARBERT! HERE! LOOK!" HE SHOUTED.



ASCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.

"My friends," said he, "our situation is, perhaps, deplorable; but, at any rate, it is very plain. Either we are on a continent, and then, at the expense of greater or less fatigue, we shall reach some inhabited place, or we are on an island. In the latter case, if the island is inhabited, we will try to get out of the scrape with the help of its inhabitants; if it is a desert, we will try to get out of the scrape by ourselves."

"Certainly, nothing could be plainer," replied Pencroff.

"But whether it is an island, or a continent," asked Gideon Spilett, "where do you think, Cyrus, this storm has thrown us?"

"I cannot say exactly," replied the en-

gineer, but I presume it is some land in the Pacific. In fact, when we left Richmond, the wind was blowing from the north-east, and its violence itself proves that it could not have varied. If the direction has been maintained from north-east to south-west, we have traversed the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, the Gulf of Mexico itself, in its narrow part, then a part of the Pacific Ocean. I cannot estimate the distance traversed by the balloon at less than six to seven thousand miles, and, even supposing that the wind had varied half a quarter, it must have brought us either to the archipelago of Mendava, or on the Pomotus, or, even if it had a greater strength than I suppose, to the land of New Zealand. If the last hypothesis is correct, it will be easy enough to get home again. English or Maoris, we shall always find some one to whom we can speak. If, on the contrary, this is the

coast of a desert island in some very small archipelago, perhaps we shall be able to reconnoiter it from the summit of that peak which overlooks the country, and then we shall see how to establish ourselves here as if we were never to go away."

"Never!" cried the reporter. "You say 'never,' my dear Cyrus!"

"Better to put things at the worst first," replied the engineer, "and reserve the best for a surprise."

"Well said," remarked Pencroff. "It is to be hoped, too, that this island, if it is one, is not situated just out of the course of ships. That would be really unlucky!"

"We shall not know what we have to re-

ly on until we have made the ascent of the mountain," replied the engineer.

"But to-morrow, Captain," asked Harbert, "shall you be in a state to bear the fatigue of the ascent?"

"I hope so," replied the engineer, "provided you and Pencroff show yourselves quick and clever hunters."

"Captain," said the sailor, "since you are speaking of game, if on my return I was as certain of being able to roast it as I am of bringing it back——"

"Bring it back all the same, Pencroff," replied Smith.

It was then agreed that the engineer and the reporter should pass the day at the Chimneys, so as to examine the shore and the upper plateau. Neb, Harbert and the sailor, were to return to the forest, renew their store of wood, and lay violent hands on every creature, feathered or hairy, which might come within their reach.

They set out then, about ten o'clock in the morning, Harbert confident, Neb joyous, Pencroff murmuring aside: "If, on my return, I find a fire at the house, I shall believe that the lightning itself came to light it." All three climbed the bank. Arriving at the angle made by the river, the sailor, stopping, said to his two companions:

"Shall we start out as hunters or woodmen?"

"Hunters," replied Harbert; "there is Top already in quest."

"We will hunt, then," said the sailor, "and come back and collect our wood afterwards."

This agreed to, Harbert, Neb and Pencroff, after having torn three sticks from the trunk of a young fir, followed Top, who was jumping about in the long grass.

This time, the hunters, instead of following the course of the river, plunged straight into the heart of the forest. There were still the same trees, belonging, for the most part, to the pine family. In certain places, less crowded and growing in clumps, these pines exhibited considerable dimensions, and seemed to indicate, by their development, that the country was situated in a higher latitude than the engineer had supposed. A glade bristled with stumps, and was covered with dry wood, which formed an inexhaustible store of fuel. Then, the glade passed, the underwood thickened again, and became almost impenetrable.

It was difficult enough to find the way through the clumps of trees, without any beaten track. So the sailor from time to

time broke off branches which might be easily recognized. But perhaps he was wrong not to follow the water-course, as he and Harbert had done on their first excursion, for after walking an hour not a creature had shown itself. Top, running under the branches, only roused birds which could not be approached. Even the cou-roucous were invisible, and it was probable that the sailor would be obliged to return to the marshy part of the forest, in which he had so happily performed his tetra fishing.

"Well, Pencroff," said Neb, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "if this is all the game you promised to bring back to my master, it won't need a very large fire to roast it!"

"Have patience," replied the sailor, "it isn't the game that will be wanting on our return."

"Haven't you confidence in Captain Smith?"

"Yes."

"But you don't believe that he will make fire?"

"I shall believe it when the wood is blazing in the fire-place."

"It will blaze, then, for my master has said so."

"We shall see!"

Meanwhile, the sun had not yet reached the zenith. The exploration, therefore, continued, and Harbert soon discovered a tree whose fruit was edible. This was the stone pine, which produces an excellent almond, very much esteemed in the temperate regions of America and Europe. These almonds were in a perfect state of maturity, and Harbert described them to his companions, who feasted on them.

"Come," said Pencroff, "sea-weed by way of bread, raw mussels for meat, and almonds for desert, that's certainly a good dinner for those who haven't a single match in their pockets!"

"We mustn't complain," said Harbert.

"I am not complaining, my boy," replied Pencroff, "only I repeat, that meat is a little too much economized in this sort of meal."

"Top has seen something!" cried Neb, who ran towards a thicket, in the midst of which the dog had disappeared, barking. With Top's barking were mingled curious gruntings.

The sailor and Harbert followed Neb. If there was game there this was not the time to discuss how it was to be cooked, but rather, how they were to get hold of it.

The hunters had scarcely entered the bushes when they saw Top engaged in a struggle with an animal which he was holding by the ear. This quadruped was a sort of pig nearly two and a half feet long, of a blackish brown, less deep at the stomach, and with hard scanty hair. Its toes, then strongly fixed in the ground, seemed to be united by a membrane. Harbert recognized in this animal the capybara, which is one of the largest members of the rodent order.

Meanwhile, the capybara did not struggle against the dog. It stupidly rolled its eyes, deeply buried in a thick bed of fat. Perhaps it saw men for the first time.

Neb tightened his grasp on his stick, and was just going to fell the pig, when the latter, tearing itself from Top's teeth, by which it was only held by the tip of its ear, uttered a vigorous grunt, rushed upon Harbert, almost overthrew him, and disappeared in the wood.

"The rascal!" cried Pencroff.

All three directly darted after Top, but just as they joined him the animal disappeared under the waters of a large pond shaded by venerable pines.

Neb, Harbert and Pencroff stopped, motionless. Top plunged into the water, but the capybara, hidden at the bottom of the pond, did not appear.

"Let us wait," said the boy, "for he will soon come to the surface to breathe."

"Won't he drown?" asked Ned.

"No," replied Harbert, "since he has webbed feet, and is almost an amphibious animal. Let's watch for him."

Top remained in the water. Pencroff and his two companions went to different parts of the bank, so as to cut off the retreat of the capybara, which the dog was looking for beneath the water.

Harbert was not mistaken. In a few minutes the animal appeared on the surface of the water. Top was upon it in a bound, and kept it from plunging again. An instant later, the capybara, dragged to the bank, was killed by a blow from Neb's stick.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff, who was always ready with this cry of triumph.

"Nothing but a good fire, and this pig shall be gnawed to the bones!"

Pencroff hoisted the capybara on his shoulders, and, judging by the height of the sun that it was about two o'clock, he gave the signal to return.

Top's instinct was useful to the hunters,

who, thanks to the intelligent animal, were enabled to discover the road by which they came. Half an hour later they arrived at the river.

Pencroff soon made a raft of wood, as he had done the first time,—though if there were no fire it would be a useless task,—and leaving the raft to follow the current, they returned towards the Chimneys.

But the sailor had not gone fifty paces when he stopped, and again uttering a tremendous hurrah, pointed towards the angle of the cliff.

"Harbert! Neb! Look!" he shouted.

Smoke was escaping and curling among the rocks!

CHAPTER X.

In a few minutes the three hunters were before a crackling fire. The captain and the reporter were there. Pencroff looked from one to the other, his capybara in his hand, without saying a word.

"Fire," cried the reporter, "real fire, which will roast that splendid game perfectly, and we will have a feast presently!"

"But who lighted it?" asked Pencroff.

"The sun!"

Gideon Spilett was right in his reply. It was the sun that had furnished the heat which so astonished Pencroff. The sailor could scarcely believe his eyes, and he was so amazed that he did not think of questioning the engineer.

"Had you a burning glass, sir?" asked Harbert of Smith.

"No, my boy," replied he, "but I made one."

And he showed the apparatus which served for a burning-glass. It was simply two glasses which he had taken from his own and the reporter's watches. Having filled them with water and rendered their edges adhesive by means of a little clay, he had thus fabricated a regular burning-glass, which, concentrating the solar rays on some very dry moss, soon caused it to blaze.

The sailor considered the apparatus; then he gazed at the engineer without saying a word, only his look plainly expressed his opinion that if Cyrus Smith were not a magician, he was certainly no ordinary man. At last speech returned to him, and he cried:

"Note that, Mr. Spilett, note that down on your paper!"

"It is noted," replied the reporter.

Then, Neb helping him, the seaman arranged the spit, and the capybara, properly cleaned, was soon roasting like a sucking pig before a clear, crackling fire.

The Chimneys had again become more habitable, not only because the passages were warmed by the fire, but because the partitions of wood and mud had been re-established.

It was evident that the engineer and his companions had employed their day well. Cyrus Smith had almost entirely recovered his strength, and had proved it by climbing to the upper plateau. From this point his eye, accustomed to estimate heights and distances, was fixed for a long time on the cone, the summit of which he wished to reach the next day. The mountain, situated about six miles to the north-west, appeared to him to measure 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. Consequently the gaze of an observer posted on its summit would extend over a radius of at least fifty miles. Therefore it was probable that Smith could easily solve the question of "island or continent," to which he gave, not without reason, the first place.

They supped capitably. The flesh of the capybara was declared excellent. The sargassum and the almonds of the stone pine completed the repast, during which the engineer spoke little. He was preoccupied with projects for the next day.

Once or twice Pencroff gave forth some ideas upon what it would be best to do; but Cyrus Smith, who was evidently of a methodical mind, contented himself with shaking his head.

"To-morrow," he repeated, "we shall know what we have to depend upon, and we can act accordingly."

The meal ended, fresh armfuls of wood were thrown on the fire, and the inhabitants of the Chimneys, including the faithful Top, were soon buried in a deep sleep. No incident disturbed this peaceful night, and the next day, the 29th of March, they awoke fresh and active, ready to undertake the excursion which must determine their fate.

All was ready for the start. The remains of the capybara would be enough to sustain the five companions for at least twenty-four hours. Besides, they hoped to find more food on the way. As the glasses had been returned to the watch-
es of the engineer and reporter, Pencroff burned a little linen to serve as tinder. As

to flint, that would not be wanting in these regions of Plutonic origin. It was half-past seven in the morning when the explorers, armed with sticks, left the Chimneys. Following Pencroff's advice, it appeared best to take the road, already traversed through the forest, and to return by another route. It was also the most direct way to reach the mountain. They turned the south angle and followed the left bank of the river, which was abandoned at the point where it formed an elbow towards the south-west. The path, already trodden under the evergreen trees, was found, and at nine o'clock Cyrus Smith and his companions had reached the western border of the forest. The ground, till then very little undulating, boggy at first, dry and sandy afterwards, had a gentle slope, which ascended from the shore towards the interior of the country. A few very timid animals were seen under the forest-trees. Top quickly started them, but his master soon called him back, for the time had not come to commence hunting—that would be attended to later. The engineer was not a man who would allow himself to be diverted from his central idea. One would not even be mistaken in asserting that he did not observe the country, either in its configuration or in its natural productions, his great aim being to climb the mountain before him, and therefore straight towards it he went. At ten o'clock a halt of a few minutes was made. On leaving the forest, the mountain system of the country appeared before the explorers. The mountain was composed of two cones; the first, truncated at a height of about two thousand five hundred feet, was sustained by buttresses, which appeared to branch out like the talons of an immense claw set on the ground. Between these were narrow valleys, bristling with trees, the last clumps of which rose to the top of the lowest cone. There appeared to be less vegetation on that side of the mountain which was exposed to the north-east, and deep fissures could be seen where, no doubt, there were water-courses.

On the first cone rested a second, slightly rounded, and placed a little on one side, like a great round hat cocked over the ear. A Scotchman would have said, "his bonnet was a thoct ajee." It appeared as if formed of bare earth, here and there pierced by reddish rocks.

They wished to reach the second cone, and proceeding along the ridge of the spurs

seemed to be the best way by which to gain it.

"We are on volcanic ground," said the engineer, and his companions, following him, began to ascend by degrees on the back of a spur, which was connected with the first plateau by a winding path.

The ground had evidently been convulsed by subterranean force. Here and there stray blocks, and much *débris* of basalt and pumice-stone, were met with. In isolated groups rose fir-trees, which, some hundred feet lower, at the bottom of the narrow gorges, formed massive shades, almost impenetrable to the sun's rays.

During this first part of the ascent, Harbert remarked upon the footprints, which indicated the recent passage of large animals.

"Perhaps these beasts will not let us pass by willingly," said Pencroff.

"Well," replied the reporter, who had already hunted the tiger in India, and the lion in Africa, "we shall soon learn how successfully to encounter them. But in the meantime we must be upon our guard!"

Meanwhile they ascended but slowly.

The way was long, and its tediousness increased by detours and obstacles which could not be surmounted directly. Sometimes, too, the ground suddenly fell, and they found themselves on the edge of a deep chasm which they had to go round. Thus, in retracing their steps so as to find some practicable path, much time was employed and fatigue undergone for nothing. At twelve o'clock, when the small band of adventurers halted for breakfast at the foot of a large group of firs, near a little stream which fell in cascades, they found themselves still half way from the first plateau, which most probably they would not reach till nightfall. From this point the view of the sea was much extended, but on the right the high promontory prevented their seeing whether there was land beyond it. On the left, the sight extended several miles to the north; but, on the north-west, at the point occupied by the explorers, it was cut short by the ridge of a fantastically-shaped spur, which formed a powerful support of the central cone.

At one o'clock the ascent was continued. They slanted more towards the south-west and again entered the thick bushes. There under the shade of the trees fluttered a number of gallinacæ belonging to the pheasant species. They were tragopans, ornamented by a pendent skin which hangs

over the throat, and by two small, round horns planted behind the eyes. These were about the size of a fowl, the female uniformly brown, while the male was gorgeous in his red plumage decorated with white spots. Gideon Spilett, with a stone cleverly and vigorously thrown, killed one of these tragopans, at which Pencroff, made hungry by the fresh air, had looked with greedy eyes.

After leaving the region of bushes, the party, resting on each other's shoulders, climbed for about a hundred feet up a very steep acclivity and reached a level place, with very few trees, where the soil appeared volcanic. The object was, to ascend by zigzags, and thus make the slope more gradual, for it was very steep, and each had to choose with care the place to put his foot. Neb and Harbert took the lead, Pencroff the rear, the captain and the reporter between them. The animals which frequented these heights,—and there were plenty of traces of them,—must necessarily belong to those races, of sure foot and supple spine, the chamois or the goat. Several were seen, but this was not the name Pencroff gave them, for all of a sudden he shouted—

"Sheep!"

All stopped, about fifty feet from half-a-dozen animals of a large size, with strong horns bent back and flattened towards the point, with a woolly fleece, hidden under long, silky hair of a tawny color. They were not ordinary sheep, but a species usually found in the mountainous regions of the temperate zone, to which Harbert gave the name of musmon.

"Have they legs and chops?" asked the sailor.

"Yes," replied Harbert.

"Well, then, they are sheep!" said Pencroff.

The animals, motionless among the blocks of basalt, gazed with astonishment, as if they saw human beings for the first time. Then, their fears suddenly aroused, they disappeared, bounding over the rocks.

"Good-bye, till we meet again!" cried Pencroff, as he watched them, in such a comical tone that the others could not help laughing.

The ascent was continued. Here and there were traces of lava. Sulphur springs sometimes stopped their way, and they had to go round them. In some places the sulphur had formed crystals among other substances, such as whitish cinders,

made of an infinity of little feldspar crystals.

On approaching the first plateau formed by the truncating of the lower cone, the difficulties of the ascent were very great. Towards four o'clock the extreme zone of the trees had been passed. There only remained here and there a few twisted, stunted pines, which must have had a hard life in resisting at this altitude the high winds from the open sea. Happily for the engineer and his companions, the weather was beautiful, the atmosphere tranquil; for a high breeze at an elevation of three thousand feet would have hindered their proceedings. The purity of the sky at the zenith was felt through the transparent air. Perfect calm reigned around them. They could not see the sun, then hid by the vast screen of the upper cone, which masked the half-horizon of the west, and whose enormous shadow stretching to the shore increased as the radiant luminary sank in its diurnal course. Vapors,—mist rather than clouds,—began to appear in the east and assume all the prismatic colors under the influence of the solar rays.

Only five hundred feet separated the explorers from the plateau which they wished to reach in order to establish there an encampment for the night; but these five hundred feet were increased to more than two miles by the zigzags they had to describe. The soil, as it were, slid under their feet. The slope often presented such an angle that when the stones worn by the air did not give a sufficient support they slipped to the ground. Evening came on by degrees, and it was almost night when Cyrus Smith and his companions, much fatigued by an ascent of seven hours, arrived at the plateau of the first cone. It was then necessary to prepare an encampment, and to restore their strength by eating first and sleeping afterwards. The second cone of the mountain rose on a base of rocks among which it would be easy to find a retreat. Fuel was not abundant. However, a fire could be made by means of the moss and dry brushwood, which covered certain parts of the plateau. While the sailor was preparing his hearth with stones, Neb and Harbert occupied themselves with getting a supply of fuel. They soon returned with a load of brushwood. The steel was struck, the burnt linen caught the sparks of flint, and by the aid of Neb's breath a crackling fire showed itself in a few minutes under the shelter of the

rocks. Their object in lighting a fire was only to enable them to withstand the cold temperature of the night, as it was not employed in cooking the bird, which Neb kept for the next day. The remains of the capybara and some dozens of the stone pine almonds formed their supper. It was not half-past six when all was finished.

Cyrus Smith then thought of exploring in the twilight the large circular layer which supported the upper cone of the mountain. Before taking any rest, he wished to know if it were possible to get round the base of the cone in the case of its sides being too steep and its summit being inaccessible. This question preoccupied him, for it was possible that from the way the hat inclined, that is to say, towards the north, the plateau was not practicable. Also, if the summit of the mountain could not be reached on one side, and if, on the other, they could not get round the base of the cone, it would be impossible to survey the western part of the country, and their object in making the ascent would in part be unattained.

The engineer, accordingly, without regarding his fatigues, leaving Pencroff and Neb to arrange the beds, and Gideon Spilett to note the incidents of the day, began to follow the edge of the plateau, going towards the north. Harbert accompanied him.

The night was beautiful and still, and the darkness was not yet deep. Cyrus Smith and the boy walked near each other, without speaking. In some places the plateau opened before them, and they passed without hindrance. In others, obstructed by rocks, there was only a narrow path, in which two persons could not walk abreast. After a walk of twenty minutes, they were obliged to stop. From this point the slope of the two cones became one. No shoulder here separated the two parts of the mountain. The slope, being inclined almost seventy degrees, the path became impracticable.

But if the engineer and the boy were obliged to give up thoughts of following a circular direction, in return an opportunity was given for ascending the cone.

In fact, before them opened a deep hollow. It was the rugged mouth of the crater, by which the eruptive liquid matter had escaped at the periods when the volcano had been in activity. Hardened lava and crusted scoria formed a sort of natural staircase of large steps, which would

greatly facilitate the ascent to the summit of the mountain. Smith took all this in at a glance, and without hesitating, followed by the lad, he entered the enormous chasm in the midst of increasing obscurity.

There was still a height of a thousand feet to overcome. Would the interior acclivities of the crater be practicable? It would soon be seen. The persevering engineer resolved to continue his ascent until he was stopped. Happily these acclivities wound up the interior of the volcano and favored their ascent.

As to the volcano itself, it could not be doubted that it was completely extinct. No smoke escaped from its sides; not a flame could be seen in the dark hollows; not a roar, not a mutter, no trembling even, issued from this black well, which perhaps reached far into the bowels of the earth. The atmosphere inside the crater was filled with no sulphurous vapor. It was more than the sleep of a volcano, it was its complete extinction. Cyrus Smith's attempt would succeed.

Little by little, Harbert and he, climbing up the sides of the interior, saw the crater widen above their heads. The radius of this circular portion of the sky, framed by the edge of the cone, increased obviously. At each step the explorers made, fresh stars entered the field of their vision. The magnificent constellations of the southern sky shone resplendent. At the zenith, glittered the splendid Antares

in the Scorpion, and not far the *Beta* in the Centaur, which is believed to be the nearest star to the terrestrial globe. Then, as the crater widened, appeared Fomalhaut of the Fish, the Southern Triangle, and lastly, nearly at the Antarctic Pole, the glittering Southern Cross, which corresponds to the Polar Star of the Northern Hemisphere. It was nearly eight o'clock when Cyrus Smith and Harbert put their foot on the highest ridge of the mountain at the summit of the cone. It was perfectly dark, and the vision could not extend over a radius of two miles. Did the sea surround this unknown land, or was this land connected in the west by some continent of the Pacific? It could not yet be made out. Towards the west, a cloudy belt, clearly visible at the horizon, increased the gloom, and the eye could not discover whether the sky and water were blended together in the same circular line.

But at one point of the horizon a vague light suddenly appeared, which descended slowly in proportion as the cloud mounted to the zenith. It was the slender crescent moon, already disappearing. But its light was sufficient to show clearly the horizontal line, then detached from the cloud, and the engineer could see its reflection trembling for an instant on a liquid surface. Cyrus Smith seized the lad's hand, and in a grave voice exclaimed: "An island!" at the moment when the lunar crescent disappeared beneath the waves.

(To be continued.)

MY RIVER.

SING out, laugh out, O River, glad and new—
Sing out, ring out, the wooded gorges through.
Sing, sing, and bring from meadows, morning sweet,
The slippery shadows on your silver feet.
Your fairy shallows glitter in the sun,
And deftly row the rowers, all as one.

Sing louder, River, for the noon is high
And swifter speed the freighted barges by,
And deftly row the rowers as they sing:
"That which we bear away we never bring."

O river, westering towards an unseen tide,
Your slowing current seeks the yielding side,
And heavily row the rowers as they feel
The long waves lapsing underneath the keel;
Sing low, sing low, O river, winding slow,
The sea is near—the darkness falls—sing low!

AUGUST LILIES.

"Holding a lily in his hand
For Death's annunciation."

WHAT time the white day-lilies lift their faces
Serenely splendid to the August sun,
And crimson-streaked petunias over-run
With lavish color all the garden-spaces;

When purpling grapes upon the trellis cluster,
And bloomy plums drop ripely from their hold,
And peaches turn to globes of honied gold,
And pears grow sleek with mellow gloss and luster;

When a translucent haze the sunshine follows
And veils the fervent sky in dreamy light,
Involves in mist the luminous mountain-height,
And fills with violet shade the mountain-hollows;

When the still nights their dewy sweets surrender,
When stars recede, and on her throne serene
The full moon sits a solitary queen,
And floods the land and sea with silver splendor;—

Then comes again, in shadowy completeness,
A face that faded once when lilies came;
A face the whitest lilies could not shame
For lack of any lovely grace or sweetness.

Nine years ago, in silent desolation,
I watched the fading of that perfect face
Until I knew His presence in the place,—
The awful Angel of Annunciation.

The August sun had set in all its glory,
And when the pomp of clouds had trailed away,
And gold and flame were melted into gray,
I read the ending of love's sweetest story.

The balmy night came dewy-soft and stilly,
With light winds trembling over beds of bloom;
Above the silence and the scented gloom
I felt the waving of the mystic lily.

And oh! I saw, as one sees in a vision
Where spell-bound, one may neither cry nor stir,
Its dreary shadow stealing over her,
And darkening lips and eyes with slow precision.

Nine years ago. But still the memory thrills me:
All the wild sorrow and the yearning pain
Come back to wring my quickened soul again,
And the same sense of desolation fills me,

Whenever through the summer darkness sighing,
Some wandering wind has brought me suddenly
The scent of lilies, as it came to me
That night in August when my love lay dying.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DO WE KEEP OUR LOVE TO PAY OUR DEBTS WITH?

SHE awoke with the morning sun shining full upon her, conscious of a delicious warmth and restfulness. How heavy her shawl had become! Then she rose hurriedly.

"Professor Dyce, you have forgotten your coat."

He took it from her hand and proceeded to put it on gravely.

"You do not mean,—you surely have not,—" she began, her eyes still upon the coat.

"I have not suffered in the least, I can assure you. And now will you have a cup of coffee?"

"Let me run down to the brook and bathe my face, first," Katey replied humbly, forbearing to thank him. It was all beyond words, but she should never forget.

She came back in a moment, her cheeks and finger-tips glowing from contact with the stream which had served also as a mirror before which to re-arrange the dark braids of heavy hair, and tie again the knot of flame-colored ribbon at her throat. She was looping the skirt of her pretty, gray gown over the bright petticoat beneath it as she approached the fire, trying with deft fingers to hide the numerous rents, the result of the forced march in the dark the night before.

"A blessing on the man who invented pins," she said, putting the last in place, and taking up the lunch basket; "and now, where are we, please?"

In spite of the light tone, her eyes, sweeping the unfamiliar landscape, where was no trace of road or cultivated field or homestead, were full of anxiety.

"Just where, or how near to La Fayette, it is impossible to tell," replied the Professor.

"But there is a well-traveled road not far from here; probably the turnpike upon which we came from town yesterday; we have only to follow that."

"But first, breakfast," and Katey took out the remains of the last night's supper. "How fortunate that I brought this basket away! But now I think of it, Miss Wormley gave it to me."

"She had no intention of starving us, then; that is something," said the Professor in a low tone. But Katey had caught the words, and knew that his suspicions were the same as her own. The scanty breakfast was soon over. Professor Dyce scattered the brands of the fire as they prepared to leave their camping place.

"It was to have served a double purpose," he said grimly; "one would have sufficed. No, we will leave the basket," when Katey took it up from force of habit.

"There is still a little coffee."

"We will take it and the cup; though we shall reach some village or La Fayette itself, before noon, without doubt. Are you equal to a long tramp?"

"I think so;" and certainly her appearance was as fresh as when they started from town the day before. The bivouac under the stars had only brightened her eyes and reddened her cheeks.

They set off over the rough fields glistening with dew in the early morning sun, where they had wandered vainly in the darkness for a little while the night before. They climbed more than one low wall, the Professor leading the way in so straight a line that Katey knew he had explored it while she slept. The road was gained at last and he spoke for the first time.

"It cannot be far, whichever direction we take, to some village or farm-house. We need not hasten so."

Katey, breathless from the haste with which they had begun their journey, was glad to slacken her pace. It was much easier, too, to follow this well-beaten road than it had been to make their way over the rough fields, full of snares to unwary feet. The sun, though rising higher and higher, shone upon them still with only agreeable warmth; the air was fresh and exhilarating as they went on mile after mile, strong in the conviction that the next turn of the road must bring some human habitation into view.

But morning merged into noon; the sun had long since drank up every drop of dew, and poured down now blinding, vertical rays upon the white stretch of road, and still no village, no single farm-house even, had greeted their eyes. The belt of woods spread out, until it skirted the road

upon one side; upon the other the rough, neglected land stretched away to the horizon. Somewhere among the valleys hidden in the distance, villages might nestle, but they were not visible from this point, as again they hastened towards a bend in the road, only to find themselves upon the brow of a low hill with the same unchanging landscape before them.

Katey sat down upon a low, flat rock by the side of the way. She was faint and dizzy. They had eaten their scanty breakfast almost at day-break, and had been hours on the road. She rested her arms upon the rock and dropped her head as everything whirled around her.

"Do not be discouraged," said the Professor, with the patient cheerfulness which went to her heart. "We will rest at the foot of the hill under a clump of trees I see there, build a fire, and as a brook has straggled out of the woods most opportunely, you shall be served with coffee as you sit in the door of your tent. Come!" and thus encouraged, Katey made one more effort.

She lay down under the trees, when they were gained, her shawl rolled into a pillow, while the Professor gathered a little heap of sticks and dried leaves and essayed to light a fire. He uttered a quickly repressed exclamation. She opened her eyes. The match in his hand had gone out.

"But you have more?"

"I am afraid not;" and he made a fruitless search.

She burst into tears. It was silly and childish, and she was ashamed of her weakness, but this was the last straw.

"Don't," he said gently. "Pray, don't. We shall certainly come to a house soon; this cannot last much longer. If I could only do something!" he broke out in sudden despair.

"I am sorry, I am ashamed," sobbed Katey. "You, too, must be tired and faint, and discouraged."

"Not discouraged," he said quickly; "nor very tired. I am stronger than you, you know. It is annoying, that is all. There, that is a brave girl," as the sobs became less violent. "Now, try to sleep awhile."

But Katey sat suddenly upright, instead.

"I had forgotten this," she said, dragging at her watch-chain. "Will not this light a fire?" and she held out a tiny globe of colorless rock-crystal.

"We will try it, at least," he replied. He

set himself to gathering the driest grasses, the most inflammable material within his reach, adding scraps from an old letter and placing them all upon a stone already heated by the sun. After repeated attempts, the little bauble thus turned unexpectedly to use, was coaxed to act the part of a burning-glass; a faint breath of smoke hovered over the pile, thickening, bursting into a feeble flame. They had succeeded.

Ah! no nectar of the gods ever equaled the draughts from the tin cup, a little later; no rest was ever to Katey like the short hour in which she lay curled up in the shadow of the long, thick branches of the laurels, the rough open fields about her.

They went on with new strength and courage, less impatient than before. But what we desire and seek after in hot haste, comes presently when we least expect it; we turn aside for a little time weary of the search, and lo! we stumble upon it. A break in the woods, and suddenly, almost in their faces, rose a little old farm-house, peaceful, quiet, homely, and not in the least disturbed by the encounter, which is more than can be said of one of its inmates,—a frowzy Scotch terrier who rushed out to meet them, uttering shrill yelping cries which brought the mistress of the house to the door.

"Our troubles are over;" said Katey. It was the Professor who lagged now.

"They have but just begun;" he replied, in a low tone which did not reach her ear. "Wait here a moment," he said aloud, and went on to the door alone.

"My good woman," he began, raising his hat to the tall, raw-boned specimen of womanhood, who had yet a kindly face; "could you give us some dinner and by any means send us on to the next town?"

Surprise and curiosity at sight of the two who had apparently dropped from the skies, since there were no signs of ordinary human conveyance, changed to suspicion in the woman's countenance.

"I don't no," she replied slowly.

"You shall be well paid for the trouble."

"Tain't the money." At this moment Katey approached. She gave her a sharp, keen glance. "Well, you can come in, I reckon; an' I'll find ye something to eat," she said at last, leading the way into a low kitchen, bare enough, but neat in its appointments, where a couple of tow-headed children playing upon the floor immediately hid themselves under the table.

"Perhaps you could give this lady a

room where she could rest while I see what can be done about going on," suggested the Professor; and Katey found herself shut into a tiny bed-room opening from the kitchen, with an outlook through its one window upon the green grass-plot before the front door. Here she strove to remove the traces of travel, making her toilet before a little glass hanging above the high chest of drawers, which distorted her features oddly. When, after a time, she returned to the kitchen, the woman had taken herself and her family out of the way, a lunch was spread upon the table, and the Professor stood with his back to her, before the window, alone. He turned as she closed the door after her. There was an expression of annoyance upon his face, which cleared at sight of Katey.

"I suppose we may sit down," he said, moving towards the table. His manner was constrained, and absent. They ate in silence; Katey wondering, but not daring to ask, what information he had gained, or how they were to proceed to La Fayette.

"I am going to find the man of the house, and see what means he has of sending us on," the Professor said when they rose at last. There had come a strange consciousness into his face, almost like embarrassment. He paused with his hand upon the door. "You had better remain in your room until I send for you. I will tell the woman that you are lying down, so that she need not disturb you. One never knows what such people may say," he added hastily, "don't talk with her." Then he went out, and shut the door.

"What they may say?" thought Katey. What *could* they say? She was too tired to think about it. She went back to the little close room, and threw herself upon the bed to rest during the brief time of waiting. Some one stood over her presently. It was the woman of the house, who touched her arm.

"Your husband would, like to have you come out, ma-am, as soon as you are ready." Then she left her to herself again.

Katey sprang up, her face tingling, her fingers awkward over the tying of her hat. One never, indeed, knew what these people might say! She stood a moment, her hand upon the door latch. What if the Professor had heard the summons! She was shy at the thought of meeting him. Then, putting away her silly fears, and

making herself brave for the moment, she went out. The woman was alone in the kitchen, clearing away the remains of their lunch.

"He is in the parlor," she said without looking up, going on with her work, but nodding her head towards the door. Long afterwards that little room rested in Katey's memory—with its dull, home-spun carpet, its homely furniture set at ungainly angles, the queer silhouettes over the high mantel, the tiny window-panes, against which the branches of an apple-tree outside, stunted and gnarled, tapped unceasingly. The flush had not died out of her face, and there was a little tremor in her hands as she pushed open the door. The Professor rose from the sofa where he had been lying.

"What is it?" he said quickly, closing the door after her. "What has she said to you?"

"Nothing;—or nothing of any consequence," Katey replied, angry at herself as she felt the color mount to her hair.

"I wish you would tell me—if you can."

Then she told, stammering over the words: "She only said—that is, she thought—that I was your wife."

"Oh!" he seemed greatly relieved by the brief sentence which had so embarrassed her. "It is my fault—if there is any,"—he went on, hesitating over the words, and yet speaking quite calmly. "I gave her to understand so."

"What do you mean? How dared you?" Katey turned upon him in indignant astonishment. But there was neither shame nor quailing in the eyes which met hers.

"You are very angry, then?"

"It was not true," she said faintly.

He led her to the sofa, and made her sit down. "Think a moment," he said. "How could I bring you to the door here, and say that you were nothing to me?"

"O, wait," cried Katey in distress. A painful, bewildering light was breaking upon her. Her hot face dropped into her hands.

"We are twenty miles from La Fayette. We must have shortened the distance in our wanderings across the country," he went on. "I hardly think we can have walked so far as that. It is full twenty miles by the road, this man informs me, and there is no way of reaching there from here, but by proceeding to A—, ten miles farther on, and taking the train back to-night."

He rose and began to pace the room. Katey had made no reply. She had expressed neither surprise nor assent. She sat trembling and shivering in the corner of the old sofa.

"It will be better," he said, presently, drawing a chair and sitting down before her, "to understand the whole matter. Indeed, I must talk this over plainly with you. I had the misfortune, if it be one, to incur Miss Wormley's resentment a few weeks ago. She uttered some threats of revenge then, of which I thought nothing at the time. I am inclined to believe now that she has bided her time and taken this opportunity to wreak her vengeance. I could laugh at it, but for you. You can think, perhaps, what she may do for us in La Fayette," he added. "She could not have chosen a better time, and every hour of absence has weakened our position there."

"Let us go back at once, then," and Katey made a hurried, trembling movement to put on her shawl.

"We cannot start at present. A stage will pass here in an hour or more on its way to A——. We must take that."

Again he rose and paced the floor. Then he paused. "You promised yesterday that when I bade you leave La Fayette you would go, did you not?"

"Yes."

"What, if I say now, do not return there? Indeed," he added quickly, "there is but one way in which I dare let you go back. Child! what might they not say to you—do to you! Go home to your sister."

"And let the teachers and the girls believe I was ashamed to return? And have strange stories come creeping after me? O never! How can you ask it? Besides, I cannot, if I would. Mrs. Estemere is abroad. The house is closed."

"But you have a brother."

"Yes, Jack;" and Katey's eyes shone as she spoke his name. "He is on his way to the Army of the Potomac, I believe, before this time. His wife will follow him to Washington—perhaps she has already. You see I have no other home just now. I must return to La Fayette."

"But you have friends—the Durants."

"And could I go to any of them like this? Professor Dyce, you mean to be kind, but you are cruel."

He went away to the window without a word. He stood staring out into the apple tree.

"Why don't you think of yourself?" she asked presently, breaking the stillness of the room with the voice which held a little tremor yet. "What will you do? How can you go back? They distrust you now. You are a marked man in the town, I know. You acknowledge that you may have to leave at any time. They will say—"

"What will they say?" He turned his head but not his eyes, as he waited for her to go on.

"They will say—"

"Well?"

"That you have run away with one of the teachers."

"But if I return?"

"That will make no difference. They will ask what has become of me."

He crossed the room and stood before her. "Miss Earle, will you be my wife?"

Katey shrank back without speaking. A shadow touched his face.

"It is too soon, I see," he said.

And "You are too generous," she replied at the same moment.

"I fear I am not generous at all," he said. "I have thought for a long time that I should some day ask you that question. Years hence, perhaps, when I dared hope you would not say no."

"And you ask me now because I am homeless?"

He took up her words eagerly.

"Yes, because you are homeless, and in trouble; because there is no one now to care for you but me! I wish with all my heart that you were alone in the world, as you are alone here. I could almost desire you to be cast out and despised, so that I—"

He stretched his arms towards her, but Katey, drawing back into her shadowy corner, gazed at him with fixed and frightened eyes. His arms fell, he turned abruptly to the window.

There was silence in the little, low room. Then by and by a hand touched the Professor's arm. Katey's face was very pale and grave.

"Would it be better for you—would it be easier for you to go back if you were married to me?"

"I suppose so. But don't think of that. I shall do well enough," and he made a little effort to shake off her hand.

"Then if you please," she went on meekly, "I will be your wife."

"And sacrifice yourself in your generosity? Not to me."

"Then you will not take me?"

A great flood of red swept over his forehead. He leaned his head against the window-frame.

"Go away, please, or I shall say yes, and be ashamed of myself afterwards."

"And—and it wouldn't be a sacrifice. It frightened me at first, it was so strange; and it seemed such a little time since—" Then she broke down.

He laid her head against his shoulder, and stroked her hair, as he might have done to one in trouble, not so dear to him as she.

"You cannot love me? That is so, is it not?" and a sigh moved Katey's cheek where it lay.

"I don't know," she answered, hiding her face.

"I think I will be persuaded to take you," he said with a little low laugh. "The benefit of the doubt is mine." Then he was grave again. "At least you are not afraid to put your future into my hands? You can trust me, can you not?" He raised her face so that he could look into her eyes.

"Entirely," and she laid her two hands in his as the door opened.

CHAPTER XXV.

A BEGGAR-MAID.

IT was the mistress of the house who thrust her head in to say,

"The stage is coming down the hill."

"Very well, we are ready," replied the Professor. "Our preparations for departure are tolerably simple," he added, taking up his hat.

It was a heavy, old-fashioned coach which drew up before the door at sight of the waiting party, after an alarming swoop at the small house. The driver swung himself down from his place. There was but one passenger inside; an old lady of prim, genteel air, with soft curls of white hair upon each side of her delicate face, and a large black satin reticule in her lap. Katey was conscious of painful embarrassment as she took the seat beside her. The judgment of the world, the speech of people had become all at once matters of most vital interest. She felt the old lady's eyes fixed upon the rents in her gown, which would obtrude themselves in spite of her efforts at concealment. Her companion was wondering

who this girl could be?—aristocratic in appearance, picked up at a lonely farmhouse, with not so much as a hand-satchel for luggage, dressed in a pretty, but shockingly torn gown, with a gentleman attendant of whom she seemed strangely shy—and her wonder checked the sentence upon her lips—a passing remark about the weather. Katey felt the glance without seeing it. She felt too, the slight drawing away of the neat black skirts. "O dear!" she thought, "it must be that I do not look respectable!" and involuntarily she glanced down upon the poor despised gown, and the one glove, held fast from an instinct of propriety, the other having disappeared somewhere in her wanderings. Was Professor Dyce ashamed of her? She turned anxiously to the corner where he sat, only to meet the questioning glance of a pair of keen, gray eyes, and a smile which set her fears at rest. She could bear it if he did not care, and she shook out her drapery as though it had been rustling silk, and settled herself anew before closing her eyes and resigning herself to sleep. She was conscious occasionally of the rolling, rattling motion as they flew down the long rough hills, or climbed others slowly, swinging to and fro; of a pause once, and the sound of voices; then at last the jolting over pavements aroused her. They were descending again, but more deliberately, a wide river wound away below them; the street was crowded and noisy, and full of life; beyond the river another city spread itself as far as the eye could see. Katey rubbed her eyes, bewildered by the change. There was a heavy lurch, a smooth roll, a pause, the snort of steam, the sound of machinery.

"Where are we?" she asked aloud, and sat upright.

"We are crossing the ferry to A—," the Professor replied.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the driver thrusting his head in at the window.

"We will get out here, and walk up," and the Professor assisted Katey to alight. "Good bye," she said pleasantly to the little old lady in the corner. "O, I am not at all dreadful; only I have spoiled my gown," she wanted to add, as the twinkling eyes stared in perplexity a moment, then the white curls bobbed graciously. They reached the other side, and, mingling with the crowd, pressed forward up the narrow, dirty streets, and out at last into an open

space, edged by the water upon one side and by a thronged street upon the other. Here where the river bent and bore away, a bit of the shore had been reserved from commerce, squalor and dirt. Broad, white stones were under one's feet, all around were trees and flowers jealously guarded,—poor, gaily-dressed prisoners behind iron bars,—and scattered here and there seats, where the tired and foot-sore might rest. Away beyond all was the open bay, blue and twinkling under the bright sky, ploughed into snowy furrows by the steamers, or white with gleaming sails.

"O, how beautiful!" cried Katey. The wind seized the little gray hat with its scarlet wing; it caught her frayed gray gown as she stood with her bare hands clasped, her face like a song. A party of handsomely dressed people turned to stare at the figure. One of the young men raised his eyeglass and scanned her with open, impertinent admiration. "I tell you, Guy, there's a study;" he said to his companion.

Katey caught the words—met the stare.

"O, please, let us go on," and she hurried forward, glad to be hidden again in the crowded street. They were approaching the first of the many spires she had marked from the boat. It was upon an old church, left here by an odd chance, it would seem, in the midst of the whirl of business, like some grim old apostle planting its feet firmly upon the pavement, though jostled and edged and pushed by men in their greed for gain. And the text swung out on its silvery chimes in summer's heat or winter's cold, when storms wrapped the belfry round, or the sunshine fell like a blessing upon the wild, restless heart of the city, was ever the same: "*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon! Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!*"

Upon one side was the church-yard. Ah! how heavy must be the slumber which all this tumult had no power to awaken! Upon the other, a little garden, full of flowers—gay verbenas, tall, gaudy dahlias, and close against the wall a tangle of sweet peas. Some street children, straying in through the tall iron gate, moved about the narrow paths, staring awe-struck and wondering at the blossoms. Religion, of which these waifs knew nothing, may seem more beautiful some day—who knows?—for the fragrance of the flowers growing under the shadow of the church walls.

Katey paused to peer through the open

gateway. The Professor pushed aside the gate, and went in like a man who has a purpose. She followed, but it was only when she stood in the deep-arched doorway and he looked back to her, with his hand upon the door, that she realized why they had come here.

"Is it *now*?" she asked with a frightened voice, leaning against the stones.

"Are you sorry? Do you repent? Wait—think a moment," and his hand fell from the door. "It is not yet too late."

The noise of the street was in her ears; the voices of the children, the odor of the flowers, came to her. Afterwards, when she remembered this time, all these were more vividly present to her mind than any words.

"You are not a child, that I should lead you against your will. Still, God knows, I have thought this best for you. And yet," he added, "if you should ever regret it! I could not bear that, Katey!"

The children shouted at their play. Their shrill voices sounded above the roar of the city. All at once the tones of the organ rolled out, bearing the chanted prayer to her ears. She had not thought of a service at this hour, and upon a weekday, as it was. It came in a great wave, dying away in the lingering "A-men." Katey had listened breathlessly. She drew a long sigh at its close.

"I am not sorry," she said softly. "It frightened me, that is all. It is so sudden and strange. No, I do not repent, and I am ready now."

He pushed open the inner door. The service was just concluded, the last strains of the organ floating off among the groined arches of the roof. A soft twilight enveloped the clustered columns; the rays of sunlight through the rich stained windows fell aslant upon the floor in quivering rainbows. There was no congregation, save an old woman, who rose from kneeling in a pew behind one of the pillars to shuffle softly out, and a party of strangers—an elderly gentleman and a young girl who had been sitting near the door. They, too, rose now and began to walk about, pausing to examine the carved designs over the organ-loft.

The clergyman, in his white gown, closed the book before him with a hasty movement, and disappeared through a little door behind the desk. He was a young man. Did he find the service a weariness so soon? Or was he impatient

that the prayers had died away among the pillars without response?

The silence, the hush of the place, the noise of the city, subdued to a great sobbing sigh, like that which comes from an over-full heart, the faint chill which fell upon her as she stepped in out of the sunshine, brought a strange awe to Katey, sitting in one corner of the great, dark pew by the door. The Professor had followed the minister. Left thus alone, she nevertheless did not consider deliberately and gravely the step she was about to take,—the new life she was entering upon with so little preparation. In that last confused moment, before any great event in life, there is no sober reflection. Hopes and fears, recollections, and a sense of the commonest things around us, crowd close against the door about to be opened. They jostle and tread upon each other.

Shivering in her corner, partly from nervousness and partly from the chill of the place, Katey watched the rays of light falling at her feet from the painted window above her, and remembered the tinkling pendants to the candelabra in the old house on Poplar street which she and Jack had placed in the sunlight many a time, evoking rainbows more wonderful than these. Dear old Jack! Would he be angry with her for this? And Delphine, what would she say? A sudden misgiving and fear seized her—a desire to push open the folding door behind her and run away from her promise; out into the crowded streets, somewhere, anywhere. He would not pursue her; he would never try to bring her back. And then there was a little stir in the distance, the closing of a door; and just as it comes to us all sometimes, when we are tempted to do the wildest, most unconventional deeds, a spirit of mischief or recklessness having entered in and taken possession of us, suddenly the lights are turned on, the bell rings, the curtain rises, we shake out our draperies, draw on our gloves, and step out before the audience which greets us each and all daily, without a thought, even, of the moment before and its temptation. So, as Katey bent forward, half-rising, her hand upon the back of the seat before her, her head turned to the door, all at once there was a movement in the further corner. The clergyman, in his robes, appeared again; the Professor was coming towards her. She rose, to be sure, but she had already forgotten the door, the streets, and

her wild impulse. They passed down the aisle in the dim, soft light, her hand trembling a little upon the Professor's arm. And yet she was not afraid; she did not repent, now that the time had come. The words of the exhortation passed like the rustle of leaves in the wind upon her hearing. What was this her own voice was saying? A break in the service brought her back to herself.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

A silence followed the words. No one had been provided. They were a strange, forlorn bridal party, without friends. "Jack ought to be here!" thought Katey, with a little, sobbing gasp.

All in a moment, before she breathed again, a deep, pleasant voice behind her spoke: "Will you allow me?" The elderly gentleman whom she had noticed when they entered the church stepped forward and took her hand, and the service went on, the Professor removing a ring from his own finger to put upon hers.

In the moment of confusion, at its close, Katey found herself receiving congratulations from the gentleman who had offered his services so opportunely.

"I shall feel an interest in your future, Madam," he said, "since I have had a hand in its disposal."

He beckoned to his daughter, who came up timidly. She was a sweet-faced young girl; and when she hesitated and then held up her lips, Katey brightened and warmed inwardly. It was not an utterly forlorn wedding-party, after all; it was something to have had good wishes, even from strangers. They came down the aisle together; but as they neared the door, Katey hung back, and their new acquaintances politely bade them adieu.

"They are stopping at a hotel close by," said the Professor, who had exchanged cards and some words, which Katey did not hear, with the old gentleman, as the two followed the young lady and herself down through the church. "I wish I had taken you there. It is not too late now. I must leave you somewhere for an hour. Our train will not start until late,—I think about nine. I will inquire and telegraph to Professor Paine."

"Must I go there,—to the hotel?" and Katey still hung back. "I'm afraid—" and then she hesitated. She laughed, blushing a little over the confession. "I don't believe I could bear the eyes of the

women. They would stare so at my gown."

The Professor glanced hastily from the scarlet wing in her hat to the tip of the slender, dusty boot.

"I confess my ignorance as to such matters," he said, "but I thought your costume very picturesque and becoming. I am sure more than one turned to look after you as we came up the street."

"And no wonder," laughed Katey; "to kilt one's gown like this, especially on such a bright, clear day, would attract attention almost anywhere."

The Professor knit his brows in thought. "Suppose you let it down?"

"But it is so torn." And she spread out the folds. "I have lost my gloves, too. A great many sins might be forgiven a woman, but not bare hands in the street," she added; "and I'm afraid altogether that I do not look respectable. At least, I have not that inner consciousness of being well-dressed which makes one equal to any occasion. I—I—I can't go. Don't think I mind it," she said quickly, "only," she added truthfully, "*I believe I do.*" At which womanly way of stating the difficulty the Professor laughed.

They had moved on slowly to the porch. Doubtless no bride had ever before stood here devising her trousseau!

"Could you not go out and buy some of these things? We have time enough."

If time were only truly money!

"I could—yes; but, you see, I—I neglected to bring away my purse."

She tried to hide her embarrassment with a sweeping courtesy, spreading out the folds of the torn gown.

"King Cophetua, I look very like a beggar-maid, do I not?" she said, with another little laugh.

"You look——" began the Professor, but an old, gray-headed sexton shambled out from the church at that moment and stood in the doorway, and the sentence never was finished. "That can easily be remedied," the Professor said quickly, "if we only have time. I will leave you here, then. I shall not be gone more than an hour. You will not close the church at present, I suppose?" he said to the sexton.

"Eh?" and the old man turned his face towards them.

The Professor repeated the question.

"Close 'e church? Lord! no. We don't never close her. 'Cept for an hour or two at midnight. And that's all the thanks we get; just a-prayin' here and a-prayin', and the choir a-chantin', and my newew aspendin' his strength a-blowin' at the belluses, and all for nothin'; folks don't care enough about their perishin' souls to come in and say amen." And still muttering to himself, he wandered back into the church again.

"Then you had better stay here," said the Professor to Katey.

(To be continued.)

"SEALED ORDERS."

WHEN ship with "orders sealed" sails out to sea,
Men eager crowd the wharves, and reverent gaze
Upon their faces whose brave spirits raise
No question if the unknown voyage be
Of deadly peril. Benedictions free,
And prayers and tears are given, and the days
Counted, till other ships, on homeward ways,
May bring back message of her destiny.
Yet, all the time, Life's tossing sea is white
With scudding sails which no man reefs or stays
By his own will, for roughest day or night;—
Brave, helpless crews, with captain out of sight,
Harbor unknown, voyage of long delays,
They meet no other ships on homeward ways!

A LOST ART.

FOUR years ago, in the month of February, I entered the square in Pisa, which contains the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo.

From the street by which I approached, the Cathedral is viewed from the side, and an obliquity of the cornice which runs above its first story (marked 2 in Fig. III) immediately struck me as being scarcely less curious than the inclination of the Tower. There is a corresponding obliquity in the cornice of the transept, both falling toward the point of meeting at the junction of the latter with the main building. The hypothesis of sinking is inconsistent with the fact that the pilasters of the wall below are built in corresponding graduated height, and that the plinth and substructure are perfectly level and intact.

Puzzling over this obliquity, I turned for a walk beyond the city wall, in order to get the view from the road near the railway to Lucca—a view which may well leave the visitor in doubt if any building in the world has greater claims to fame than the Pisa Cathedral. It was in returning from this round, and not far outside the gate a few streets east of the Cathedral, that a singular freak in the roof cornice of a small chapel induced me to enter, although its exterior was so unattractive that on one side not even a window broke the monotony of its walls. Within was found the key to the results set down in this paper.

I wish first to draw attention to proof of design in the leaning western front of the Pisa Cathedral; second, to evidence of perspective intention in the oblique cornice; third, to proof of intention in a curve; fourth, to evidence that the whole building is constructed on principles of subtle architectural illusion.

That the Cathedral façade leans towards the Baptistery is not generally known, although Mr. Ruskin has remarked it in his "Seven Lamps." He says (Lamp of Life): "The whole west front literally overhangs, (I have not plumbed it, but the inclination may be seen by the eye by bringing it into visual contact with the upright pilasters of the Campo Santo), and a most extraordinary distortion in the masonry of the southern wall shows that the inclination had begun when the first story was built.

The cornice above the first arcade touches the tops of eleven out of its fifteen arches, but it suddenly leaves the tops of the four western-most, the arches nodding westward and sinking into the ground, while the cornice rises (or seems to rise,) leaving, at any rate, whether by the rise of the one or the fall of the other, an interval of more than two feet between it and the top of the western arch, filled by added courses of masonry." Figures II and III (pp. 434-5), present this distortion, together with still another, which proves that the inclination is *not* to be explained by sinking. It will be seen that the dark stripes of the wall (white and dark green marble) although broken abruptly downwards at the fifth arch from the western front, still enter its corner pillar at right angles; thus their change of direction will at once mark and measure its inclination, the deviation from the horizontal, which these obtuse angles indicate, being an index of the deviation of the pillar from the perpendicular.

The architects began their corner pillars with a wedge-shaped base (Fig. II. G). The succession of dark stripes entering the pillar at right-angles to its rising line marks the fact that they continued it with rectangular blocks. *The resulting inclination was, therefore, intended.* Measurement in detail of the masonry below the first dark stripe, between the point of deflection and the façade, *proves that the downward deflection of the stripes is produced by the cutting away of the blocks a, b, c, and d.* From the height of the façade, (according to Kugler, 104 ft. 2 in.) the lean may be approximately calculated without plumbing, by the divergence of the fourth pilaster from the fifth, the former being parallel with the corner pillar and the latter approximately perpendicular. The second stripe, F, is two centimeters longer between these two pilasters, than the first, E, the distance between the stripes (F & E) being seventy centimeters. This gives a lean of one in thirty-five or about three feet for the inclination of the façade. The measurements of the drawing are from the southern wall, the same downward bend of the stripes occurs on the northern side, the base at the northwestern pillar is wedged three centimeters; the variation (between five and a

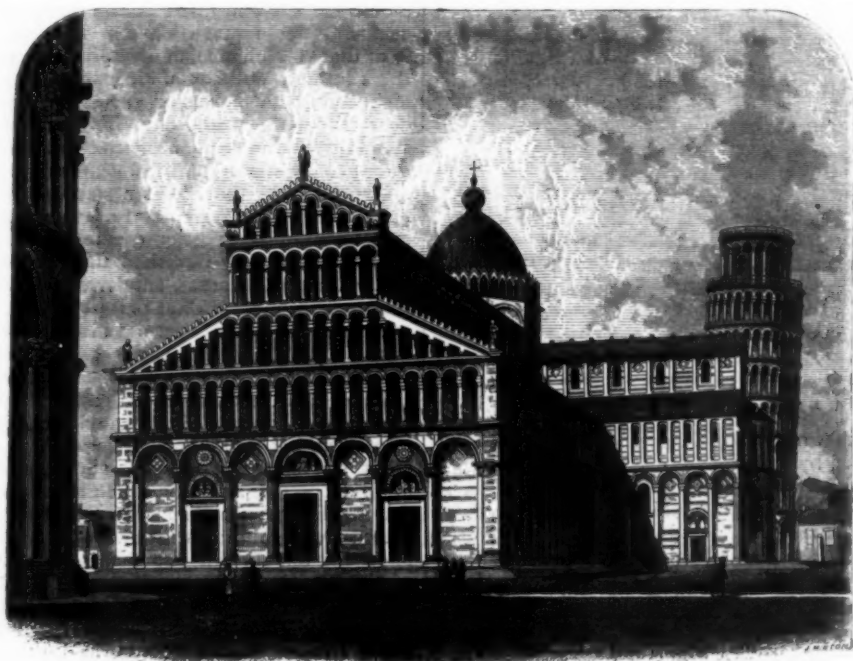


FIG. 1.—THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

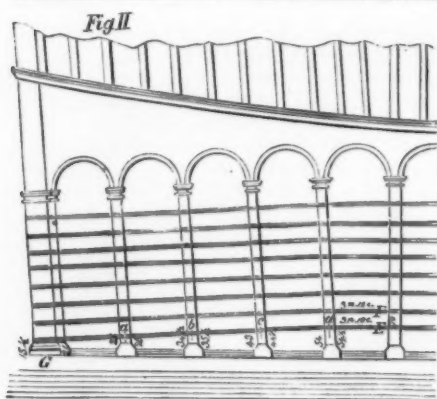
half and three) equalizes an upward slope of the ground at the south-western corner; the ground is quite level on the western side. Deflection produced by the cutting of masonry of course cannot be referred to sinking. Fig. I. presents certain additional facts which preclude any resort to this theory, the cathedral being surrounded by a carefully graded raised pavement, sloping downward from the walls to the five steps by which it is ascended, and the plinth supporting the walls nowhere sinks below it nor breaks its line.

Mr. Ruskin, as already quoted, has remarked that the cornice (marked *a* in Fig. III. See also Fig. II.) suddenly leaves the tops of the four westernmost arches but is evidently not aware (since he questions whether these four arches fall or the cornice rises) that the cornice rises throughout its whole length at nearly the same angle and that the remaining eleven arches rise with it. In the wooden model of the cathedral kept in one of the galleries, its oblique direction is accurately copied. How is it that so marked an obliquity should be unnoticed by an eye engaged in noting ir-

regularities and with attention directed toward the cornice?

Obliquity of horizontal line is a perspective effect to which the eye is accustomed from every standpoint except the single one in which it is equally distant from two extremities of a line, and is therefore easily mistaken for it. The above cut is copied from the ordinary photographic view of the Cathedral. It is evident, for instance, that from the standpoint here taken, the heavy cornices falling toward the junction of transept and main building, appear to fall from perspective effect. The Cathedral simply appears larger than it is.

There may be an additional reason why this obliquity is not generally noticed. It has been shown (figures II. and III.) that the distortion in the stripes of the Cathedral is connected with the inclination of the façade, and this distortion is doubtless a device to deceive the eye into believing the façade to be upright by causing the stripes to enter its corner pillar at a right angle. But is it not possible that the distortion has an effect beyond this? viz.:



SECTIONAL VIEW OF DEFLECTED STRIPES.

that of making the cornice appear horizontal by leading the eye to believe that its divergence from the line of the stripes is owing to the palpable bend downwards of the latter. Should this be so, the divergence of the line of the arches from the line of the cornice would be also explained; it would be an attempt to make the eye believe that the cornice does not rise, but that the arches fall—an attempt we must call at least a partial success in the case of Mr. Ruskin, for he says, as already quoted, "the cornice rises (or seems to rise), leaving at any rate, whether by the rise of the one or the fall of the other, an interval of more than two feet between it and the top of the western arch." Doubtless this divergence and that of the stripes assist in preventing the eye from perceiving the perspective deception.

The story above the cornice repeats nearly, though not quite, its divergence from the horizontal. With regard to the roof line of the main building it is not quite so easy to determine, but of the transepts it is certain that the roof lines follow the obliquity of the cornice, and that the obliquity of cornice in both transept and main building is owing to the arrangement of masonry courses.

Figure IV. presents a partial ground-plan of the Cathedral, showing a curve of the southern wall at its western extremity. As already noted, the cathedral is surrounded by a pavement delicately sloped and graded; this pavement is decorated with a black stripe running beside the wall. Its corresponding curve furnishes at this spot proof of design in the curve of the wall; for its component

blocks are cut and fitted at the necessary angles. (See figure IV., 2.) It is evident that this change in the direction of the southern wall, amounting to twenty-eight centimeters, gives an effect of greater width to the whole church to any one standing within and near the entrance door, for the standard of the nearer part is always taken by the eye as a standard for the whole. From any point of view outside, south of this portion of the southern wall, the wall is nearer than the eye believes it, appears larger, and gives a false standard for more distant parts.

Is there not an architectural illusion produced by these irregularities aside from the apparent increase of material size, and, if so, was this fact recognized on principle by architects in Pisa? That variety in corresponding parts, and deviations from strict symmetry are the soul and the life of all decorative art and all architecture, is a fact which no æsthetically trained person pretends to ignore; as little will any such one deny that herein lies the superiority of the Greek temple and the medieval church over all modern copying and supposed imitation. I have, however, evidence to show that not only was this law of "life" a recognized principle of building in Pisa to an extent undreamed of even by its most ardent advocate,—Mr. Ruskin in the "Seven Lamps,"—but that a still more subtle effect was habitually studied. Say, for instance, that an observer stands opposite the oblique cornice of the Pisa Cathedral at the point where it appears to be horizontal. With an ordinary building, the point where its horizontal lines are not subject to perspective obliquity is exactly opposite the center. As there is an actual obliquity in the line of the cornice in question, it will not appear horizontal unless the observer stands at some distance to the right of the real central point (in looking at the southern wall), and here there is a marked inequality in what, from the horizontal cornice line, the eye supposes to be two equal halves of the building. I have assumed that the spectator stands at the point where the oblique cornice appears horizontal, in order to illustrate plainly the optical contradictions between apparent fact and actual appearance—but these must exist from any point of view in which the cathedral is seen. Is there not in a building so constructed an architectural illusion springing from this mystification of the eye.

Mystification of the eye is the secret of all "life" in art, is the secret of the charm which the variations of the Greek scroll-work, of the arabesque pattern, of the medieval detail, from dead symmetry have for all of us.

Here the whole building is made to vibrate in an architectural illusion of the same character. On me, at least, the Pisa Cathedral, as seen from the Lucca railroad, made the effect of a ship under sail.

Let us take again the inclined façade. Why should so delicate and expensive a device be employed, if it is not for the life breathed into this wonderful creation by reason of the fact that the eye, assuming the façade to be upright, is mystified in making the unconscious rectification required by its inclination. I query if there is not a continual wavering of the eye between the innumerable possible lines of rectification lying between base and summit, resulting in a suggestion of mirage.

With regard to the curve described I would also put the inquiry if the continual variation in the lines of the building which the curve produces, does not in like manner mystify the eye, and thereby again contribute to the optical effect?

Thus, having first established the facts of an intentional inclination, an intentional obliquity, and an intentional curve in the Pisa Cathedral, I have raised the question if their optical effect is not something more than the pure and simple apparent increase of material size undeniably present in the two latter irregularities. I propose to debate this point by offering some cumulative evidence as to other intentional irregularities and leaving it to the reader to determine if they can have any other purpose.

The very perceptible inclination of the

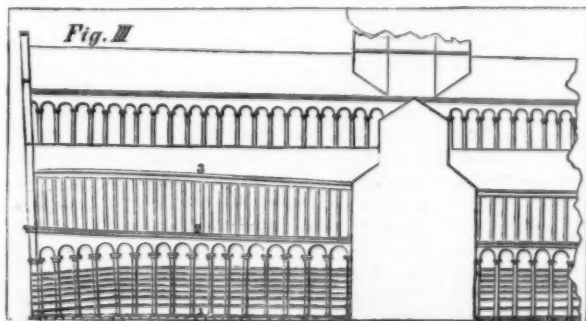
Pisa Baptistery is not generally remarked by travelers. On figure V., 1, may be found a series of measurements that go far to show that this inclination was intended. It must be borne in mind that the *polygonal* surrounding pavement rises from its edge toward the *circular* wall of the Baptistery, being as carefully joined at the edges of its sections as a piece of veneered furniture. On the face of things, therefore, the preservation of this delicate upward sloping grade on all sides is good presumptive proof against sinking. But, still farther than this, the foundation layers above the surface of this pavement are cut in gradually lessening height in the direction of the greatest inclination. These foundation layers (fig. V., 4) of masonry are three in number, arranged in step fashion; above them is a string-course cut in so rich a profile that wedging (*i. e.*, cutting the block in converging lines) would be impossible, and above this is the wall proper.

The measurements of the three foundation layers at each particular point are given as added together. Observation will reveal the fact that the Baptistery has a very perceptible inclination in the direction where these measurements would lead us to expect it.*

May not this leaning of a round building have an optical effect? The eye not especially directed to the fact of the lean-

* Figure V₄ gives a view of the foundation layers, figure V₃ of the delicate provisions for drainage, the want of which is the general cause of sinking foundations, the gutter below each polygonal side of the pavement curves upward toward the center; (C, c=12 centimeters, B, b=15½ centimeters). In fig. V. 1, the marks on the circle show the position of the pillars; the position of each measurement denotes approximately the spot where it was taken. The measurements are at unequal distances, and must be tested at exactly the same positions for the following reason:

The rising slope of the polygonal pavement makes the lines at the junction of the segments rise higher because they rise farther. (Compare, in drawing V., cut 3, the lines a, B and c, F). At each segment line, therefore, the first foundation layer is cut to equalize this variation. (A, a=16½ centimeters, and E, e=18 centimeters.) The measurements were, therefore, taken invariably at the center of each segment, and were omitted where this falls at the base of a pilaster, and opposite the doors, because in these places the line of the foundation layers is broken into.



PLAN OF PISA CATHEDRAL, VIEWED FROM THE SIDE.



FIG. VII.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

ing will insensibly partially or wholly rectify it, and the result of seeing the building in a position it does not occupy may produce an effect of optical vibration similar to that I have suggested as existing in the case of the façade, the cornice and the curve. It would appear that all those who have looked at the Pisa Baptistery without perceiving its pronounced inclination must have made this unconscious rectification. (See fig. VI.)

We will now return to the ground plan of the Cathedral, in order to remark the fact indicated in figure IV., that the wall of the main building, on the southern side, meets the transept wall at an *acute* angle.

The corresponding angle in the surrounding pavement ($4\frac{1}{2}$ centimeters in 56)

is more than twice as acute as the angle of the walls (2 centimeters in 56). The neat cutting and fitting of the masonry at both points is proof of an intention. The question rises again here, was the small increase in apparent length of the building hereby gained the only motive, or was a still more subtle optical effect designed? The divergence of the line of the pavement from the line of the building, which the difference in the angle produces, is palpably a device to conceal the strong curve at the western end of the wall by *making the outer line of the pavement straight throughout its length without sacrificing approximate equality of width at the two ends.*

It not only furnishes a second incontestable proof of design in the curve, but also enables us to measure it: (5m. 84 — 5.76)

+ (6m. 4 — 5m. 84) = 28 cent. Another irregularity may be noted before passing to the interior. The line of the wall proper both on the northern and southern sides does not correspond with the line of the plinth on which it rests, but curves in and out along its whole length. In the diagram the wave line of the wall is indicated, without representing the line of the plinth. Measured on the northern side the distances (in centimeters) of the wall proper from its supporting plinth, vary in fifteen equal distances as follows. $3\frac{1}{2}$ —4—4— $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ —5—4— $5\frac{1}{2}$ —6— $6\frac{1}{2}$ —5—6— $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Those who know the Pisan masonry will neither here nor elsewhere be disposed to speak of carelessness. It is an instance of the carefulness in detail of the architects of these buildings, that of all the pilasters of this wall not one has a base profiled like its neighbors, although all profiles are of Athenian grace.

I have preferred to rest my case for the numerous external curves on one which admitted of direct personal examination of the masonry. Of two others it can be said, at least, that they are not the result of sinking, the cornice and first roof line of the northern side (reproduced in fig. III) of the southern side, curve strongly in *opposite* directions, (compare lines 2 and 3).

Passing to the interior, I would first call attention to a perspective deception of very obvious effect. Of the two large arches (fig. VII) spanning the nave at its junction with the transept, that nearest the choir is round, and the other pointed; the apparent width of the transept space in the direction of the choir is thereby very much increased. Of a more subtle character is the arrangement of the galleries. The northern gallery rises from the transept toward the western end, as far as the seventh arch from the transept, twenty centimeters—here the line of the gallery is broken abruptly downward, and falls twenty centimeters in the remaining three arches; the western gallery rises from north to south twenty-three centimeters, and from its southern extremity the south-

ern gallery rises eleven centimeters in the first three arches, where a break similar to that in the corresponding point on the northern side takes place, but not at so marked an angle; the line of the southern gallery from this point to the transept being nearly horizontal. Thus at the third arch from the western entrance the southern gallery is fourteen centimeters higher than the northern (eleven + twenty-three—twenty), and at the transept is thirty-four centimeters higher, (approximately fourteen + twenty).

The hypothesis of sinking would here shipwreck not only on the perfect joints of the masonry, and well-preserved substructure and plinth of the north-western angle, but also on the fact that the unbroken oblique cornices without correspond to the broken oblique galleries within; the cornice forbids us to assume sinking for the gallery, and *vice versa*.

This variation in the height of the galleries is made still more perplexing for the eye, because there is a stripe of white masonry above the northern arches, but none above the southern (see VII), the latter being, therefore, not higher in proportion but disproportionately higher. As this inequality in the height of the galleries would be a perspective effect from any stand-point south of a central line drawn east and west through the nave with galleries of equal height, it follows that in any part of the nave the eye is deceived



FIG. VI.—THE BAPTISTERY AT PISA.

as to its real stand-point, and, therefore, mystified and deceived as to the proportion of the building. The gentle curve of the

oblique ground plan,—San Matteo, San Pietro in Vinculi, and the celebrated little gothic chapel, Maria della Spina,—whereby an effect similar to that suggested for the leaning façade may have been contemplated.

What I claim for all these deviations of alignment, obliquities, inclinations and curves is, first, that they tend to mystify and perplex the eye by depriving it of its ordinary standards of measurement,* and so produce an effect of indefinite (*i. e.*, of greater) extension; and, second, that they throw the building into a species of optical vibration by making upon the eye, at whatever standpoint, the varying effects of different standpoints, at one and the same moment. The arrangement of corresponding objects in unlike dimensions or unlike positions, is an additional element of optical effect, by giving the eye so many additional varying effects of shadow and new stopping points from which to begin afresh its computation.†

The fact that no two contiguous arches of

Fig. IV. 1.

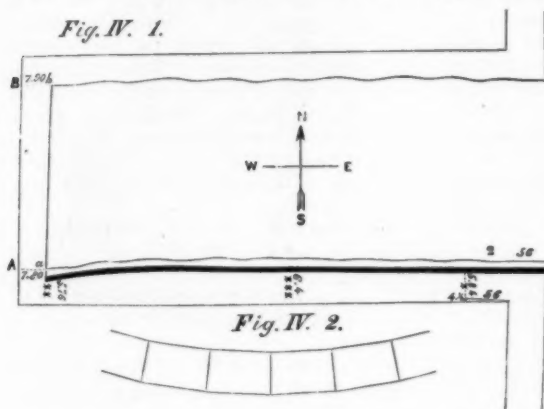


Fig. IV. 2.

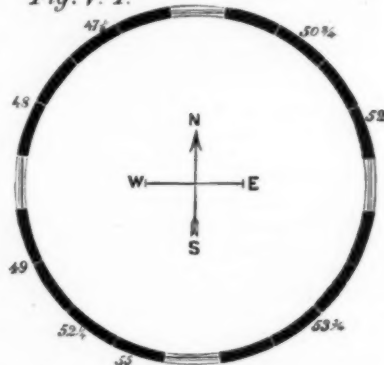
FIG. IV. 1.—GROUND PLAN OF CATHEDRAL BETWEEN FACADE AND TRANSEPT.
2.—ENLARGED SECTION OF BLACK STRIPE OF PAVEMENT.

pilasters supporting the great arches of the nave from the base outward is represented in drawing VII, and in the Pisan Church of Santo Paolo Ripa d'Arno, where the same appearance repeats itself, measurement of the masonry will prove that the blocks are cut and fitted at the necessary angles. (In the cathedral the masonry is not accessible.)

In the alignment of the columns will be found considerable irregularity. No two bases are in the same line, and the eye loses thereby its standard for computing the length of the rows. One is inclined to believe the irregularity designed, on examining the stripes of the pavement and cutting of the blocks. Most wonderful of all is that the columns are inclined from the perpendicular by wedge-shaped bases, varying as much as a centimeter in the height of the opposite sides. The effect, as compared with that of erect and perfectly aligned columns, has the superiority of the forest vista over the symmetrically arranged trees of an artificial plantation.

In some cases, where the base is not wedged, the column proves to have been already cut in antiquity for a leaning position. In the Pisan Church of St. Frediano the wedged bases (here half a centimeter variation) are all turned in one direction, which precludes the idea of chance, both rows of columns leaning the same way. Three churches in Pisa have façades of

Fig. V. 1.



GROUND-PLAN OF THE BAPTISTERY AT PISA.

*A correspondent of the N. Y. "Nation," May 21st, 1874, notes the enormous perspective effect of the interior of the Pisa Cathedral as contrasted with its actual size.

†It is a curious fact that Jacob Burckhardt, one of the very greatest of living art critics, has recognized the existence of this latter principle in the architectural deformities of the Bernini period, in the 17th century decadence (pages 369-377 "Cicerone," vol I. not translated), but has failed to see its infinitely beautiful application in the Pisan buildings of the 11th century. Ruskin, on the other hand, recognizes the idea of "life" in the varying size of the Pisan arches, of which no two contiguous ones, either within or without, are equal,

the Pisa Cathedral are equal must, therefore, increase its apparent size.

A longitudinal section of the little chapel (not St. Stefano within the walls) first mentioned is given in fig. VIII; its length is twenty-three paces. The five arches on either side lessen in width toward the choir and fall in height correspondingly. The roof falls fifty-six centimeters between entrance and choir. The distances between the pillars were measured with a stick which I lost before taking its length. In my note-book only the remainders over are given in centimeters; the numbers will give the proportion, however: 7 lengths, 6 lengths and 17 centimeters; 5 and 34 centimeters; 5 and 27 centimeters; 5 and 23 centimeters. The chapel appears three times its real size to the spectator turned,

Fig. V. 2.

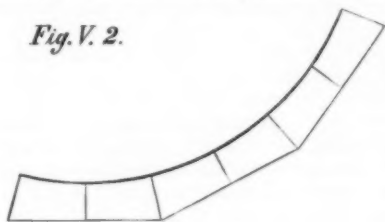


Fig. V. 3



FIG. V. 2.—A SECTION OF GROUND PLAN, SHOWING POLYGONAL PAVEMENT.

FIG. V. 3.—SECTIONAL OF SAME, ENLARGED.

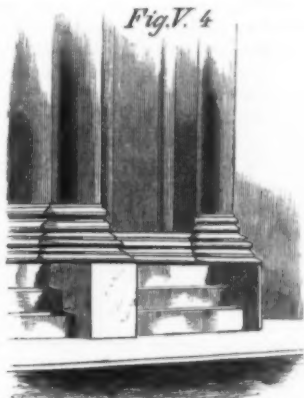
as all worshipers are, in the direction of the choir. This finger-post in the history of Pisan architecture was, of course, the work of a village builder wanting the means and the subtlety of his city neighbors. It proves conclusively that perspective illusion was employed in Pisa.

Is it necessary to say that I consider the Leaning Tower as the extreme phase of the Pisan irregularities? The story of a

("Seven Lamps," Lamp of Life.) but without suspecting the optical deceptions with which the Cathedral swarms, proven by the masonry to be designed, and of which I consider the unequal arches simply a phase. Förster (Italian guide-book, Germ., not translated,) having noticed, as few can fail to do, the more prominent irregularities of the Cathedral, considers them, like the Tower, as evidence of a clumsy medieval objection to regularity (vol. I, p. 364), without attempting measurements or giving a word to the subject in his more lately published history of Italian Art.

*It might be supposed that clearly visible irregularities are inconsistent with optical illusion, but such is not the case. To show this, a simple experiment may be tried in any parlor

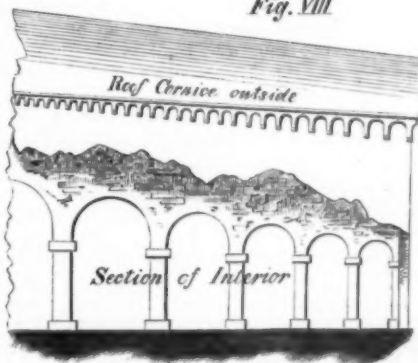
Fig. V. 4



FOUNDATION LAYERS OF BAPTISTERY.

sinking foundation rests on the fact that it curves from the fourth story toward the perpendicular, whence the conclusion that sinking took place when the building had reached this height. We see, according to Mr. Ruskin, that the inclination of the façade had also begun when the first story was finished. What break-neck fellows these Pisans must have been, to go on with

Fig. VIII



ST. STEFANO.

by laying obliquely on the floor a rug of striking color, somewhat smaller than the room. The room will appear larger, and its walls will appear to recede, each in the direction of the widening angle. The eye perceives that the rug is awry, but assumes a line *half-way* between the edge of the rug and the wall as the rectangular line. The walls will appear oblique in spite of all knowledge to the contrary. In the same manner, a tendency of the eye to partially rectify the inclination of the Tower would contribute to its effect of "life," and it is not entirely absurd to assume this tendency in view of the numbers who fail to notice the pronounced inclination of the Baptistery and of the façade. That Kugler and Burckhardt resort to a purely hypothetical sinking after the statement of facts made in the "Descrizione di Pisa e suoi contorni," by Ranieri Grassi, 3 vols., 1837, can be only explained by supposing the work unknown to them.

their buildings, already in a sinking condition before half way done, exactly as if nothing had happened! And how curious the chance which arrested further yielding forever afterward.

At any rate, whatever the bearing of the measurements recorded in this paper on the question of the Tower, close observation and masonry measurements will reveal the fact that perspective illusion was not confined to Pisa, but practiced on a most extensive scale throughout Italy and the whole of Europe in the Middle Age.

It was in 1837 that the horizontal curves of the Parthenon were discovered by Mr. Pennethorn, although such curves are also prescribed in Vitruvius, the only antique architect whose writings have come down to us. Since then the masonry measurements of Penrose have established the intention of the curves, together with the existence and intention of many other remarkable irregularities in the Parthenon and the majority of Greek temples.*

All the horizontal lines of the stylobate, architrave, frieze, cornice, &c., curve upward and outward. The columns of the colonnade lean inward, as do also the side walls, the architrave, frieze and pediment, while the cornice, acroteria and subordinate faces lean outward; the end walls are perpendicular, but the antæ, or pilasters of the projecting wall-ends at the corners lean outward; "perpendicular faces are the exception, not the rule."

Thus far it has been customary to follow the lead of Penrose in explaining these curves and inclinations as designed to *correct* optical effects. I hold, on the contrary, that they were intended to *produce* them.

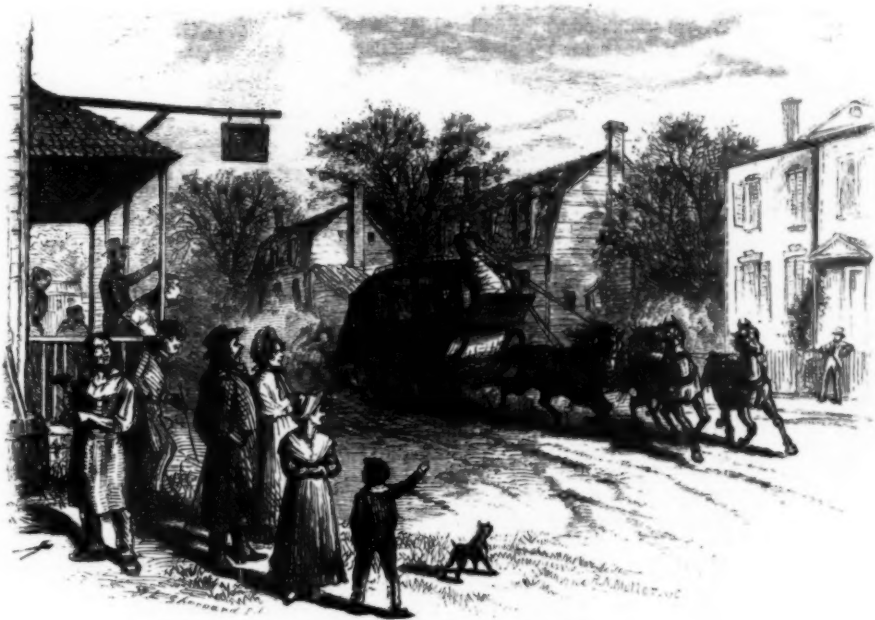
Penrose is himself surprised at the re-

sults of his measurements as to intention for the outward inclination of the antæ; here, as regarding the also intended inward leaning of the door-jambs, his theory is at fault, and he has no explanation for the direction of Vitruvius, which he quotes, that *all* faces above the columns,—architrave, frieze, and pediment,—shall lean outward. Penrose also proves a deviation of *level* in the substructure to be intended, for which his theory affords no solution.* Viewed in connection with the similar manifestations of the Pisa Cathedral, do we not gain new insight at once into the purpose of the Greek refinements, and the origin of those in Pisa. Pisa was in most intimate commercial relations with the Greek civilization of the Byzantine Empire. In the Levant, where Italian is universally spoken, it is still the Pisan dialect (not the Venetian) which is used. For eighty years of the eleventh century, from the close of which the cathedral dates (1063), *the Doge of Pisa was also Duke of Athens*. That we are dealing in the cathedral with Greek architecture is certain; its builders are recorded to have been Byzantine Greeks. Is it not a link in the history of civilization that irregular spacings, curves, inclined faces, and leaning columns, characterize Greek architecture alike in B. C. 440, and A. D. 1100; that the façade at Pisa obeys the prescriptions of Vitruvius, and copies in its inclination the antæ of the Parthenon?

* The variations in application of this optical illusion are exactly what we should expect them to be, according to the laws of structural art. The Greek temple is simply a shrine for the statue of the Divinity; it is not intended to be large, nor to look large. The Christian cathedral of the Middle Age is the material embodiment of its spiritual unity. It must hold the community, and must look as though it could, hence the enormous development of *perspective* illusion. Since public building has ceased to be the highest expression of national pride, and, with its adornment, the sole expression of the art-sense of the community, it can no longer be expected that money will pay for, or taste demand, the subtle refinements of Greece and the Middle Age. This does not diminish our interest in them; viewed from the standpoint of either art or history they teach some lessons that are eminently practical.

* "An investigation of the principles of Athenian architecture, or the results of a recent survey, conducted chiefly with reference to the optical refinements exhibited in the construction of the ancient buildings at Athens, by Francis Cranmer Penrose. London, 1851."

THE OLD STATE ROAD.



"RIGHT-ABOUT WITH A DASH CAME THE FOUR-IN-HAND."

CUT through the green wilderness down to the ground,
 Straight over the hills by the route of the crow,
 Now black as the bird, where the hemlocks abound,
 Then through the dim pines, half as white as the snow,
 By a cataract's track sunk away to the gulf
 That yawned grim and dark as the mouth of a wolf,
 Up hill and down dale like the trail of a brave
 From the Mohawk's wet marge to Ontario's wave,
 When the world was in forest, the hamlet in grove,
 Ran the stormy State Road where old Benjamin drove.

THE OLD STAGE.

THE rude rugged bridges all growled at the stage,
 The rough rolling ridges all gave it a lift,
 You read off the route like a line on a page,
 Then dropped out of day into twilight and rift!
 Through the sloughs of October it heavily rolled
 And lurched like a ship that is mounting a sea,
 O'er rattling macadams of torrents untold,
 Now in silence and sand midway up to the knee.
 It visioned the night with its yellow-eyed lamps
 Like creatures that prowl out of gun-shot of camps,
 When plunging along in the gloom of the swamps,
 With halt, jolt and thump and the driver's "ahoy!"
 It struck with a bounce on the ribbed corduroy,

And from hemlock to hemlock, log in and log out,
 The coach jumped and jounced in a trip-hammer bout—
 Through Gothic old chasms that swallowed the night,
 Out into the clearings all golden with light,
 Where flocks of white villages lay in the grass
 And watched for the stage and its cargo to pass.

JOHN BENJAMIN, DRIVER.

THE boys and the girls all abroad in high feather,
 The heads of the horses all tossing together,
 Flinging flakes of white foam like snow in wild weather,
 All swinging their silk like tassels of corn,
 'Twas Benjamin's time! And he whipped out the horn!
 'Twas the drone of king bees and a myriad strong—
 'Twas *fanfare!* and *fanfare!* with a bugle's prolong,
Chanticleer! Chan-ti-cleer! I am coming along!

The bellows dropped down with a vanishing snore,
 The smith in black crayon gave the anvil the floor
 And leaned on his sledge in the cave of a door;
 The landlord in slippers cut away at the heel
 Shuffled out on the stoop at the rattle of wheel.
Click-click—went the gates, and like yarn from a reel
 Smiling women wound out and looked down the wide street
 Where the driver swung plumb in his oriole seat,
 The mail, chained and padlocked, tramped under his feet.

He tightens the reins and whirls off with a fling
 From the roof of the coach his ten feet of string;
 The invisible fire-works rattle and ring,
 Torpedoes exploding in front and in rear,
 A Fourth of July every day in the year!
 Now lightly he flicks the "nigh" leader's left ear,
 Gives the wheelers a neighborly slap with the stock,
 They lay back their ears as the coach gives a rock
 And strike a square trot in the tick of a clock!

There's a jumble, a jar and a gravelly trill
 In the craunch of the wheels on the slate-stone hill
 That grind up the miles like a grist in a mill.

He touches the bay and he talks to the brown,
 Sends a token of silk, a word and a frown
 To the filly whose heels are too light to stay down.
 Clouds of dust roll behind with two urchins inside
 That tow by the straps as the jolly-boats ride,
 From the boot rusty-brown like an elephant's hide.
 With a sharp jingling halt he brings up at the door,
 A surge to the coach like a ship by the shore,
 He casts off the lines and his journey is o'er.

If king were to barter, would Benjamin trade
 His box for a knighthood, his whip for the blade
 That should make him Sir John by some grand accolade?

JOHN BENJAMIN "CIPHERS."

AH, few whips alive in their cleverest mood
 Can write with a coach as old Benjamin could,



"I SEE HIM TO-DAY ALL EQUIPPED FOR THE SNOW."

And you ought to have seen the sixteen feet
 With their iron shoes on the stricken stone
 When they waltzed around in the narrow street
 To a time and a tune that were all their own,
 Like the short sharp clicks of the castanet
 By the Moorish girls in a dancing set,
 When, as free as the sweep of a wizard's wand,
 Right-about with a dash came the four-in-hand!
 'Twas crackle of buckskin and sparkle of fire,
 And never a rasp of a grazing tire,
 As he cut a clean 6 and swept a bold 8,
 Like a boy that is trying his brand-new slate!

JOHN BENJAMIN'S PICTURE.

I SEE him to-day all equipped for the snow
 In a wonderful great-coat that falls to his heels,
 With its ripple of capes on his shoulders a-flow,

And a plump-visored cap that once was a seal's
 Drawn snug to his eye-brows down over his head;
 In gloves of tough buckskin so wrinkled and brown,
 With muffler begirt, (an equator of red!)
 A shawl round his neck like a turban slipped down;
 A couple of cubs are his buffalo shoes
 Asleep on the mail-bag that carries the news.
 All through of a size, in his Esquimaux guise,
 He read off the road and he breasted the storm,
 No sign of the man but his hands and his eyes,
 His heart below frost—ah! it always kept warm.
 "Afraid?" If bright Phœbus had told him to try
 His horses of fire down the steep of the sky,
 With the motto *Ich dien*,—I faithfully serve,—
 He would grasp the gold reins, no falter of nerve,
 And, foot on the brake, he would drive down the Blue
 Without breaking an axle or losing a shoe!
 A touch of North-easters had frosted his tones,—
 He always must talk so his leaders could hear,—
 Ah, men preach from grand pulpits and sit upon thrones,
 Whose vision of duty was never so clear!
 He loved the old route with its hemlock and rock,
 Its sprinkle of mayweed, the breath of its hills,
 The girls trailing out in bare feet from the flock
 That ran alongside when the horses would walk
 Till they wore a small path like the travel of rills!

Ah, hero of boyhood! Asleep in thy grave,
 Last station of all on humanity's route,
 In measureless peace where the lombardies wave;
 But time and its tempests have blotted it out.
 I letter his name on the Way Bill of Death
 To tell who he was that is waiting beneath:

Good night to John Benjamin, King of the Road!—
 Who sleeps till the blast of the bugle of God:
 In feverish noon, on the Highway of Strife,
 Make the driver's old rule the law of your life:
*Keep the track if you can, but mid-day or mid-night,
 Whatever you do, always turn to the right.*

WHITELAW REID.

THE story of the career of the present editor of "The Tribune" is that of distinguished effort leading to success in life. Rarely have great power and influence been wielded by a writer, journalist, and man of affairs, at so early an age as that of Whitelaw Reid. He has attained the highest honors of a profession which no longer is the fourth estate, and is so earnest in advancing its scope and dignity that his fellow-journalists watch with visible in-

terest the progress of the famous newspaper over which he has control.

Almost every instance of genuine success in life, premising that a man starts with talent and integrity, will be found to result not only from industry maintained by his ambition and strength of will, but also from a clear perception of his own gifts and a wise choice of the direction in which they shall be exercised; especially, moreover, from that good fortune which secures

him the right training and conditions favoring his chosen pursuit. Mr. Lincoln declared his chief vexation to be that the round pegs were always getting into the square holes. Half the wrecks of life are due, not so much to the lack of proper faculties, as to want of the training and circumstance for their development and successful application.

So far as education is concerned, we believe that in the United States, where our brightest men practically have to *train themselves*, a better average result is attained than in countries where people of rank select professions for their children in order of seniority. An American boy, with his own instincts for a guide, rarely goes wrong, except through some defect of character. He may seem unstable for a time, while groping for his place in the ranks; but really is essaying one pursuit after another, until he finds the work for which he is adapted and the chance to do his share of it. This may be early or late, but meanwhile his growth is progressing in the schools of thought and experience. When the calling is found,—and in this country where the occasion so surely presents itself,—every lesson of the past is turned to use and profit.

Reid's abilities and strength of moral character came to him by legitimate descent. They are inherent in his pure Scotch blood, which flows so vigorously and kindly in a stock transplanted to American soil. His education has consisted of that self-dependent experience which belongs to the freedom of Western life, refined by the solid culture of the schools. Either is worth much, but each is somewhat incomplete without the other; and in the training of our most successful Western writers the two are frequently combined.

Whitelaw Reid was born in Xenia, Ohio, October, 1837. His father, Robert Charlton Reid, had married Marian Whitelaw Ronalds, who came in a direct line from the small and ancient "Clan Ronalds" of the highlands. His paternal grandfather emigrated to this country from the south of Scotland, and settled in Kentucky, one of the earliest pioneers; but crossed the Ohio river in the year 1800, and bought several hundred acres of land upon the present site of Cincinnati. He was a stern old Covenanter, and found his conscience uneasy, owing to a condition of the deed which required him to run a ferry across

the river every day of the week. Sooner than violate the Sabbath, he parted with his new property, and, removing to Greene county, became one of the founders of the town of Xenia. It seems likely that, but for the pioneer's scruples, the wealth of the family might have precluded the necessity for the grandson's early struggles and the experience that has brought him to his present reputation.

Reid was early fitted for college by an uncle, the Rev. Hugh McMillan, also a Scotch Covenanter, and endowed with the vigor and conscientiousness of his race. Mr. McMillan was a trustee of Miami University, and principal of the academy at Xenia—at that time the foremost high school in Ohio. He bore a fine reputation as a teacher of the classics, and was the best instructor in the State. Under his discipline, young Reid was so well drilled in Latin that at the age of 15 he entered Miami as a sophomore, with a rank as a Latinist equal to that of scholars in the upper classes. This was in 1853, and in 1856 he was graduated with the "Scientific honors," the "Classical honors," first tendered to him, having been yielded to a classmate at Reid's own request. Just after his graduation he was made the principal of the Graded Schools in South Charleston, O., his immediate pupils generally being young men older than himself. Here he taught French, Latin, and the higher mathematics, confirming his own mastery of those branches, and acquiring a ripe culture which has been of such service to him in later years. Out of his salary he saved enough to repay to his father the expenses of his senior year at college. At the age of 20, returning home, he bought the Xenia "News," and for two years led the life of a country editor. Directly after leaving college he had identified himself with the Republican movement, then just beginning, and, boy as he was, had gone upon the stump for Fremont. His opinions undoubtedly were influenced by the "Weekly Tribune," which he took at college—becoming thoroughly versed in the views and aspirations of the great humanitarian journalist whom he was destined to succeed. The "News" was edited by Reid with vigor and success, its subscription list being doubled during his administration. In 1860, with wise premonition, and in spite of his attachment to Mr. Chase, he advocated the nomination of Lincoln, his journal being the first West-

ern newspaper, outside of Illinois, to take that course. Its influence caused the election of a Lincoln delegate to the Chicago Convention. After Mr. Lincoln's famous speech at the Cooper Institute, Reid went to Columbus to meet him, formed one of his escort to Xenia, and introduced him at the railroad station to the citizens of the place. After a brief first visit to Washington, the young Ohioan now took an earnest interest in the campaign, stumping effectively in his own region, and acting as secretary of the Greene County Republican Committee. His exertions were too much for his health, and he was suddenly compelled to withdraw from the conflict. He found needful vacation in a rapid but extensive trip through the great North-west, in which (by way of St. Paul, St. Cloud, and Crow Wing—the celebrated Chippewa trading-station), he finally, as one of an exploring party, visited the extreme headwaters of the Mississippi and St. Louis rivers, returning across the site of the now famous Duluth. Again at home, he plunged once more into the campaign, speaking, writing, and in other ways assisting to push the canvass to its successful close.

Mr. Reid now rested upon his homestead farm until the winter of 1860-'61, when he went to Columbus, resolved to try his fortunes as a legislative correspondent for the press. Upon his north-western journey he had written to the Cincinnati "Gazette" a series of letters which were favorably received. After various efforts, he effected an engagement with the Cincinnati "Times" to furnish a daily letter for just enough to pay his board,—a pittance of five dollars per week,—and was glad to get even this foothold by which to prove his quality. Schenck was running against Chase for the Senate; three other candidates,—Dennison, Horton and Delano,—were in the field. There is nothing like active service to bring one's talents into recognition and demand. In a few weeks came a request from the Cleveland "Herald" for a daily letter, at a weekly salary of \$15, which offer was promptly accepted. Lastly, the Cincinnati "Gazette" made a like request, with a proffer of \$18. Reid undertook these three engagements, and was then in receipt of a good income for those days, but at the expense of professional drudgery which required all the pluck and strength of youth to undergo: the task of writing three daily letters, distinct in tone, upon the same dreary legislative themes. It was a dis-

cipline, however, which rendered him equal to anything, and made his later journalistic labor seem light and attractive by contrast.

At the close of the session his special career may be said to have taken form. The "Gazette" offered him the post of city editor. He accepted its duties, so full of varied training, and held it until Capt. McClellan was sent to West Virginia at the outset of the civil war. Reid immediately left Cincinnati and started for the front as the war correspondent of the "Gazette." Gen. Morris was in charge of the advance, and Reid, as the representative of what was then the foremost Ohio journal, was assigned to duty as volunteer-aid, with the rank of captain. He thus began his famous series of army-letters, over the signature of "Agate;" was in the advance against Garnett, and after the latter's death was commissioned to escort the remains to Gov. Letcher of Virginia. After various romantic adventures, in one of which he narrowly escaped from the fire of our own troops, he succeeded in his mission. The first Virginia campaign thus having given him a taste of active service, he went back to the "Gazette," and wrote leading articles for a time, but soon was again in the field, this time upon the staff of Rosecrans, and bearing his old rank. He served throughout the second campaign, which culminated at Carnifex Ferry and Gauley Bridge; wrote up those battles; then resumed his editorial post, and helped to organize at leisure the staff of correspondents which the "Gazette" soon found it requisite to employ.

Reid was now fairly established as a writer and journalist from whom unusual achievements might be looked for. Only brief allusion may be made to important features of the brilliant service which marked his subsequent connection with the Western press. In 1861-'62 he went to Cairo and Fort Donelson, and recorded the Tennessee campaign. He arrived at Pittsburg Landing six weeks before the battle of that name; afterwards left a sick bed to be present at the fight, and was the only correspondent who witnessed it throughout. His masterly description of the battle occupied over ten columns of the "Gazette," and stamped him as a great newspaper correspondent. It was widely copied, brought out in extras by the St. Louis and Chicago papers, and, in fact, was a decided "hit," for which he was complimented by an advance in his already

liberal salary. At the siege of Corinth Reid was appointed by the correspondents chairman of a committee to "interview" the martinet, Halleck, upon the occasion of the latter's difficulty with the "gentlemen of the press"—which ended in their dignified withdrawal from the military lines.

Mr. Reid went to Washington in the spring of 1862. His reputation had extended, and he was now offered the management of a leading St. Louis newspaper. Learning this, the proprietors of the "Gazette," which had largely profited by his services, gave him an interest in their establishment, selling him a handsome portion of the stock at a fair price, and allowing him to pay for it out of the profits. The latter for the first year amounted to two-thirds of the cost, and laid the basis of his fortune. He took a noteworthy position as correspondent from the national capital, receiving, also, an appointment as Librarian to the House of Representatives, which office he held until his resignation in 1866. From the first, he had the friendship and intimacy of Mr. Chase, who heartily commended him to Senator Wade, Winter Davis, and other eminent men. Among the latter was Horace Greeley, who was greatly impressed by Reid's literary and executive talents, and, failing at that time to induce him to come to New York, subsequently asked him to take charge of "The Tribune" branch office in Washington, and from that time forth was his appreciative and unswerving friend.

One of the most admirable pieces of work performed by Mr. Reid during his experience in Washington was his graphic letter describing the battle of Gettysburg, and written from the field. To this day it remains the most accurate description, outside the official reports, of that momentous conflict, and certainly is the most clear and picturesque. Written in an unpretentious, yet delightful, style, it presents the scenes of the three-days' fight most vividly before the reader, and is not without traces of pathos, fervor and patriotism, that come from a true American heart.

In 1865 Mr. Reid went South as the companion of his venerated friend Mr. Chase, upon the tour which the late Chief-Justice undertook at the request of Mr. Johnson. Mr. Chase, ostensibly traveling for his health, really was invested with a secret mission of observation with regard to the interests and condition of the white and black races in the Southern States. A

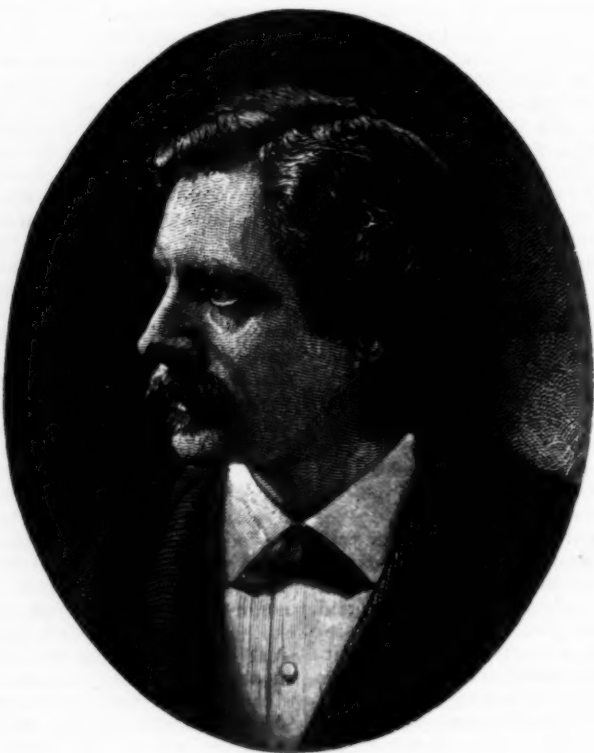
revenue-cutter was placed at the disposal of the tourists. They went along the coast, touching at all points of moment, to Key West and Havana, and thence, *via* Mobile and New Orleans, up the Mississippi to Cincinnati. A result of this journey was Reid's first sustained contribution to literature, a duodecimo volume entitled "After the War; A Southern Tour." The book is a fair reflection of its author's independent and healthful mind and practical experience as an observer of men and affairs. Written with some haste, it is always clear and restrained, and is an invaluable record of the state and aspect of the South during the years of re-adjustment which followed the war. Passages relating to the condition and habits of the freedmen are numerous, and of lively interest; the negro dialect and manners are rendered in a style worthy of our realistic novelists, and set off with a kindly humor which is a conspicuous feature of the whole work.

The author's attention was diverted, during his tour, to the chances afforded the cotton-planter by the high prices still ruling under a scant supply, and he resolved to make an experiment as a producer of the great Southern staple. With this end, in the spring of '66, he leased three plantations in Concordia Parish, opposite Natchez, in partnership with General Francis J. Herron. The bold novices planted the large number of 2,200 acres with cotton, hiring and working no less than 300 negroes. The speculation was admirably managed, cotton was still at a high premium, and all promised well. The crop had almost ripened, and an immediate fortune seemed secure as the result of this one season's labors, when,—just as the picking was about to commence,—the fields were invaded by the destructive army-worm. In a week the situation had sadly changed. Only one-fourth the promised crop was saved. Even this, however, sufficed to bring out the planters without loss, and encouraged Reid to try his fortune another year in Alabama. The conditions here were not so favorable, and at the end of two years he found himself not a loser, indeed, but a gainer only in business experience that strengthened his already pronounced and self-dependent executive abilities.

Meanwhile his pen was not idle, and during the three years which ended with '68 he wrote and compiled an extensive historical record, which always will remain

the great authority upon its special theme. "Ohio in the War" is contained in two large octavo volumes, of over 1,000 pages each, and is without doubt a model work of its kind. Involving immense labor, it is a surprise how it could have been done, and so well done, in the allotted time, by a man engaged in any other pursuits. The first volume is mostly occupied with the story of Ohio's achievements in the war, and especially with critical biographies of the most distinguished leaders contributed

fact, what first impresses every reader is the overweening influence which Ohio had upon the war, through the eminence to which so many of her soldiers sooner or later attained. Nearly all of the most conspicuous Northern generals and civil leaders, with McDowell, McClellan, Rosecrans, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Buell, Stanton, and Chase, at their head, are here claimed for Ohio, either by birth or adoption. With respect to the author's opinions, the correctness of his estimate of



WHITELAW REID.

to that struggle by the Buckeye State. The remainder of the work is devoted to the roster and statistics, compiled from official sources or furnished by the regiments themselves, of all the patriot troops placed by Ohio in the field.

This work, in its entirety, is a monument of industry and discriminating thought. The style is clear and incisive; often, in battle-descriptions and character-painting, truly historical. In the author's matter of

each of these famous men, in the brilliant critical sketches prepared so early after the close of the conflict, is a subject for admiration. Subsequent history and the test of public opinion have so largely confirmed Reid's judgments, that at the present day there scarcely is a word which he need wish to alter. As character-sketches, they are remarkable. He reviews, for example, the career of McClellan, finding him great in organization, but indecisive in attack,

and, upon the whole, "too military to be warlike." He vindicates the skill, bravery, and patriotism of Rosecrans, and attributes the latter's downfall to an infirm temper and to lack of knowledge of human nature. He does not hesitate to rebuke Sherman for the disorders upon the march through South Carolina greatly extols his restless and determined genius, and pronounces him, in contrast to McClellan, "too warlike to be military." To General Grant he concedes talent, but the sketch of this soldier is so severely critical that, although written in 1867, it contains nothing inconsistent with the present views of "The Tribune" with regard to the abilities and characteristics of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Sheridan receives the author's hearty admiration in the longest of these biographical sketches, which are as terse and memorable as any literature resulting from the war, and which no future historian can afford to pass without consulting.

Still holding his ownership in the "Gazette," Mr. Reid in 1868 resumed the duties of leader-writer and editor-in-charge. He made an excursion to Washington, and described with care the impeachment of President Johnson. Before long an important turn was given to his life by Mr. Greeley's successful renewal of the invitation to connect himself with "The Tribune." The political staff of the great newspaper needed strengthening by the addition of an able writer—one, also, in accord with its special views. With an instinct which never failed him in journalistic management, Mr. Greeley selected Reid as the man of all others for the place. The connection thus formed remained unshaken through the Founder's life, and it would almost seem as if, with a sense of his decaying strength, he had looked around for some younger man, thoroughly after his own heart, who might become his successor. Mr. Reid took the post of first editorial writer, with a salary next to that of Mr. Greeley, and answerable directly to the latter, instead of the managing editor, Mr. Young. He wrote the political "leaders" throughout the campaign which ended with Grant's first election. Shortly afterward a difficulty occurred between Mr. Young and the publishers, resulting in the withdrawal of the former from his post, and in the Spring of '69 Mr. Reid was installed as managing editor. In this advancement, he retained

to the last the unbounded confidence and affection of his venerated chief, despite the predictions of many who, since Mr. Dana's withdrawal, had observed the uncertainties and dangers attending this most arduous of journalistic positions.

In 1870, the new editor, by a bold expenditure that stimulated his brilliant force,—headed by Mr. Smalley in Europe,—to the greatest exertions, surpassed all rivals at home and abroad, in reports of the Franco-Prussian war, securing his own foot-hold, and giving his newspaper a prestige of the highest value. From that time, with full power, he gradually re-organized his staff, bringing into it that new blood and strength which have made the latter days of "The Tribune" its youngest and freshest. That journal, whatsoever its shortcomings, has always been famous for the groups of trained literary men and women, of professional authors, that have taken part in its production. Mr. Reid secured the best efforts of those already belonging to the staff, and recruited their lessening ranks with the ablest writers to be procured. Of both these classes, during his administration, such assistants have strengthened his hands as Ripley, Taylor, Congdon, Smalley, Hunt, Winter, Cook, Col. Hay,—who joined the staff in 1870 at Reid's desire,—Noah Brooks, T. W. Higginson, Isaac H. Bromley, J. R. G. Hassard, W. H. Huntington, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Runkle, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Davis, and many other editorial writers and correspondents, with such lively occasional contributors as Mark Twain, Bret Harte and C. H. Webb. Reid first became acquainted with W. F. Shanks, his city editor, at the siege of Corinth, where that gentleman rose into prominence by a brilliant series of letters to "The Herald."

Having perfected his organization, and thoroughly renewed the energies of "The Tribune," the editor was ready to look about him—when the campaign of '72, so impetuous and resulting in such sweeping changes, came to hasten the progress of his journalistic career.

The story of that campaign is fresh in mind. Mr. Reid, after the nomination of Mr. Greeley, was made editor-in-chief of "The Tribune," an office accepted by him with genuine reluctance, but with courage and determination. The columns, from that moment, were established on the modern basis of independent journalism. The new editor had ideas of his own, well

set forth in an Address entitled "Schools of Journalism," originally prepared at the request of the Regents of the University of New York.* Though supporting with vigor, and in every honorable way, his former chieftain's claims to the Presidency, he gave full and impartial reports of the movements and opinions of his opponents. It was also a proper time for new departures in other directions. Mr. Reid's personal knowledge of the South and West enabled him to comprehend the rights and wrongs of those sections. Untrameled by traditions, he placed his journal upon the platform of a broad and catholic Americanism, and, as one of the younger generation, superadded to the historic strength and purpose of "The Tribune" fresh elements of dignity, polish and refinement. In organization, so complete a system of division of labor, and of responsibility bearing upon heads of departments was introduced, that the complex duties of the office went on with half the jar and rumble of old times. Some of the ancient oracles in the publishing department, whose idea of an editor was the stock conception,—a man with coat off, sleeves uprolled, perspiring, inky, always driving his pen,—could not realize that more and better work was done under the new system. Hence arose a feud, which, developing itself after the lamented death of Mr. Greeley, resulted in a brief and decisive struggle between the old management and the new.

Scholarly and sagacious veterans of the establishment, who had learned to rightly estimate Reid, rallied to his support; but those who best knew him were surprised at the friends and resources which his tact and varied qualities had won for him during his few years of experience in New York. Capital was freely placed at his disposal, and he was enabled to obtain complete control of "The Tribune," and to associate its increased power and prosperity indissolubly with his own name. Certainly it never was more attractive than now, never more earnest, never more liberal and cultured, never so crowded with literary, æsthetic, and scientific intelligence; the journalists of the country seem to regard it as in some way representative of their own profession; even its rivals acknowledged that it never was more ably

managed than at present, and that its friends have reason to be sanguine with regard to the future.

Mr. Reid was so prominently connected with the latest Presidential campaign that his name and ability, even through the attacks made upon him, became as widely known to the public as they long had been to his own profession. Apparently indifferent to notoriety, his ambition seems to be that of a great journalist in the highest sense of the word. His scholarship, vigorous English, and rhetorical talents have made him in demand among the universities as an orator at commencement and other gatherings. His lecture upon Journalism was repeated at various colleges. In 1873 he was invited to pronounce the oration before the societies of Dartmouth, and delivered an able and mature production entitled "The Scholar in Politics," setting forth the obligation incumbent upon men of culture to take an active interest in the practical issues of the day. The end aimed at in this discourse calls to mind the words of Theodore Parker, who said to Sumner, after the latter's election to the Senate: "You once told me you were not in politics, but in morals; now I hope you will show morals in politics." In Mr. Reid's epitome of the great questions likely to occupy the attention of public men in America during the next twenty years, he certainly evinces a comprehensive purpose, and prophetic vision, which distinguish one who has made journalism the study of his life. This oration was repeated at Amherst and Miami, and finally became a valuable contribution to the pages of this magazine.*

By entering somewhat at length upon the details of Mr. Reid's career, we thus have shown in what manner his character, training, opportunity and varied experience have combined to bring him to his present position, and to make him the man of men for the place. He has fairly earned it by years of unflinching labor; and himself says: "I never have had anything but what I worked for." He is recognized as a leader by the trained intellectual group which gathers around him, and has a remarkable faculty, grounded in natural honor and kindness, for winning enthusiastic and devoted friends. In return, he is the most loyal of comrades; especially considerate of the feelings of the *genus*

* Published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, June, 1872.

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, September, 1873.

irritable with which he has to deal, he possesses a rare gift of bringing out and utilizing the best talent of his workmen. No editor in New York has been more esteemed by authors and writers, who look upon him as the staunch defender of their faith. He has found time to mingle much in social circles; is a welcome guest and an accomplished host, whether in his own home or at the clubs, of which he is an influential member, and over one of which he has for successive years been elected to preside.

Whitelaw Reid has the Western grit and muscle, refined by the habits and culture

of the East, which is his home. His tall, sinewy form and firm-set, yet handsome features, easily reveal a union of delicacy and strength. He is a resolute friend or foe, keeps his own counsel, and goes steadily on his way; a man of convictions, fearless in his advocacy of them. In every phase of life he is more solicitous to carry his point than to let his hand be seen; and if "The Tribune" has something less of "individuality" than under the forceful guidance of his predecessor, it may safely be declared to show an advance in breadth, refinement, dignity and other essentials of modern power.

STUDIES OF SOME BRITISH AUTHORS.

ANCESTRY: II.

THE ancestry of what the ingenious Mr. Horace Walpole calls the noble authors, concerning whom, and their royal ancestors, he has written more than most people care to read—the ancestry, I say, of several poets of whom I have written in my first paper, has touched royalty at times, and has appeared in important matters of state. It now figures in the most dreadful treason in English history, the Gunpowder Plot. Thomas Habington, the father of William Habington, the sweetest and purest of amorous poets, was the son of John Habington, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. A commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford, he finished his studies at the Universities of Paris and Rheims, and returning to England joined the adherents of Mary Queen of Scots. He was suspected of being implicated in Babington's conspiracy, and imprisoned six years in the Tower. His life was spared, probably because he was godson to Elizabeth, for his younger brother, who was engaged in the same conspiracy, was executed at St. Giles's in the Fields. After his liberation Mr. Habington retired to a manor which his father had settled upon him, and married Mary, eldest daughter of Edward, Lord Morley, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Lord Mounteagle. One would have thought that he had faced danger enough, but he thought otherwise, for he concealed in his house two Catholic priests

who were concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. He was sentenced to death, but reprieved, and finally pardoned, through the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, his wife's brother, to whom, the day before the meeting of Parliament, the good lady sent the famous letter of warning. Our poet certainly had a heroic mother. Her husband was pardoned, but the condition of the pardon was that he should never stir out of Worcestershire. He complied, having grown a little wiser, and devoted his days to writing the history and antiquities of the county to which he was banished. He died in the same year as Milton's father, at the age of eighty-seven.

I have mentioned, I believe, only two poets whose ancestry as clerical, but it was not because there were not others of like descent. The Church of England has done her share towards lengthening the roll of British authors. Among the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of clerical ancestry, was Richard Crashaw, whose father was a divine of note in his day, and a preacher at the Temple Church, in London; George Sandys, the translator of Ovid, whose father was an Archbishop of York; Henry King, whose father was Bishop of London; and, among lesser names, John Philips, whose father was Archdeacon of Salop, Bishop Sprat, whose father was a private country minister, and John Cleaveland, the Cavalier satirist,

whose father was a Vicar of Hinckley. Later on we come to Tickell, Pomfret, Young, Blair, Churchill, Langhorne, Anstey, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Mason, Mickle, Bowles, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, and others, sacred and profane, whose infant cradles were rocked in the rectories and parsonages of England. We also come to greater names—Addison, Cowper, Goldsmith.

The clerical element was well represented in Joseph Addison, both of whose parents were descended from clergymen. His father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, was sent as a poor scholar to Queen's College, Oxford. It was in the time of the Commonwealth, with which he had no sympathy, and, with the temerity of a young man, he became a violent royalist, and lampooned the heads of the University, who compelled him to ask pardon on his knees. His lot was a hard one after leaving college, for we are told that he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen church to the families of certain sturdy country squires in the Wild of Sussex, with whom loyalty was still a religion. When Charles the Second came in, he was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison at Dunkirk. Dunkirk was sold to the French, who had no need of an English parson, and he was transferred to Tangier, where he remained eight years, and where he could not enjoy himself. He employed his time as best he could in studying the manners and customs of the Jews and Mahometans about him, and on his return to England he turned his knowledge to account in a Narrative of the Revolutions in Fez and Barbary, a Life of Mahomet, and a volume on Hebrew customs and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He was rector of Milston, in Wiltshire, when Joseph was born, a weak little child, who seemed so unlikely to live, that he was christened on the day of his birth. Three years afterward Mr. Addison was prebendary of Salisbury, and later Dean of Litchfield, and one of the King's chaplains in ordinary. He was a man of considerable learning, and it can hardly be doubted that it was from him that his famous son inherited that seriousness of mind which made Mandeville call him "a parson in a tye-wig," and Tonson remark: "One day or other you'll see that man a bishop. I'm sure he looks that way, and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart."

The ancestry of William Cowper, although his father was a rector, was a distinguished one. The family can be traced back to Edward the Fourth, and the name, if not the family, appears repeatedly among the sheriffs of London. There was a Sir William Cowper in the early part of the seventeenth century, a baronet of Nova Scotia, who was afterwards made a baronet of England. He erected a monument to the Judicious Hooker more than thirty years after his death, and composed an epitaph for it in verse. A loyalist in the struggle between the King and the Commons, he was imprisoned at Ely House, with his eldest son, who died under his confinement; when finally released, he retired to his estate at Hertford, and was famed for hospitality, charity, and other virtues. The grandson of this gentleman, another Sir William Cowper, was the father of another William Cowper, who was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal by Queen Anne, and was raised to the peerage as Earl Cowper by George the First. The younger brother of Earl Cowper, Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, was the father of the Reverend John Cowper, D. D., chaplain to George the Second, and rector of Birkhamstead, where our William Cowper was born. Such was the ancestry of Cowper on the male side. On the female it was still more distinguished, his mother, whose maiden name was Anne Donne, being, it is said, a descendant of the poet Donne (whose wife's name, by the way, was Anne), and certainly a descendant of one noble house, as well as the royal one of Henry the Third. Cowper was familiar with his genealogy, but not elated by it.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies."

Little is known of the parents of Cowper, except what he himself has told us in his Letters, and in his imperishable lines "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk." We see with his eyes the devotion of his loving mother. She visits his chamber nightly to satisfy herself that he is safe and warmly laid. She washes his little cheeks with fragrant waters until they shine and glow, and she supplies her morning bounties,

"The biscuit, or confectionary plum."

When the school hour draws near, she wraps him in his warm scarlet mantle, puts on his velvet cap, and placing him, with a kiss, in his little coach, he is drawn to school by Robin, the gardener. Happy mother! happy child!

Cowper's mother died when he was about six years old, and the troubles of his life commenced, for shortly after her death he was sent to a boarding school, where his sensitive spirit was crushed. The grief of the child was as profound as the sorrow of the man.

"My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!"

"I can truly say," he wrote nearly fifty years afterwards, "that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say not a day) in which I do not think of her; such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

When Cowper was twenty-four years old, and an idle lawyer in the Temple, his father died, and the rectory of Berkhamstead ceased to be his home. "At that time I was young," he writes, over thirty years later, "too young to have reflected much. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that county to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited forever; I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I never should be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties, as just when I left them behind me, to return no more."

Oliver Goldsmith was descended from a family in which the office of clergyman was hereditary. His father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was a minister out of employment when he married Anne Jones, the daughter of another minister, the mas-

ter of the diocesan school at Elphin. The marriage was not approved by the friends of either, and an uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith, who was the rector of Kilkenny West, was soon called upon to assist the imprudent couple. He lent them a house about six miles from the Rectory, where they resided for about twelve years, and where several children were born, Oliver among others. After the death of this providential uncle Mr. Goldsmith succeeded to his benefice. His fortunes do not appear to have bettered by the change in his prospects, for though his income may have been larger, there were more to consume it. Other children were born, and those who were growing up were to be educated. The little means that could be got together were spent on the education of the oldest son, Henry, while that of Oliver was neglected. It was the intention of his father to bring him up to trade, but his mother fancied she saw genius in him, and she persuaded her good man to give him a learned education. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, at the expense of an uncle and other friends, who contributed to his support, and who must have been disappointed at the figure he cut. "The Goldsmiths were always a strange family," we are told, "they rarely acted like other people: their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought." Goldsmith ought to have applied himself to his studies, but, being Goldsmith, did not. While he was at college his father died, and if he was not deeply mourned, he was very tenderly remembered by his idle, improvident, warm-hearted son, who has painted for us three exquisite portraits, of which he was the original—one in the *Man in Black*, in "The Citizen of the World," another in immortal Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the last in the *Village Preacher*, in "The Deserted Village."

One would hardly think that Goldsmith was desirous of being thought a man of good family, but such was the case, for he claimed affinity on his father's side with General Wolfe, and on his mother's side with Oliver Cromwell! One would never think that Shakespeare was guilty of the same weakness, but it looks very much like it, for the grant of arms which his father sought in vain, was applied for and obtained, about thirty years later, and in a very questionable way. One would

think, however, that Pope would have tried to make himself out somebody on the score of his ancestry, and one is not disappointed to find that he did so. It was in keeping with his mind, which was as crooked as his body.

Pope's claim to gentility was put forward in his forty-sixth year, when he was the most famous living English poet, and it would seem at first for the purpose of puzzling Curll. Pope did not appear in the matter, but one mysterious "P. T." who informed Curll by letter that Pope's father was of the younger branch of a family of good repute in Ireland, and related to the Lords Downe, formerly of the same name. If "P. T." was not Pope, he was some one in communication with Pope, who was always ready to furnish misinformation in regard to himself. His claim to reflected gentility in the persons of the Lords Downe, was repeated two or three years later, in a Note prefixed to his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," in which his father is stated to be of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. This "fine pedigree," as it was called by one of Pope's kinsmen, who repudiated it, was an absolute fiction. There was an Earl of Lindsay, as there were Earls of Downe, but Pope was no more descended from the latter than he was from Pope Joan.

The Christian name of Pope's father, as well as his family, eluded all his early biographers, but it is now known to have been Alexander. When his son was born, he was a linen draper in Lombard Street, London. "He was an honest merchant," Mrs. Pope informed Spence, "and dealt in Hollands wholesale." Hollands were evidently in demand in the last years of the seventeenth century, for our dealer therein was prosperous enough to retire from business with what was then a large fortune—ten thousand pounds. Precisely when this occurred, we are not informed, but it is supposed to have been in the sixth or seventh year of the poet's age.

The elder Pope, with his elderly wife and young son, removed to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he had purchased twenty acres of land, and a small house. He was a Roman Catholic, and so rigid a one that Alexander was afraid to write verses and send profane letters in Holy Week under his eye. To be a Roman

Catholic then was not to be in favor with the powers that were, which is probably the reason why the retired merchant was said to have indulged in the unmercantile freak of locking up his money in a strong box, and living on the principal. The story is Warburton's, and unworthy of belief. We know now, what Warburton might have known, that, in addition to his house and grounds at Binfield, Pope's father possessed property in Surrey, and a yearly rent-charge upon a manor in Yorkshire, besides eight or nine thousand livres in French securities. In a word, he was rich.

The mother of Pope, whose name was Edith, was a daughter of William Turner, Esq., of Worsborough Dale, Yorkshire. We have the authority of Pope that she had three brothers, two of whom perished in the Civil Wars, while the third became a general officer in Spain. If Mrs. Pope, who was about forty-six when she gave birth to Alexander, had not been the tenderest and most careful of mothers, her son would not have lived long. He inherited from her a sickly constitution, which was perpetually subject to severe headaches, and from his father, his poor, crooked little body; physically it was "a heritage of woe." He charmed the household by his gentleness, and his voice was so sweet that he was called "the little nightingale." He was considered a prodigy from his infancy, and was one: I know of none greater, unless it be Chatterton. If the "Ode to Solitude" was written, as he claimed, when he was about twelve, he surpassed at that age every English poet. He could not remember when he began to write verses: he lisped in numbers. His father encouraged him, though he was no poet, as his widow quaintly remarked to Spence. "He used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased, and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhimes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."

The picture of this precocious young poet and his parents in the little house at Binfield is a delightful one—more delightful, it seems to me, than any that can be painted of his after life. He was as studious there as the young Milton had been at Horton, and was as free from anxiety about his future. He was happy among his books, he was happy in his father's gar-

den, and he was happy in the shade of his favorite beech tree—the tree under which, tradition says, he sat when he composed his poem in praise of Windsor Forest. He was happier for the moment, I think, when some one took him to Will's Coffee-house to see Dryden. "I saw Dryden when I was about twelve years of age. I remember his face well, for I looked upon him even then with veneration, and observed him very particularly." I must not write about Pope, however, and the great men he saw, and the noble friends he made, and the clever poems that he wrote, but confine myself to his parents, who continued to reside at Binfield until his twenty-eighth year, when they removed to Chiswick, exchanging the leafy avenues of Windsor Forest for a row of pollard elms and a sight of the Thames. They had lived to hear a full song from their little nightingale, and were growing old; one at least was infirm. Pope's father died at Chiswick at the age of seventy-five.

"By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown.
His death was instant and without a groan."

Pope announced his death in a note to Martha Blount: "My poor father dyed last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall."

About two years after the death of his father, Pope removed to his villa at Twickenham, taking his mother with him. *Genetrix est mihi*, he wrote to Atterbury, when he condoled with him on his loss. He was as unceasing in his solicitude for her as she had been for him in his tender years.

"Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death:
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!"

Mrs. Pope survived her husband sixteen years. Her memory was gone, but she was conscious of the affectionate attentions of her son, which doubled the necessity of his attendance on her, he said, and at the same time sweetened it. She died at the great age of ninety-three. "I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent," he wrote to Richardson, the painter; "and, as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her

countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, even of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint inspired that ever painting drew, and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow upon a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me." Richardson hastened to him, and made the sketch as he wished; but it was not a pleasing one. What had been Mrs. Pope was buried in Twickenham Church. There was nothing to suggest gentility in the funeral, which was as simple as possible. The body was carried to the grave by six poor men of the village, clad in suits of dark gray cloth, the gift of the poet, and was followed by six poor women, in the same sort of mourning. There was in his grounds at Twickenham a retired spot encircled with a plantation of evergreens, yews, and cedars. Here he erected a large obelisk in memory of his mother, and inscribed upon the pedestal this touching epitaph:

AN EDITHA!
'MATRVM OPTIMA!
MULIERVM AMANTISSIMA!
VALE!

Shortly after Pope removed from Binfield to Chiswick, there came into the world, at the house of a scrivener in Cornhill, a poet whose constitution was as delicate as his own, and whose genius was of a higher order. He was the son of Mr. Philip Gray, the aforesaid scrivener, and his wife Dorothy, whose maiden name was Antrobus. He was the fifth of twelve children, and the only one who survived, the rest perishing in infancy from suffocation produced by a fullness of blood, a fate which threatened him, but which was averted by the courage of his mother, who removed a paroxysm which attacked him by opening a vein with her own hand. She was a brave as well as a loving mother, and she needed all the bravery that she possessed, for her husband, who is described as a respectable citizen, was a brute. When she married him she was in partnership with her sister Mary and her brother Robert, and carried on the trade of a milliner. A woman of business, she had positive ideas as to the rights of woman, and she took the precaution of tying up her property before she married Mr. Gray. It was agreed between them, and between them and her partners, that her

share in the trade should be employed by her sister Mary in the said trade, and that the same and all profits thereby should be for her, Dorothy's, sole benefit. It was further agreed that, if either she or her husband died, the property should go to the survivor.

This agreement, which was as stringent as the law could make it, was probably not drawn by Mr. Gray, who was scoundrel enough to have made it a defective paper. He was perpetually trying to break it, and to break her heart, for from the beginning of their marriage he treated her inhumanly, not merely showering upon her vile and abusive language, but actually beating her and kicking her, until she was at last obliged to quit his bed, and lie with her sister. This brutality continued, not a month or a year, but upwards of thirty years, and all the time she was bearing her poor, doomed children! But, great as was the brutality of her husband, it was exceeded, if that was possible, by his meanness. For during all these years she was not only no charge to him, but she found herself in all manner of apparel, and all her children also, and most of the furniture of his house, besides paying forty pounds a year for his shop, and providing for her son, for whom he would do nothing, when he was at Eton and Cambridge. There was a pretense of love, too, in this usage, for he appeared to be jealous of all men as far as she was concerned, even of her own brother! What he loved was her money, and it was in order to obtain it that he abused her so. Nor did he stop there. He gave her sister warning to quit the shop where they carried on their business, which would have almost ruined it, and would have compelled his wife to go with and assist her sister for the support of herself and her son. He threatened to pursue her with vengeance, and to ruin himself to undo her and the boy.

She was unconquerable, this brave old milliner, who, at the age of sixty-four, submitted her case to a practitioner at Doctors' Commons. The opinion he gave was not comforting. She was told that if she went to live with her sister, to assist her in her trade, he might, and probably would, call her, by process in the Ecclesiastical Court, to return home and cohabit with him, which the Court would compel her to do, unless she could show reason to the contrary. She had no other defense in that case than to make proof before the

Court of such cruelties as might induce the judge to think she could not live in safety with her husband, when the Court would decree for a separation. She was advised to bear what she reasonably could, and to give him no provocation to use her ill. If he forced her out of doors, the most reputable place she could be in would be with her sister. If he proceeded to extremities, and went to law, she would be justified if she stood upon her defense, rather perhaps than as plaintiff in the cause. Lastly, as no power of making a will was reserved by her marriage settlement, her original stock in trade, and likewise the produce and interest which should accrue, was settled upon her husband, if he survived her.

I have confined myself, as my readers have no doubt perceived, to the dry legal statement of the sufferings of Gray's mother, not wishing to blacken the memory of his father with any words of my own. They were simply terrible. They were inflicted, it is sad to think, not in Turkey, but in England; not the England of Henry the Eighth, but the England of Queen Anne and George the First; the England of Pope, Addison, and Steele, of Will Honeycomb, and Sir Roger de Coverley. Was the age of chivalry past, or did it exist only on paper? All things come to an end, however, even the lives of scriveners, one of whom, Mr. Philip Gray, went to his last account at the age of sixty-five.

What Gray owed to his mother may be imagined. It was she who saved his life when he was a child; and it was she who sent him to Eton, where he remained six years, and to Cambridge, where he remained three or four years, and to the continent, where he traveled with Horace Walpole, living the life of a thoughtful and elegant scholar. She lived to see twelve—is it harsh to say—*happy* years after the death of her husband, to see her love repaid by the genius of her son. As devoted to her as she was to him, he never mentioned her without a sigh. And when she died, full of years, he placed over her loved remains this most pathetic inscription:

Beside her Friend and Sister,
Here sleep the Remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow; the careful, tender mother
Of many Children, one of whom alone
Had the Misfortune to survive her.
She died March XI, MDCCLIII.
Aged LXXII.

Gray had written his immortal *Elegy*, and the greatest of his *Odes*, which were coldly received, and was adding to his immense stock of knowledge by reading and transcribing manuscripts in the British Museum, which had just been opened to the public, when, on a January day, in a little town in Scotland, a greater poet than himself, the song-writer of all time, was born. His parents were poor. They were born poor, they lived poor, they died poor. His father, William Burness, the son of a farmer, and one of a family of seven children, went out into the world in early manhood, with empty pockets, seeking his fortune, which never came. He went to Edinburgh, where he managed to save up a little money, which was dutifully sent to his parents. Then he became a gardener in Ayrshire, and finally took a lease of seven acres of land at Alloway, near the bridge of Doon, and upon this land built with his own hand a clay cottage. To this cottage he brought his newly married wife, who was ten or twelve years younger than himself. She was the daughter of a farmer in Carrick, and her maiden name was Agnes Brown. Her mother died when she was nine years old, and the care of four younger children was thrown upon her. There were servants on the farm, but their services were so valuable that they could not be spared for nursery work. She had been taught to read the Bible, and to recite the Psalms, by a weaver, who kept young scholars beside his loom as he worked, but now her schooling came to an end. She could not write—to the day of her death the mother of Robert Burns was never able to write her name. When her much-marrying father married again, she went to live with her dead mother's mother, who, when she was particularly pleased with her doings at the wheel, used to give her for lunch a piece of white bread, and a piece of brown bread, both being made of varieties of one kind of oat-meal. William Burness met her at a fair, courted her vigorously for a twelve-month, and married her, a lass of twenty-five. Her figure was small and neat, her complexion fine, her hair a pale red, and her eyes dark and beautiful. She had a cheerful disposition, and a budget of old songs and ballads which she sang to her children, and sang well, too.

William Burness was a poor man, and the children which came to him increased, while they brightened, his poverty. He

determined that they should have an education, and sent Robert to school in his sixth year. A few years later he undertook to teach him and his brother Gilbert himself. He was a wise man, in his simple way; he treated his boys as if they were men, and lightened their labors on the farm by entertaining and instructive conversation. Burns was alive to the necessity of learning, and to the thoughtful anxiety of his father, who in turn was alive to his genius. "Whoever may live to see it," he said to his wife, "something extraordinary will come from that boy."

They were a happy family. The parents loved each other, and the children; and the children loved each other, and their parents. William Burness was a grave man; not averse to innocent gaiety, but naturally of a religious tone of mind. Christianity was the rule of his household. He was the sire with patriarchal grace whom Burns has painted so lovingly in "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*," and the three tunes that the Cotter's family sang were the only tunes that he knew. The years went on, and the elder children grew up. They removed to Mount Oliphant, and to Locklea, but prosperity avoided them. The tall thin figure of the old man was bowed, and his scanty locks were gray. He went about his work wearily, but cheerfully. One day he came home from sowing, worn out with fatigue. He had used all the threshed-up grain, and more was needed for the horses' dinner. He must see to it. His wife insisted that he should rest, and taking her maid-servant with her went to the barn, where the two soon had the corn for the horses threshed and winnowed. He took to his bed one winter day, and rose no more. His daughter Isabella remembered being present at his bedside the morning he died, with her brother Robert, and that she wept bitterly. Her father endeavored to speak, but could only murmur a few words, such as were suitable for a child, enjoining her to walk in virtue's paths, and to shun every vice. He paused a moment, and said there was one member of the family whose future conduct he feared. He repeated the remark, and Robert came to the bedside, and said "Oh, father is it me you mean?" The dying man said it was. He turned to the window, the tears streamed down his manly cheeks, and his bosom swelled as if it would burst. When the pious soul of William Burness

had departed, his body was taken back to Ayr. The coffin was arranged between two bearing horses, placed one after the other, and followed by relatives and neighbors on horseback, it was carried to Alloway kirkyard. Mrs. Burness outlived her husband thirty-six years, dying in 1820, at the age of eighty-eight.

Three years after the death of his honored father, Burns was a great celebrity in Edinburgh, where he carried everything before him, as we all remember. He was at the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson on one occasion when his attention was attracted by a picture. It was a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. Under this print were six lines of verse, which probably suggested it, and which, with the print itself, affected Burns so that he shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and as none of the elders seemed to know, a lame boy, who was present among the youngsters, whispered the name of the author—Langhorne, to a friend, who mentioned it to the poet. He rewarded the lad with a look and a word of civility which were remembered for years. The name of the lad, who was barely sixteen, and not particularly noticeable, except, perhaps, for the height of his brow, was Walter Scott. He was the son of Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, and was apprenticed to his father, though his mind was devoted to pursuits that did not come within the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances. Of course he had a pedigree. "Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty." The ancestry of Scott was good. His father was a Writer to the Signet, it is true, but he had only to go back three or four generations, on both sides, when he reached gentle blood, lairds, knights, and the like. One of his ancestors, Walter Scott, of Harden, commonly called "Auld Watt," was a renowned Border free-booter. His castle was situated on the brink of a dark and precipitous dell, in the recesses of which he kept his spoil. They feasted while it held out, this grim old chieftain and his retainers, and when it was gone were notified of the fact by the production of a pair of clean spurs in an empty dish. Then it was

"Boot, saddle, to horse, and away."

The wife of this gentleman, who also was a Scott,—Mary Scott of Dryhope,—is immortalized in song as the "Flower of Yarrow." Another and later ancestor of Scott bore the surname of Beardie, from his venerable beard, which was kept sacred from the touch of razor or scissors, as a signal of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stuart. There was a poet among those early Scotts, a Captain Walter Scott, of Satchels, who called himself "an old soldier and no scholar," and who, towards the close of the seventeenth century, wrote a book of doggerel verse, wherein he traced the true history of several honorable families of the Right Honorable Name of Scott in the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk. The object of the worthy gentleman, who had "no estate except his designation," was eleemosynary; he wanted his wealthy relatives to bestow upon him, out of their abundance, and in return for his compliments, some of their broad pieces, and it is to be hoped that they did so. Scott's father was the first of his family who adopted a civil profession. If he had any taste outside of Law it was for Church history, of which he was a voluminous reader. For imaginative writing he cared nothing. He was a well-meaning, kind-hearted, but rather antiquated old Scotch gentleman.

Scott's mother, Anne, was a daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and it was through her, or rather her mother, who was a Swinton, that he was connected with the Earl of Stirling, the Scottish poet. She had more imagination than her husband, and was fond of poetry and fiction. She encouraged a taste for Literature in Walter, who used to read Shakespeare and the "Arabian Nights" in the family circle in the evening, and charmingly, too, if we may trust the recollection of one who heard him in his sixth year. When he began to write verse, which he did early, she preserved his childish attempts, one of which, written in a weak scrawl, within penciled lines, was found folded up in a cover, and inscribed by her, "My Walter's first lines, 1782."

While young Mr. Walter Scott was limping vigorously along the streets of Edinburgh, there was living at Aberdeen a little lame boy, whose fiery spirit was the greatest elemental force since Shakespeare. He, too, had a pedigree, and when he grew to man's estate was prouder of it than of his genius. His ancestors, the Byrons of

Normandy, came into England with William the Conqueror, and possessed extensive manors in different parts of the kingdom. A bold and warlike race, they were always ready to follow their sovereigns to the field. They figured in the siege of Calais; two fell at Crecy, and a third, Sir John de Byron, fought at Bosworth Field by the side of Richmond. When the monasteries were despoiled by Henry the Eighth, they obtained by a royal grant the church and priory of Newstead. They adhered to the fortunes of Charles the Second, and one of them, Sir Nicholas Byron, who had served with distinction in the Low Countries, was appointed Governor of Chelsea. This gentleman had eleven sons, seven of whom fought at Marston Moor. Four fell in the royal service, and one of the survivors, Sir John Byron, was created Earl Byron. He was succeeded by his brother Richard, who was succeeded by his eldest son, William, and so on to the fifth Lord Byron, who was generally known as the "wicked Lord Byron."

He was a bad, bold man; and had he not been a Lord would have ended his days on the gallows, for the murder of his neighbor and relative, Mr. Chaworth. Tried by his peers, he was unanimously convicted of manslaughter; but on being brought for judgment he pleaded his privileges as a peer, and was discharged. Ostracized by men of his own rank, he retired to Newstead Abbey, where he lived in constant warfare with his tenants and neighbors. His cruelty to his wife was so great that she was obliged to leave him; but he is supposed to have consoled himself with a maid-servant, who was derisively called Lady Betty. He always went armed, and it is related of him that once, when a neighbor dined with him, a case of pistols was placed on the table, as if it was a customary part of the service. The last thirty years of his life were passed in solitary wretchedness at Newstead Abbey, where his chief amusement was the rearing and feeding of crickets, which he trained to crawl over him, and which he used to whip with a wisp when too familiar. His children were all dead, and knowing that the estate would descend to a younger branch of the family, he let it go to decay. It is charitable to think the wicked Lord Byron was mad.

He was not the worst of the Byrons, however, bad as he was, for his nephew John equalled, if not surpassed him, though

he neglected to commit murder. He was educated, and held a commission in the Guards, but was so dissipated that he was known as "Mad Jack Byron." He was one of the handsomest men of his time, but so profligate that he was discarded by his father, Admiral Byron, and shunned by the better part of society. In an evil hour he met the Marchioness of Carmarthen, who was living in the greatest happiness with her husband. He persuaded her to elope with him to the Continent, and after the Marquis had obtained a divorce from her, married her and broke her heart by his brutal conduct. This done, handsome Captain Byron, who had just turned thirty, looked about for a rich heiress, who, for the unspeakable honor of his hand, would pay his debts. He found one in the person of Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, of Gight, a descendant of Earl Huntly and a daughter of James the First. Her appearance was unattractive, her mind wholly uncultivated; but she had an estate, and he married her. It was no secret that he married her in order to pay his debts; yet she married him. If she was deceived with regard to his character, some of her countrymen were not, for one of them celebrated his wedding in an ominous song;

"This youth is a rake, frae England he's come;
The Scots dinna ken his extraction ava;
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,
That's fast drawn' the lands of Gight awa!
O whare are ye gaen!"

It was a question that she must have asked herself very often. When she married Captain Byron she possessed, beside the estate of Gight, a considerable property in ready money, bank stock, and the like. This soon went, so pressing were the demands of his creditors, and a large sum was raised upon the estate by mortgage. This, too, went, and within a year after her marriage. They quitted Scotland and went over to France. After a time they returned to England, and Gight was sold, and most of the purchase money, upwards of seventeen thousand pounds, was swallowed up in the maelstrom of her husband's debts. Except a pittance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, which was secured to her by trustees, she was ruined. And it was only the second year of her marriage. They went to France again, and after a brief residence there re-

turned to England, where the little lame boy was born. When he was in his second year his mother took him to Aberdeen, whither, at his leisure, his father followed her. They lived together for a short time in Queen Street, and separated amicably, she occupying a lodging at one end of the street, and he occupying a lodging at the other end. They continued to visit each other, and take tea together, like the odd pair they were. When they no longer met they heard from each other, for Captain Byron often used to meet his boy and the nurse in the street. Once he expressed a wish to have the child stay with him a day or two, but Mrs. Byron demurred, until the nurse suggested that if he kept him one night, he would not want him another, when she consented. The woman was right. The tender father had quite enough of his darling, and she was told that she might take him home again. Captain Byron soon returned to England. He made one more visit to Aberdeen, but his wife refused to see him, though she still expressed great affection for him. She inquired about his health and his looks, he no doubt waylaying her servant with this object in view. He had another object, however, and he accomplished it; and that was—more money. He must escape his creditors. She gave him enough to fly to France, where, in Valenciennes, at the age of forty, he was considerate enough to die. When the news of his death reached his widow the poor woman shrieked so that she was heard in the next street.

If Captain Byron had outlived his uncle, he would have been the possessor of Newstead, and the sixth Lord Byron. He died seven years before him, however, leaving the lame little man at Aberdeen to inherit in his stead. Wicked Lord Byron was less considerate than his nephew, for he continued to live, and amuse himself with his crickets. He never communicated with Mrs. Byron, though he knew that her son was his heir, and when he spoke of the latter, which was seldom, it was, as "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen." He reached his seventy-sixth year before Death flung wide the doors of Newstead Abbey, and passed out with his burdened soul. A terror fell upon the place; the crickets deserted it the day he died, and in such numbers that the hall could not be crossed without crushing them!

George Gordon Byron, who was then in his eleventh year, was now Lord Byron.

Mrs. Byron sold her furniture, and with the proceeds of the sale, which were less than eighty pounds, started for Newstead, with the young lord and his nurse. When she drew near the Abbey she pretended not to know what it was, and asked a woman at the toll-house to whom it belonged. She was told that its owner, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" "They say it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen." "And this is he, bless him!" cried the nurse, kissing the youngster in her lap.

If Byron's ancestry was a dark one on his father's side, it was an evil one on his mother's, who was an incarnation of all unreason. She was ignorant, she was silly, she was passionate; in her rages she was uncontrollable. She would indulge him to excess one day, and the next he was "a lame brat." When they were on good terms he would call her "Kitty Gordon," and when they were in their theatrical rages he would throw open the door of the drawing-room, and say: "Enter the Honorable Kitty." She was fond of him, in her wild, foolish way, and was generally at war with his guardian and his teacher. He was allowed, while at school, to spend Sunday with her; but that did not satisfy her, for she frequently kept him a week, and would not send him back. When his teacher refused to let him visit her she went to the school, and abused him so loudly that the scholars and the servants could not help hearing her. "Byron, your mother is a fool," said one of his schoolmates. "I know it," he answered, gloomily.

Whether Byron loved his mother may be doubted, but it is certain that he treated her with respect and deference. He repaired Newstead Abbey and placed her in it when he went abroad, and he frequently wrote to her, addressing her as the Honorable Mrs. Byron, a title to which she had no claim. She was proud of his genius, and read with eagerness all that she saw about him in print. When he returned to England after his two years' travel she was anxious to see him. He wrote from his hotel in London that he would soon see her, and in the postscript of his note said: "You will consider Newstead as your house, and not mine, and me only as a visitor." Superstitious at all times, she remarked to her waiting-woman when she read the note: "If I should be dead before Byron comes down what a strange

thing it would be." The strange thing came to pass, and was brought about by a fit of rage into which she was thrown by reading over her upholsterer's bills. Byron received notice of her illness, and started instantly to her, but arrived too late. She had breathed her last. "My poor mother died yesterday!" he wrote to his friend Pigot, "and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death. Thank God, her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, that 'we can only have *one* mother.'"

Byron was deeply touched by his mother's death, and the night after he reached Newstead, was heard by her waiting-woman sighing heavily in the room where her body lay. She entered, and found him sitting in the dark beside the bed. When she expostulated with him on the weakness of giving way to grief, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Oh! Mrs. By, I

had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!" On the morning of the funeral he would not follow the body to the grave, but stood looking from the Abbey door until the procession had moved off. Then he turned to his man, Rushton, who was the only person remaining, and, asking him to fetch the sparring-gloves, he proceeded to take his usual exercise with him. Silent and abstracted, he threw more violence into his blows than was his habit, as if to get the better of his feelings. At last the struggle was too much for him: he flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room.

The ancestry of the British authors whom I have been considering was substantially as I have related. They were all men of talents, some were men of genius; this genius, these talents—were they inherited? My readers must judge for themselves; my own opinion is that it was not. I feel sure that the genius was not an inheritance, but, on the contrary, was a divine gift to its possessor, who was the first, and, generally, the last of his race.

HARVEST.

SWEET, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
Oh, hush and hear!
Sweet, sweet, and clear,
Above the locust's whirr,
And hum of bee,
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow-grass
The innocent white daisies blow;
The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro—
The unquiet spirit of a flower
That hath too brief an hour.

Now doth a little cloud all white
Or golden bright
Drift down the warm, blue sky;
And now on the horizon line,

Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing,
Half-revealing
Things Divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere—
Life and death must share.
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end—
Honored Philosophy,
Science and Art,
The bloom of the heart;—
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make Thou the harvest of our days
To fall within Thy ways.

SOME EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

OF MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, the most prolific, if not the most excellent of epigrammatists, not much is known, save that he was born, of knightly rank, in the ancient kingdom of Aragon in Spain, anno Domini 43; that, on coming of age, he went to Rome; that he was one of the Tribunes under the empire of Titus and Domitian, who held the character and genius of the poet in high esteem; and that, displeased with the government of Trajan and offended by his neglect of literature, he returned to Bibilis, his native town, in his fifty-sixth year; where he soon after married and resided to the time of his death, the date of which is not recorded,—though it was certainly not till many years after his marriage.

Like nearly all the eminent satirists, he appears to have been a man of remarkable amiability of character and gentleness of disposition. His wedded life was singularly happy; and, while satirizing women, after the vicious custom of all the Roman bards, was himself the most uxorious of husbands. To the sneering question of Byron,

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

Martial (but for the anachronism) would have answered, with perfect simplicity, "Why not?" for he devotes many an epigram,—some of which are rather tediously eulogistic,—to the praise of his "Marcella," who seems, indeed, to have been well worthy of panegyric. We learn from one of his couplets, that the wife was equally opulent in love and money; since Martial praised her, in grateful terms, for having given him a magnificent house and garden, of which he declares Marcella has made him "monarch!" Her good qualities as a companion he extols, with singular terseness and felicity, in the words, "Romam tu mihi sola facis!" When his wife was tendering him her condolence on the loss of the elegant and admiring society of the metropolis, the poet answers, "You are my Rome, Marcella!" and hastens to tell the world so in a graceful epigram.

The writings of Martial, now extant, are wholly comprised in fourteen Books of Epigrams—an immense number indeed—of which, on account of the obscurity of

some, the indecency of others, and the dullness of many more, only a few of the fifteen hundred are worthy of translation. No criticism can be better than his own in the oft-quoted line in which he says of his epigrams, with equal candor and correctness, that "some are good; many indifferent, and the most worthless."

Of those which are admired for their wit, humor or striking sentiment, and for the terseness and elegance of their expression (a considerable number, altogether), there have been various translations, paraphrases and "imitations" in English verse, by several hands,—May, Wright, Fletcher, Hughes and others,—the best, perhaps, being the small number translated by Cowley and Addison.

Of those which appear in this article (now first collected), it is proper to say that they attempt to give the spirit of the original, and generally to preserve the author's point and conciseness of expression, with a pretense to verbal fidelity. The Latin caption of each epigram is retained for the convenience of scholars who may care to make comparison of the English with the Latin text—the omission of which the general and non-classical reader will not regret. So universal was the wit of Martial, that in reading the epigrams of the Roman poet, those who are versed in humorous and satirical literature, will be reminded, in turn, of nearly all the later epigrammatists: Voltaire, Piron, Lessing, Rogers, Moore, Sidney Smith and many others. Here is a sparkling epigram on maiden manners which might well have been written by Burns or Tom Moore:

AD FLACCUM.

"Which like you best," my friend inquires,
"A maid extremely bold, or shy?"
No man of sense, I think, admires
A leering or a lowering eye.
For me, the *juste milieu* I seek;
I fain would leave alone
The girl who rudely slaps my cheek,
Or volunteers her own!

Here is an epigram on a coxcomb, quite in the manner of the sarcastic repartees of Douglas Jerrold:—

IN EFFRONTIEM.

Your nose and eyes your father gave, you say,
Your mouth, your grandsire; and your mother meek

Your fine expression. Tell me, now, I pray,
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your
cheek!

[The word here rendered "cheek" is *frontem* in the original; a word which, as employed by Martial, is the exact equivalent of our "slang" expression for *effrontery*—derived from the very word (*frons*) which was the Roman "slang" for impudence.]

The 43d Epigram of Book V. contains a beautiful sentiment which would seem at least to have suggested the famous epitaph inscribed on the tombstone of the good Earl of Devon and his wife:—

"What we spent we had; what we left we lost; what we gave we have!"

Thieves may purloin your gold; debtors retire
Beyond the reach of laws; earthquake or fire
Destroy your house; your ships may wreck or burn
With all the wealth it cost you years to earn;
But what you nobly give, kind Heaven secures
From Fate's caprice—that—that is always yours!

How many a modern *jeu d'esprit* has borrowed its point from the following:

IN MALUM MEDICUM.

Phlebotamus, a quack before,
Seeks now a soldier's fame;
A change of title—nothing more—
His trade is still the same!

The epigram on a litigious man is full of wit and wisdom.

IN GARGLIANUM.

What! twenty years at law, my friend!
Why didn't you contrive
To save your skin and make an end,
By getting beat in five?

The epigram on an ugly woman with a sweet voice is one of the best known and most admired:

IBIDEM DE VETULA.

When first I met thee—in the dark, alone—
And heard, entranced, thy voice's dulcet tone,
My heart was pierced with love's delicious pain;
But when I saw thee, I was well again!

The following on a rich man's establishment, which, like many other epigrams of Martial, somewhat exceeds the narrow limits now reckoned proper to the pure epigram, is extremely sensible and pithy:

IN HABENTEM AMÆNAS ÆDES.

Your parks are unsurpassed in noble trees;
A finer bath than yours one seldom sees;

Grand is your colonnade, and all complete
The stone mosaic underneath your feet;
Your steeds are fine; your hunting-grounds are
wide,
And gleaming fountains spout on every side;
Your drawing-rooms are grand; there's nothing
cheap
Except the places where you eat and sleep!
With all the space and splendor you have got,
O what a charming mansion you have not!

The relation of borrower and lender was clearly the same uncomfortable one two thousand years ago that it is to-day. It is a modern story—that of the man who, being asked if he did not find it embarrassing to be so much in debt, answered, "O no! it is my *creditors* who are embarrassed!" Here is the same view of the case expressed by the creditor himself in Martial's epigram:

AD FAUSTINUM.

You say you're sorry that you cannot pay
"That little loan" you promised me to-day;
I can't dispute you, since, in very sooth,
What you aver may be the simple truth;
Sorry or not, my friend, I much incline
To think your grief not half so deep as mine!

The 61st epigram of the 2d Book, which is but a couplet in the original, is here given in the extended form of an anecdote. The point, however, is perfectly preserved in the paraphrase, and is indeed rendered more obvious by the assumed circumstances of the case. In this place, as in many others, *Martial* is guilty of the fault of which Horace accuses himself, that, laboring to be brief, he falls into obscurity.

AD CÆCILANUM.

A wealthy old fellow whose table was bare
Of meats that were less than a week or two old,
One day, when a friend was invited to share
A remnant of mutton both scraggy and cold,—
Inquired of his guest how to manage his ice,
And where should he keep it?—"Why, keep it,
by Jove!"
Retorted the friend,—"Since you ask my advice,—
Keep your ice in your kitchen—shut up in your
stove!"

Cæcilanus seems to have been merely a niggardly fellow. Here is an epigram on one who was miserly to the last degree:

AD CINNAM.

If it be true, as grave historians say,
That, just by sipping poison every day,
King Mithridates grew at last to be
Quite poison-proof—'tis plain enough to see
Your style of dining makes it mighty clear
Death by starvation you've no cause to fear!

The epigram on a suicide puts, in a pointed manner, the illogical behavior of the unhappy *felo-de-se*. But *cui bono*? Who in his sane moments can tell how unwisely he may think and act when he has lost his reason? Perhaps the most cogent argument against self-murder was written by the author of *Lacon*, who afterwards died by his own hand.

DE FANNIO.

Poor Fannius, who greatly feared to die,
Embraced the enemy he fain would fly.
Strange contradiction, weary of the strife,
He ceased to live from very love of life;
With his own hand he stops his vital breath;
Madness extreme!—to die for fear of death!

Many of the epigrams of Martial are more distinguished for wisdom than wit, and aim less at humorous effect than at philosophical instruction expressed in a poetic aphorism. The brevity of human life suggested to the philosophical Pagan, no less than to the pious Christian, the value of the passing hour; and Martial, with Horace and Juvenal, delights in lessons on economy of time, as the Greek voluptuaries did before them.

"'Tis time to *live*, if I grow old!"

was the reflection of Anacreon, when his lady-friends told him, with gratuitous incivility, that his locks were whitening with the frosts of age. This is Martial's view of

THE WISE MAN'S MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always say;
In what blest region is that happy day?
So very long it lingers, prithee tell,
In Parthia or Armenia does it dwell?
So vast the distance, if it do not fail,
I fear you'll find the boon both dear and stale.
The wise man's morrow, I am bold to say,
Is always safe—he had it yesterday!

In the same spirit of amiable worldly wisdom is the epigram, "*Ad Fuscum*,"

IN FAVOR OF MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

You, worthy man, whose noble life commends
Your generous heart—and gives you many friends;
If in your breast a place there yet may be
For one friend more, oh! give that place to me!
Reject me not because I am not proved;
Till they were known, not one of all was loved;
New as I am—the trial fairly past—
I'll prove, perhaps, "a good old friend" at last!

—a sentiment quite in accordance with Dr. Johnson's recommendation, that,—considering the natural decrease of friends, by death, removal, and alienation,—every one should be careful to "renew his friendships."

The idea of defrauding the Superior Power (whose favor is supplicated in some great emergency) by a quibbling construction of the petitioner's promises, after the event, is one which appears in many an amusing anecdote, ancient and modern. Here is the way Martial tells the story:

DE MARONE.

Maro's dear friend was sick, and like to take
A trip, untimely, o'er the Stygian lake;
So Maro vowed, if Heaven would kindly spare
His crony's life, in answer to his prayer,
He'd build a church, to show his gratitude.
The friend gets well. Quoth Maro, "I conclude,
Since prayers alone so perfectly succeed,
Of building churches there is little need."

Legacy-hunting is a favorite topic with all Roman satirists. The following epigram is pointed, very humorously, at a rich man, who sought to please his friends by promises of posthumous liberality:

AD MARONEM.

O foolish man! who never spend
A generous shilling while you live,
But tell us, often, you intend
Some handsome legacies to give—
Pray, can't you see you thus contrive
To put it in the listener's head,
How much one person, now alive,
Would be improved by being dead?

The following, on a spendthrift, tells the story of many a youngster whose estate—for his own advantage—would be much safer in the custody of the living testator than in the hands of the improvident heir:

AD PHILOMUSUM.

To you, while yet he lived, your father lent
Two thousand pounds a month—in folly spent;
Though large the stipend, each succeeding day
Brought fresh demands to melt the sum away.
Now, all his wealth is yours without his care;
You're disinherited by being heir!

A poor man of extravagant habits may wisely accept the admonition which Martial gives in his epigram,

AD CASTOREM.

Such lavish purchases, my giddy friend,
To thoughtful minds an auction-sale portend;
It needs no prophet, surely, to foretell,
Who buys so much will soon have all to sell!

The epigram *De Cinna* is a neat and subtle exposition of a character who may, in the paradoxical manner of the author, be termed

THE TRUTHFUL PRETENDER.

Cinna, who lives in such a splendid style
That many deem him rich, still wears a smile
Of mock humility, which says, "Be sure,
Whatever folks may fancy, I am poor;"
Ah! vain pretense to cheat familiar friends,
Who know full well he is what he pretends!

Juvenal declares that, of all the ills of poverty, one of the most intolerable is, that it subjects a man to be laughed at. When, however, an impecunious rogue is a pretender to economy and clever dealing, the ridicule is well deserved, as in the case of Martial's *Bassus*:

"See here!" cries Bassus, in a brand-new coat,
Worth, at the least, a fifty-dollar note;
"I got it at a bargain. Please to guess

How much it cost. A hundred? Vastly less!
There's not one man in twenty who can buy
A coat or hat one-half so cheap as I."
"That's true," quote Tom; "his surely is the praise
Of buying mighty cheap—who never pays!"

The poet's reply to a gentleman (*Fabulus*) who invited him to dine with strangers, is rather truculent than witty:

You bid me dine with folks unknown,
And wonder I decline;
Well, when I choose to dine alone,
I stay at home and dine!

Very witty and sensible is the author's comment on the criticism of a brother poet:

AD AUCTUM.

A brother scribbler calls my verses wrong
In point of art; small merit he can see;
Well, since my readers like my simple song,
That, I am sure, is quite enough for me.
The man who gives a public dinner looks
To please his guests—not other people's cooks!

CINNABAR CITY.

You stand in the road looking up and west. Before you stretches the gorge between the stark mountains that tower inhospitable on either hand, above the two lines of buildings that have to burrow into the crowding feet of the opposite heights to make room for the road between them. At the upper end a sharp mountain face wedges down and splits the gorge into two, and on a shelf of this face are perched the school and the newly-built church. This is Cinnabar City.

Behind you the road winds out of sight down toward the lonely foot-hills, and already you can hear the echoing rumble of the coach from below, and will presently catch the rattle of wheels and jingle of harness. On the box of that coach sits a tall, travel-worn, not handsome passenger, whom the driver has carried before and to whom he shows respect. The driver is telling him about the mines and the growth of the city in the months he has been away, in which time Cinnabar has doubled itself once or twice.

Before the coach stops at the "Quick-silver Hotel," I must tell you the history of the man on the box-seat. His name is Garrett Colyer. He was born in an east-

ern country town, studied law there and went away to the city to seek his fortune, went back at an hour's notice to defend a scape-grace whose friends had no money to pay counsel, got him off by the skin of his teeth and out of reach of other warrants none too soon. The scape-grace was to reform, having already repented, and await his father and sister in the far west, and provide for them when they came out to him. They had no money to go with; Colyer spent his last cent on their passage and his own. Arriving in Cinnabar, whence the scape-grace had written a glowing letter, they found no scape-grace, but another letter less glowing, and explaining the superior inducements of Quartz City, and his intention of writing for them as soon as he had things comfortable.

Father, daughter and friend were forced to go to work for very subsistence at anything they could find, but they prospered, and after a while Colyer set out farther west in search of the scape-grace, and after months in the wild country returned alone. He formed a partnership with a young attorney named Ridley, and becoming engaged in a suit, involving the title of the

greater part of the land the town occupied, he went to Washington and gained his cause. Now he was coming back.

What had led him this roundabout tramp of years? He did not love the scape-grace nor admire his ne'er-do-well father, who had been dead now for nearly a year. No, he did not love old man Middlebrook nor his good-for-nothing son, but he did love their sister and daughter. All that and more he had done for Maggy Middlebrook's sake. Before he went east he introduced his partner to her and asked him to see that she came to no harm. Now he is coming back, and as he talks with the driver of ores and titles and changes, his heart goes forward with a great yearning to the one thing he prays may never change. And looking out from her eyrie upon the nose of the mountain, alone at her school-room window, and turning wearily from the exercise she is correcting, Maggy Middlebrook sees him getting down at the hotel, shaking hands right and left, receiving welcome and congratulation all along the street, but pushing on past all with only a smile and a word and coming—coming to her.

Now he came near and turned to cross toward the foot-path that zigzagged up to her perch through scraggy pines, and he stopped in the road and looked up and saw her. He waved his hand and passed out of sight, and when he had mounted the steep and emerged on the shelf of the mountain, she was waiting for him at the school-house door. He came close and took both her hands, and she smiled with a touch of soberness, and said:

"Oh, Garry, I'm very glad you've come."

He held her off and looked at her, and answered:

"Are you in trouble, Maggy? Has anything happened? Is there any difference between us?"

But she answered steadily: "No, I believe there's no difference."

"I'm glad of that," he said, drawing her closer. "You look tired; you must find teaching the little Pikes very wearying. But I'm going to be famous now, and you won't have to do it much more."

"You're very good," she said, "you've always been good to me. But, indeed, I like teaching here very much, and am only a little tired. I'll give it up whenever you say to; but don't be in any hurry on my account. You'll be here now, and I shall do very well, I'm sure."

So they talked together a good while, more gravely than one would have expected, and then came down the steep path and along the only street. He was watching her and talking to her when, glancing up, his eye caught his own name: COLYER & RIDLEY, LAW OFFICE.

"Oh, I almost forgot Ridley," he said. "He didn't come to meet me. How is he? Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw him yesterday. He is not quite well now, I believe. He has been very kind while you were away."

He left her at her door and went in search of Ridley, and found him at the office.

"Oh, hello, Colyer!" he said. "Got back? Glad to see you." And he shook hands with great show of heartiness; but looked hard, and not so glad as his words.

"Why, Ridley," said his partner, "what's the matter? You don't look well."

"No, I'm sick," Ridley answered, speaking in a reckless way, new to Colyer. "This cursed hole don't agree with me, and I've got to get out of it. I want you to come in and get things in hand, and square up accounts. I'll see you in the morning."

He was going out, but Colyer stopped him.

"Oh, hold on, Ridley," he said. "What's the matter with you? What the devil is it all about?"

"I'm sick, I tell you," Ridley answered, roughly. "I'm going to bed. I don't know what it is; maybe it's the mercury in the air. I've got a bad turn, and I'm going to bed. Don't come with me; I'm as ugly as Satan, and not fit to be spoken to."

Colyer sat alone in the office thinking till the day went out. Then he locked the door and went along the dark road beyond the flaring lights of the town, and turned to the east up the transverse gorge. The moon got in between the heights here, and lighted up the road and one of the walls of rock, while the other towered in the shadow. A few houses straggled along the forlorn suburb of the "city," and Colyer stopped before one of them on the dark side, and while he stood a moment in the moonlit road somebody came out of the shadow by the doorway, and approached and spoke his name.

"Come, Maggy," he said, "I want to speak to you."

On the lighted side of the gulch, and a

little higher up, a small clump of pines grew on a shelf of the mountain, not hard to gain, and he led the way thither. When they stood among the trees he said:

"Maggy, you said you believed Ridley was not very well. He says he is sick, and I don't think he was glad to have me back. He is much changed and acts very strangely. He left me to go to bed and I saw him on the street just now. Do you know what's the matter with him?"

He spoke steadily and gravely, and she turned pale visibly with the white moonlight on her upturned face. And she answered: "Yes, I suppose I do." Her voice was steady, though very low; but she put her arm about the trunk of a pine tree and hugged it ever so tightly to keep him from seeing that she shook from head to foot.

"And how long have you known?" he asked.

"Only since yesterday."

His eager ear caught the faintest tremor in her voice now, and it shook him like a great wind. He turned his face away and looked at the moon without saying or seeing anything for a little while. Then she said:

"You ought not to be so offended with him. If any one's to blame, it is I, and not he. I don't know what I was thinking of not to see it before. He did not know about us, and is very much hurt. He is going away directly, and I think you ought to be sorry for him. I am very sorry."

He looked at her without any apparent emotion, and only asked—

"What did you say to him?"

She flushed up, and began to answer quickly, "I told him the truth, do you doubt?" But when she saw him more plainly her voice broke up suddenly, and she sat down where she was, and began to sob and bemoan herself. And Colyer sat down near her, but not touching or speaking to her; and his hands finding the rocks beneath him strewn with loose shingle, he began idiotically tossing bits of stone over the ledge, and remembered having sat in the gravel so once when a child, and tossed pebbles into the water. And when her passionate sobbing was somewhat abated, he spoke again quite calmly; it seemed as if his heart and nerves were asleep or dead, he could feel neither pain nor compassion, and his voice sounded strange to himself:

"Did you tell him the whole truth, Maggy?"

And she answered passionately: "Oh, you have no right to ask me that. I do not deserve it. I have done you no wrong. I sent him away as soon as I knew of it. I was sorry, and told him so; but I told him I could never think of anybody but you, and I thought he knew all the time. I told him how good you had always been to me, and how easily you were hurt, and he promised to go away as soon as you came. Don't be unkind; it's not like you." And she reached out both hands to him appealingly.

He looked at her, and down at her outstretched hands, but did not move towards her; and he asked just as before—

"Is there nothing more?"

She drew back her hands, and lifted her head. "You have no right to ask me," she answered, speaking rapidly, and unsteady with passion. "You have no right to ask what I would not let him ask; what I would not ask myself, nor let myself think of. I am true to you, and that is all I can do, and all you have a right to expect. You are cruel, and if you keep on you will—"

She stopped short in her rapid speech, and Colyer spoke slowly:

"I have a right to know the truth. I do know it. I knew it when I first met you to-day."

The girl began to rock herself, and to cry again, disconsolately now, and with fear.

"Oh, I can't help it," she sobbed. "I don't know how it came about. I don't think we were to blame. It's a forsaken place, and I had no friends when you had gone. And you know you introduced us, and told me to be kind to him. And he was very pleasant, and helped me not to be lonely; and I know I meant no harm, nor thought any could come of it, any more than you."

"But it is none the less true," he continued slowly. "When you look back over all that has passed between us, it seems a little pitiful, doesn't it?"

They were silent, and seemed to listen for some intimation of an escape from their dismal quandary. But only the breeze sang under its breath in the pine boughs of the sea so hopelessly far away, and a stone, loosened from the frowning heights, clattered down the steeps aimlessly.

Colyer stood up, and looked down at her, lingering. "I'm going away now," he said.

"Good night."

She stood up, and took hold of his arm.

"No, don't go," she said, and looked down.

"Why not," he asked. "Is there any more?"

"Oh, don't speak like that," she said, with a sudden hoarseness. "You're not going to hurt him? Promise me you won't hurt him."

"Oh, indeed!" he answered with a laugh. "So you don't want me to hurt him? Did you ask him not to hurt me? Maybe he's on the watch for me now down the hollow here. But don't trouble yourself on my account. I'm not much scared." Then, with a swift change of manner, he turned facing her, and took hold of her arms. "Look here, Maggie," he said, "he might a great deal better have lain in wait for me, and shot me, than have done what he has." Then he turned from her abruptly, and left her alone among the whispering pines.

He went straight to Ridley's room, which was also his own, but found no one there. Then he went out and hunted the stores and hotels, but did not find him. Coming out of one of these places, he was met by a man named Bruce, editor of the "Cinnabar Mercury," and a prominent citizen, who fastened on him and told him something about a committee of arrangements for a proposed reception of the city's distinguished counsel, and celebration of the happy termination of the lawsuit fraught with such important results to the mountain metropolis, as he was confident Cinnabar was soon to be.

Colyer bade him roughly to let go of him, and consigned him to perdition with his celebrations. Many other hands and voices greeted him, but he pushed past without heeding, and answered no one a word.

He came out of the "Suburban" Hotel, and the town was behind him. He looked up to the dark outlines of the heights, and saw above him the tower of the little church, tipped by the moonlight, and dim, lower down in the shadow, the school-house, perched like a bird-house on the cliff. He climbed the break-neck path, and came out beside the silent building. Here, on the point of the ledge, where a pine or two made a little shade in the daytime, he had sat with her that happy afternoon before he went away. It had seemed so hard to go then, and now he looked back to that parting as to a great and unattainable happiness. All the months he was away he had seen her sitting there, with the sunlight slanting down from the peaks, and flickering through the pine

needles on her face; and he had hungered for the meeting her there again! He wished he had never come back, that he had died with that thought of her in his heart. He lay down on his face on the bare rock where she had sat, and did not move for a long while. In the saloons and hotels of more towns than one, the news spread that night that Colyer of Cinnabar had come back; and many a man envied him his good luck or praised his well-earned success, and prophesied a golden future for him. And the rock felt the pressure of his face, and the wanton wind played with his hair, and the only thing that pitied him was the heights that cast their shadows over him and hid him from sight.

By and by he got up and went slowly down the path and through the town. The saloons and hotels were the only places open now. He went up to Ridley's room, and found him there asleep. His disordered head was over the edge of the bed, and the bed-clothes half on the floor. The moon had got round by this time, and lighted this upper room. All Colyer's movements were slow and heavy, like the motions of an old man. His first fierce passion had been hatred, blind, unreasoning, overpowering; but even in the unre-sisted sway of it his habitual keen perception had seen the futility of it, and while he had hunted Ridley eagerly, he had been glad as a by-stander might that he had not found him. An immense pity for himself, a feeling of astonishment that such a tremendous hurt was possible, and that he, of all the thousands, should suffer it, took possession of him, and pushed away petty jealousy almost out of sight. The unendurable pain that must yet be endured, the awful sense of loss, the loss of the worth of everything in life, and yet the burden of the empty, intolerable life still to be borne! Nowhere to turn—everything futile—no help or understanding. It was so terrible, and it might so easily not have been; yet it was irremediable. He wanted nothing but what he had lost, and that was gone; and neither haste nor revenge, nor death could bring it back. That was the intolerable part of it—the futility of everything. The only possible solace was the thing lost, and that was—lost! He did not love Ridley, but the sting of it was that that made no difference, and that nothing made any difference. His overwhelming feeling was the pity of it, the pity of himself.

He lifted the disordered head, and laid it on the pillow; sat down on the edge of the bed, and looked at him with introverted eyes and a face full of wrinkles. And Ridley opened his eyes and stared at him.

"What are you at now?" he asked, roughly. "What do you want?"

A sudden flush shot into Colyer's face, and he cursed him and took him by the throat. "Don't speak to me like that," he said; "I'll kill you if you do. I want what you've stolen from me. Give it back to me, will you?"

Then his look changed as suddenly back to the old one, and he lay down on his face beside Ridley.

Ridley sat up and looked down at him, scowling and wondering a little while, then stepped over him softly and pulled on some clothing, watching the motionless form that lay dark in the shadow. Then he stood over him a minute, turned away, and wheeled about two or three times, put his head out of the window, and looked up and down the street; finally came back abruptly, and bent down and lifted Colyer bodily and set him heavily in a large chair by the window. He took two pipes from the shelf and filled and lighted one, and pushed it into Colyer's hand; filled the other and lighted it, and drew a chair and sat right in front of his partner, so that their knees touched.

Ridley puffed hard a minute or two, staring squarely into Colyer's face, who, for his part, held his pipe between his teeth, and let it go out. Ridley leaned forward and looked into the bowl of Colyer's pipe, and knocked it roughly with his own.

"Why don't you smoke?" he said, harshly; and he tipped the fire into it out of his own, and by so doing put them both out. Then he got up and laughed, and went about the room shaken and doubled, and startling the night with deep-toned, tumultuous laughter. And he stood still and cursed himself and Colyer for a couple of babies and fools.

"I'm condemned," he continued fiercely, "if I know myself or you. Here are two great hulking fellows who have faced wild beasts and wild men, who have tasted famine and loneliness, and cold and heat, and conquered them; who have shared good and evil fortune, and risked life together, and we come and sit down here as if the whole world were one little school-teacher and there was only room enough

for one of us two to walk in, and the only path for either of us was over the other. Look here! it's fate that's tied us up; let fate settle it."

He took up a backgammon board, threw himself down in his chair again, and set the board on their knees between them. He took the dice-box then, and pushed it at Colyer.

"Throw," he said.

And Colyer said, "You first."

"I don't want any odds," Ridley answered. "I'll toss up for first. I say heads."

He threw up a cent, and it fell on the board head up. He took up the dice and threw. Colyer bent forward and looked.

"That's it," he said. "I might as well not throw."

The cast was a double-six.

Ridley had picked up the dice and thrown them into the box, and he sat holding it for a minute as if for Colyer to take it, staring at him with a dark, doubtful face. Then he threw the box on the floor and got up, upsetting the board.

"D—n the dice," he said.

He drew up a table before Colyer and brought out his chess-box, and rapidly spread the board and set up the men.

"You taught me the game," he said.

"You can't complain of your chance. Will you play?"

And Colyer sat forward with a sudden, resolute light in his face, and moved his queen's bishop's pawn two squares.

"Hold on a minute," Ridley said.

He unlocked a drawer and took out a tin box, opened it and took out a bundle of papers and threw them on the table. Colyer knew what they were,—Government bonds,—the proceeds of a legacy which had just come into Ridley's hands. Ridley took his watch and chain from under the pillow, and laid them on the bonds.

"I play them," he said; "I play my horse, my gun, my books, my share and good-will in the business; and if I have anything else, I stake it on this game."

So they fell to and played pawn against pawn, knight, and castle, and bishop, and queen, keenly and grimly, with heads bent over the board, the moonlight falling white on their stern, intent faces, and darkening them with blank shadows. They played long, not relaxing an instant, now and then removing a piece from the board or muttering the few low words that were part of the game. By and by Ridley paused longer

than usual before moving, and then moved slowly and heavily; and then, without haste or hesitation, Colyer put out his hand and moved also. Then they both leaned back and stood up; but Ridley did not stand straight. They stood opposite one another for a minute, and then Ridley lifted his head with a motion as if it hurt him, and said harshly:

"Let me alone now; I want to sleep. I'll go in the morning."

He took a small bottle from the shelf, and drank a mouthful out of it and threw himself into the bed, making it creak alarmingly. Presently Colyer heard him breathing heavily in a drugged slumber.

Colyer sat facing the window, watching the ghastly square of moonlight creep across the floor and up the legs of the little table; and, sitting there alone in the still night, a fierce conflict of passion and blind yearnings waged within him. The overpowering longing to have things as he had never doubted they were, to have what he had lived for, and done everything for, and was all that he cared for, possessed him entirely. He had played no man false; he had honestly won his prize, and no man could gainsay it. Why should he question, then? Why was he troubled or divided? But his hurt pride, wounded and in the dust as it was, stood up and asserted itself. Had he forgotten or grown cold through absence, or let another creep into her place? Had she not made him second? Did he want a mended faith? Then his half-drowned reason took her part against his pride and pain. Had he not her esteem, her strong friendship, her confidence, her unfeigned gratitude? Had she power to give him more? Could debt, or duty, or willingness give more? Did he owe her anything, that he gave her all he had! Yes, he owed to her, or to his thought of her, all that was best in himself—all that was pure, or strong, or true. And had he been altogether unselfish, after all? Had he, indeed, done all for her sake only? Behind that had he not hidden his own immense gain—his soul's one desire? Was not she, too, in trouble to-night, and had he not put her pain aside as not comparable to his own? How did he know his was the greater? And, was she to blame? Who was to blame! Honestly, he could not tell.

And all the while that he was questioning and combatting with himself, his bitterness and awful sense of loss were none the

less above all that. The waters of desolation went over him, and swept him to and fro, yet would not the brave man within him suffer him to be borne altogether from his foothold. Some words said by Robertson of Brighton came to him vaguely, to the effect, that though a man should lose everything, even to his faith in God, yet would it still remain to him to do justice, and love mercy and truth. In some grim way there was a certain satisfaction in the thought of his still being able to trample himself under foot, like the pang of pleasure one feels in the crushing grasp of the forceps on an aching tooth. But this counter current of self-assertion lay deep beneath the flood of misery that overwhelmed him.

Yet, though his breath came hot and biting with pain and anger towards her and Ridley, in his deeper and more abiding self he was forcing himself to be just, and acknowledge that neither was especially to blame, and that both were in trouble as well as he. His heart swelled against the inscrutable fate that had wrought it, as Ridley said. And yet, even in that dark passage, he held fast to his abiding faith in the right and justice of the Hand that guides the world, whose grasp upon our hearts becomes, in times like that, so palpable and awful a reality. He knew it was right; not that he understood or comprehended any sense of the word in which it could be right, but he felt that he and those others and their trouble were parts, as were the stars and the dark heights before his eyes, and the whole struggling, suffering, laughing, unseeing race of men, of one infinite whole, that finite thought or words could no more comprehend than a foot-rule gauge the waters of the sea. A great humility overcame him, and his heart went out with a deep pity for all his blind, stumbling, foolish brothers, and a strong yearning to understand. Hurt as he was, almost unendurably, he yet clung to what was left—to truth, and honesty, and mercy. At any other time he would have said to courage also, but he felt no great bravery then.

He got up slowly, as if a great weight pressed him down, and moved about in the same way. The square of moonlight had climbed upon the table, and lighted up the chess-board, and the game they had played. He now first noticed that Ridley had pushed the bonds and the watch across the table at the end of the game, and it hurt him,

and made him ashamed. He pushed them back, and sat down and went over the closing moves. Yes, he had played the better hand, and the checkmate was complete, and yet he had lost the game. He took up the dice from the floor, and cast them over and over, but the highest count he could make was a double-five. He changed the arrangement of things a little, moving about silently, then went out, and shut the door softly behind him.

He went down to the street, and his steps turned instinctively toward the house up the cañon. He stopped at the fence, where shadow and moonlight met, and looked up at a certain window. When he had stood there a minute or two, there was a stir of drapery at the window, and then a face appeared for a moment, white in the moonshine. It disappeared, and quickly afterward some one came out of the door and timidly down toward the gate. She stopped a little way off, still and as if in doubt.

"It's me, Maggy," Colyer said.

She came near and looked up at him with an anxious, distressed face and, seeming not to know what to say, put up her hands deprecatingly, and he took them in his.

"So you are up too, Maggy," he said gently, and smiled in a pitiful fashion.

"Oh yes," she answered with a thickness in her throat at first. "Do you think I could sleep while you are in trouble? Indeed I am not so ungrateful. I am very, very sorry!"

He turned away his head; he thought she might have told him it was not true, that it was all a horrible dream. But no; she was sorry, very, very sorry—because it was all too true. He turned to her again and spoke with an apparent coldness.

"I've been pretty faithful to you, Maggy; don't you think I have?"

And she answered: "Yes, you have indeed."

"I think I would have died for you anytime these four years. I have made you my first thought in everything; I have put your good and happiness before everything

else, or have meant to at any rate, I am quite sure. I thought I was unselfish, but I don't know now; I don't know whether there's any such thing. But there's only one thing to do now."

"And do you think I can do and endure nothing?" she answered passionately. "Oh, do not go. I will show you I am not forgetful or ungrateful."

He leaned back in the shadow and said nothing. Her last word stung him again. He had hoped against hope that she would prove his resolve unnecessary, but everything she said only confirmed his conclusions. He did not want her gratitude.

"No, it's no good, Maggy," he said. "I'm not finding fault with you, and I do not mean to blame you. It's a mistake, that's all; and now we've found it out. I'm sorry if I've pained you; I'm sure I never thought I should. God bless you, Maggy. Good-bye."

While she was trying to gather her senses to answer him, he turned about and she saw him move away and pass out of her sight, walking slowly and with the motions of one long sick.

He felt faint; the shadow of the heights weighed him down. He got his horse from the stable; his hands fumbled weakly with the saddle and bridle. He took no provision, no weapon of defence.

He had no conscious thought or care which way he went; only these stark, black gorges were a horror to him, and the thought of the boundless plains drew him somehow. Out of the fitfully-sleeping, God-forsaken settlement, and into the awful loneliness of the lower defiles, he rode to meet the morning coming up the eastern slopes.

When Ridley awoke from that drugged slumber, Colyer was gone. He found the watch and chain pushed partly under his pillow, and the bonds in their case lay in the open drawer. The chessmen had been replaced in their box and set away. In their stead on the table stood the dice-box and a penny lay beside it with the head turned up. The dice lay together as if thrown, and the count was a double-six.

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" IN MANUSCRIPT.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, is a fortunate man.

"But let me not anticipate."

"If you would have your eyes dance, come to my office to-morrow morning," wrote a friend who, like Mr. Wegg, is much given to dropping into poetry.

I went, I saw the manuscript copy of "Our Mutual Friend," the last completed novel of everybody's friend, Charles Dickens.

How did it get here? Where did it come from?

If I remember rightly, when "Our Mutual Friend" first appeared, E. S. Dallas, a brilliant journalist, wrote an appreciative review of it for "The London Times," which largely increased the sale of the book, and fully established its success, for even genius can be made or marred by the pointed criticism of clever quills. In grateful acknowledgment of this review, Dickens presented the manuscript work to Mr. Dallas, and now, with one of those strange turns of Fortune's wheel, whereby everything sooner or later gets upside down, this manuscript crosses the Atlantic to find a welcome home in the library of Mr. Childs. Happy Mr. Childs! Were I not opposed on general principles to breaking the commandments, I should covet that which is within my neighbor's gate.

At least it soon will be within my neighbor's gate. Now it lies before me, and, as I study it, I become more and more impressed by Dickens's wonderfully systematic way of working out his ideas. Buffon is right—"Patience is genius." Yet there is nothing so impatient as genius, and it is this life-long fight between conception and execution that wears out the body. Conception is fire, execution ice. Ideas burn, but do not take form until congealed. What wonder, in struggling between these extremes, that genius exposes its mortality!

Here are two quarto volumes of equal size, bound in calf.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
OF
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
CHARLES DICKENS.

On the fly-leaf of Volume First is written in the well-known hand, "Charles Dickens.

Thursday. Fourth January, 1866." The publication of the novel extended from May, 1864, to November, 1865, so that this presentation was made two months after the appearance of the last number.

Almost always writing on thick blue note-paper and with blue ink, Dickens has been faithful to his rule in this manuscript. By unfolding his note-paper he has converted it into large-sized letter-paper, and by pasting this on still larger-sized and thicker white paper, he has made the two volumes as durable as possible. Towards the end of Volume First, there is one bit of manuscript in black ink. All the rest is in blue ink, but not always of the best, and the fineness and closeness of the writing are enough to render the most amiable of experienced printers temporarily insane. There is no lover of Dickens so ardent as to willingly read a page through, nor would the most mercenary peruse both volumes for less than their weight in gold. Added to a microscopic chirography is erasure after erasure, such as, I am told, cannot be found in his earlier manuscripts, marking either greater care or less fluency of thought. Descriptions undergo most correction, and so deftly does Dickens cancel himself, that I defy the greatest expert to decipher what the author does not wish to have read.

There is but one exception. In Chapter Fifteenth of the last book, Dickens first determines to make Wegg and Pleasant Riderhood become a couple, but repents the union and substitutes Mr. Venus. This is the only change of individuals he makes in his notes, and is the one decipherable alteration. The erasures at the beginning of "Podsnappery" are absolutely appalling. The entire first page looks as though it had been cut into as many pieces as there are lines, and then been carefully darned. No grandame was ever neater in her repairing. There's not a blot to be found, and the only soiled pages are those memorable ones that Dickens had with him when he escaped from the jaws of death—an escape described in his "Postscript." "On Friday the ninth of June in the present year," (1865) "Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammle at breakfast) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in a terribly de-

structive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriage,—nearly turned over a viaduct, and caught aslant upon the turn,—to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding-day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever, than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—The End."

On the fifth anniversary of that dreadful accident which ever after haunted him, "the Uncommercial Traveler for the Great House of Human Interest Brothers" wrote his last words, made his last journey.

Most interesting of all are the nine notes preceding the novel in each volume. Dickens takes the world into his confidence, opening the door of his workshop, and a curious, well-regulated shop it is. After thinking out his plot and characters, Dickens puts down on the right hand side of his page the chapters with *dramatis personæ*; on the left he tells himself what he shall do, or asks himself questions about the doing, which he answers affirmatively or negatively, either at the time or after. Here is a transcript of the first note:

Open between the bridges.	Our Mutual Friend.
It is tow.	No. 1.
THE VENEERINGS.	Chapter I.
(Who is their oldest friend?)	On the Lookout.
At their dinner party lay the ground carefully.	The man in the boat watching the tide.
Wrong servant.	Gaffer The Gaffer.
Late Mr. Harmon.	His daughter rowing—Jenny—Lizzie. Gaffer Hexam.
Lead up for old servant.	Taking the lady in tow. Hexam.
Next No.	His rejected partner who has
"Man's Drowned."	"Robbed a live man?"
Work in two witnesses—name for end of story:	Riderhood this fellow's name.
Ship's Steward—Potterson.	Chapter II.
Job Potterson.	The man from Somewhere.
Passenger Mr. Jacob Kibble.	The entirely new people.
Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich.	Everything new.
4 Books.	Grandfather new, if they had one.
	Dinner Party.—Twem-

I.—The Cup and the Lip.	low, Podsnap, Lady Tippins.
II.—Birds of a Feather.	Alfred Lightwood? also Eugene.
III.—A Long Lane.	MORTIMER. Languid story of Harmon.
IV.—A Turning.	the Dust Contractor.

The questioning upon the three first chapters of Book the Second runs thus:

3 CHAPTERS.

Lizzie Hexam? Yes,
and her brother? Yes.
and Eugene? Yes.

Mr. Venus? No.

Any new character? YES, SCHOOLMASTER Podsnappery? Only incidentally.

Miss Pitcher and her pupil, Mary Anne.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lamble. No.

Miss Peacher—Not Pitcher.

All the notes are equally curious, and in the embarrassment of riches I am forced to select as does the unhappy investor in a grab-bag.

Face to face with Chapter XIV. Dickens notes:

Little Bella with the Boffins. Her father? Yes.

Also Rokesmith Yes

And establish Wegg at the Bower.

On a false scent. Yes.

The orphan? YES.

Preceding Chapter XV. I find;

The Hexams. Lizzie? No. } Hold over for
And the boy? No. } the new book.

Wind up the book I, as skillfully and completely as I can.

Opposite Chapter VIII. Dickens writes:

Work out the story towards:

Mr. and Mrs. Boffins showing their disinterestedness.

Taking Bella Wilfer to live with them, and Rokesmith becoming Secretary.

Get all the characters square, and the Boffins square. Clear the ground behind and before.

Glimpse of Wrayburn.

There never was such a man for getting everybody "square" and not trusting to his memory. The moment he thinks out his plot, down it goes. Here is a glimpse of Boffin's Bower:

Lady Tippins? At the marriage of mature young lady and do. gentleman.	Our Mutual Friend.
Twemlow? do.	No. II.
Veneerings? do.	Chapter V.
Progress of that artful match? between mature young lady and mature young gentleman.	BOFFIN'S BOWER.
Yes, to their contract.	S. Wegg at his stall.
	Solomon? SILAS?
	Yes. "Our House."
	Seems to have taken his wooden leg naturally.
	So, Mr. Boffin.
	Teddy Boffin.

Betty Higden's flight and death.

↳ 332 finds her.

↳ 332 and Bella come together.

And he Boffin?

And Boffin?

Yes

↳ 332 to work his influence on Bella's character, at its turning point.

↳ 332 for the best chapter?

Yes

On the Dust Ground?

CERTAINLY.

Harmony

or Boffin's Bower.

Nicodemus

"Noddy Boffin."

Leads up to Boffin's Bower, and to "declining and falling off the Rooshan Empire."

Mrs. Boffin a High Flyer at Fashion. In a hat and feathers.

Before Chapter III. of Book III. Dickens bids himself remember that with the chorus rest:

Humbly, Social and Parliamentary.

Twemlow's promise as to Georgiana

Mrs. Lammle's development

Fledgely's use of power

There remain besides for implements and otherwise:

The Wilfers (notably Rumty)

George Lampson

Riah

Betty Higden

Lightwood

Riderhood and his daughter

The six jolly fellowships, Miss Abbey

Potterson

Job Potterson

Jacob Kibble.

In Chapter V. Dickens's Daemon advises him to

Keep Bella watching and never suspecting

while on the other page "Mr. Wegg's unspeakable affection for Mr. Venus" is to be brought out, and in Chapter VI. Wegg is to be "made as comic as possible."

But how can type give any idea of manuscript? Let engraving do its best with the original pen and ink sketch.

"Lead on carefully to Bella in No. XV. Make all the ground," Dickens writes in Chapter XII. Bella is his favorite, for soon after his memory is enjoined with triple scorings to "make the most of Bella."

Book IV., being the last, gives Dickens the greatest concern and receives the most attention. Before Chapter VI. he instructs himself to go

Back to the opening chapter of the book STRONGLY.

In the Chapter "A few Grains of Pepper," Dickens propounds a conundrum—Kill Mr. Dolls?

and answers it with

Funeral of Mr. Dolls.

When it comes to the last five chapters, the notes for which are compressed into two pages of the blue note-paper, the chirography becomes copper-plate. Dickens bullies his Daemon.

Bella always faithful,

he insists. She proves "to be the best and dearest of girls," and is "Mrs. John Harmon, and comes into no end of money."

Then arrives the hour of unwinding the tangled skeins. In Chapter XIII. he must

Unwind Boffin's story chiefly through Mrs. Boffin

With great care
BABY

(Our Mutual Friend. — No. XIII.)

Chapter VIII.

The End of a Long Journey

But the day's flight as he proceeds himself failing

near
and death

Remember
Squally
dark days

Found / Littered - Dead in the Paper Mill.

The foot of the horse
"How light the day is."

In Chapter XIV. it behooves him to

Unwind Venus and Wegg With great care
 Sloppy
Pitch Wegg into a mud cart.

Chapter XVI. demands that there shall be

Total smash of the Veneerings. He retires to Boulogne and says thereafter of all the other members of the House of Commons, that they are the six hundred and odd dearest friends he ever had in the world.

And last line of all runs thus:

And so says Mr. Boffin, radiantly quoting himself in his feigning mew, quack quack, Bow Wow!

So close the notes of "Our Mutual Friend." "It is significant," exclaims the cynic beside me, who never drops into poetry. "Life ends for the most part with 'mew, quack quack, bow wow!' It is the sum of all existence. Dickens knew."

Whether it be the sum of all or not, will any one deny that Mr. Childs is a fortunate man?

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

MR. SUMNER was a man of regular habits. He rose about seven o'clock and, without regarding weather, took his cold water bath in his hat-shaped tub; then shaved with cold water, and got to work as soon as he had dressed. Until he commenced housekeeping he took his simple breakfast in his study, from a tray. No meats or fish found a place in this meal. Tea from his own caddy, toast, eggs, a little fruit, in its season, or a salad, constituted the repast. When in his own house, and liable to have others with him, the meal was more elaborate. The breakfast was served invariably at nine o'clock. He ate nothing more until dinner, which was usually at six o'clock. This abstinence from eating

between meals, may possibly account for his excellent digestive powers, which remained unimpaired through life. After breakfast he returned to his desk, where he was occupied until he went to the Senate, which on committee days was at ten, and on other days at twelve. He made it a point to be in his place when the Senate was called to order, and to stand during the chaplain's prayer. Before the war, it was deemed indecorous for a Senator to absent himself from morning prayer; and Mr. Sumner was never obnoxious to criticism in this matter.

The session having commenced, he remained in the Chamber until adjournment. No court business, no visiting friends, no

engagements of any kind could draw him from the Senate while the session lasted. Up to the time he received his injuries, an inspection of the "Globe" will indicate few absences on his part when the "yeas and nays" were called.

The Senate having adjourned, Mr. Sumner would, if it were early, return to his desk; but if it were near the dinner hour, would walk for a short time—that is, if his long, quick stride could be called a walk. As his mantel was generally shingled over with dinner invitations, several deep, he seldom dined alone; but when he did, it was at a neighboring restaurant, from a single dish. After dinner, he might make a call or two; but, as a rule, nine o'clock found him again in his room and at his desk. Now came the time for solid work. Reading he thought recreation rather than labor. During those late hours, when his brain was at its best, when he had rested from the fatigues of the day, and had gotten his second wind, as the athletes say, he wrought at those ideas which fill his works. His power of labor knew little of limit. When preparing for a great effort, he would seldom leave his desk before two in the morning. He has been known to write the long night through, to be surprised by daylight at his desk, and to resume work again immediately after his bath and his breakfast. He has said that when he could change his clothing completely, retaining no article that he had worn the preceding day, not even a necktie, that he felt sufficiently refreshed to go on with his labors, even though he had sat all night at his desk. He thought faster than he could write. He always had some special work on hand, in addition to the current business of the day; but he was always ahead of his public duties. No committee waited for him to finish a report or draft a bill, or draw a resolution. He was rather in advance of time. He constantly anticipated actual necessities; but it was this very power to meet emergencies, this forecasting the nature of requirements, that kept him so unflaggingly busy; and hence he was always ready. This habit of work followed him through life—while in the doctors' hands, while suffering from great physical exhaustion, and even when feeling nothing of the spur of immediate requirements. In his latter days, when sitting with no committee, and prohibited by his physicians from speaking, he still kept up his habit of midnight toil.

In speaking of the limitations against which he fretted, if driven to the corner, he would confess that the most irksome was that which required him to retire by midnight.

The Senator seldom denied himself to visitors. He was the most accessible of men. No matter how busy, unless he was working against time, he would receive those who sought to see him; but when actually working he would leave the conversation to the caller, greeting him with "How are you? Sit down;" and, unless spoken to, he was liable to forget the presence of his visitor. Unless the conversation called for earnest thought, he was apt, especially when writing letters, to continue his work while listening or speaking. Often the embarrassed visitor would say: "I see you're busy; I'll call again," when the Senator would reply, "But I'm always busy—what is your point?" and the visitor, under this pressure, would condense his statement into a five minutes' explanation, when he had expected to talk perhaps for hours. Mr. Sumner was ready to receive or give information; but, unless in a quiet mood, was little inclined to conventional conversation with casual visitors. He would seldom refuse to answer a card sent him in the Senate, but he would rush out upon his visitor, making him feel the value of each minute, and taking him into the lobby would, by force of will, compel him to condense his ideas into few words. His power of condensation was great, not only as to his own thoughts, but as to those of others. He would listen, with pen suspended, to a query, make his reply, return to his paper, and complete his unfinished sentence without glancing at its beginning. As to losing the thread of his discourse, whether in conversation, in writing, or in debate, this seemed to be impossible to him.

His correspondence was enormous; but the word fails to give any adequate idea of the letters he wrote and received. It was the business of his secretary to open his letters and arrange them in piles at his elbow, except when he received them, as he often did, at his breakfast or dinner table. Few men have been such slaves to their mail. He would often receive over a hundred letters at a time, and each was read at the moment of opening. His ability to take in a mass of manuscript was peculiar. A four, even an eight-page letter, was read with such rapidity that an

observer would suppose he had but glanced at it; and yet he would indicate on the corner, in pencil, if it were one of routine matter, the disposition his secretary should make of it. But he reserved to himself scores of letters, and wrote with his own hand, with almost lightning speed, answers short or long, as necessity required. Of these letters he never retained copies. They were enveloped, addressed, franked, and then thrown into the mailing basket, all by himself, as fast as they were completed, and the answered letters were pigeon-holed or destroyed, according to their importance. Of these letters received, perhaps one in a hundred was saved; and yet one hundred and twenty-four volumes of Shipman's Patent Letter Files, containing from 250 to 500 letters each, were packed and sent to Boston to his literary executors after his death. These letters probably represented the correspondence of a couple of years. The letter books prior to that time were already in Boston. There were, however, among these, the books containing all the letters from certain personal friends, such as Howe, Longfellow, Motley, Whittier, Felton, and his blood relations. His biographer will find material for his life in these letters, and those he wrote in answer to them. In fact, they contain his biography.

Of late years the Senator had a movable book-case behind his desk, where he had at hand the books needed for immediate reference. They were usually his dictionaries,—English, German and Classical,—and the Statutes at Large. On the shelves of his writing-desk, immediately before him, were a line of pigeon-holes labeled "Select Letters,"—meaning those from his very personal friends,—“Foreign Letters,” “Business Letters,” “Applications for Office,” and two labeled “Drafts.” Of late years that labeled “Applications” was usually empty. On the single shelf above these pigeon-holes were stacks of pamphlets, House and Senate Bills, and similar matters. Six books, however, were on this shelf within reach of his left hand, usually arranged in order of size. First, was Hazlitt's "New Elegant Extracts from English Poetry." This he had at college, as his name and the date on the fly-leaf gave evidence. The book had been twice rebound while he was in the Senate. Then came his Shakespeare—also a college book, as the title-page and notations show. This,

by the way, was found opened, face down, on his desk on the day of his death. Curious to see what had interested him at this point, I scanned the page. It was the passage from Henry VI., and a part commencing "Would I were dead" was marked in pencil with a heavy hand.* Next it on the shelf usually stood his copy of Hickey's "Constitution of the United States." This book would fall open at certain pages. It, too, was heavily marked in pencil. Words were underscored in single, double and triple lines. Marginal letters and figures referred to the collocation of the words, and the book was much strained in its binding from the many marks which had been placed between the leaves. Then came Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," and it also bore marks of frequent reference. The fifth book was "The Rules and Usages of the Senate." Its condition accounts for the Senator's thorough knowledge and skillful use of this arsenal of Parliamentary weapons. No man knew these rules better than he, for he was forced to study and employ them with the utmost skill in the old days, in order to obtain even a hearing before the Senate. His French dictionaries were generally lying about this desk, having no fixed place. He was curious in dictionaries. He had five of the English language among his tools. His Webster and his Worcester were presentation copies from the authors. Walker, Pickering and Johnson were often brought down from the Congressional Library. It was no unusual thing for the Senator, when in full tide of work, to call to his secretary to look up a word in Worcester and to read the secondary meanings and quotations. Then to refer to Webster, then to Walker, then to Johnson, then to Pickering, and finally the word was used or thrown out, according to the weight of authority. It was hardly safe for him to examine a dictionary for himself; for if he once got started, especially in Johnson's, he would read on by the page. There was found by his bedside, with his watch, his glasses, and his mother's Bible, his pocket edition of Webster, the latest issue, which he was accustomed to carry with

* To whom God will, there be the victory!

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain.

King Henry VI. Part III., Act 2, Scene V.

him as one might carry a pocket diary. Its cover shows the hard usage it had sustained. The remaining book, and the one nearest his hand, was another Bible. The copy which he brought with him to Washington was given him by his mother; but it was transferred from his desk to his dressing-table when its place was supplied, in 1865, by the copy given him by Miss Fannie Seward shortly before her death. From it Dr. Sunderland, the Chaplain of the Senate, read when conducting religious exercises at his house on the day the Senator died. This copy, as well as the other, shows wear. The Senator had large knowledge of the Scriptures, as his speeches show. While he had a Concordance of Tennyson and many like works of reference, he had none, and apparently needed none, of the Bible. He could find in it a desired passage with a quickness surprising even to clergymen.

His book, the non-completion of which he so mourned on his death-bed, was the edition of his speeches, letters, etc., now in course of publication. The eighth volume was on his table; the ninth has since been published. Material for the twelfth was found in his desk, which brought the work down to 1866. Provision was made in his will for the expense of finishing the work; and the material, which he had carefully gathered, was so arranged that, though the form may be crude, his literary executors can finish the work on his own plan. Their labor will consist in editing the immense mass they will find ready to their hands. He gave much patient labor to this matter. All his public letters, in fact everything necessary to the work, he had carefully collated in chronological order. As far as he went, he verified every quotation. Even his classical allusions were traced to their source, credited, and, in many cases, quoted in foot notes. Reference has been made by the daily papers to the employment of the learned Mr. Nichols, of Cambridge, to assist in this labor, but even his severely critical work underwent the additional scrutiny of the Senator's austere taste. He would correct the corrections, and revise the revisions as long as time would permit.

In one of his great speeches, that on "The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations," Mr. Sumner alludes to the strange ceremony of drinking their blood in wine, by which the old chevaliers be-

came bound as knights-companions; and, though sure such a rite had been practiced, he was rather discomfited to find no reference to it in any book in his library. He was so anxious to have his text correct, even in such minutiae, that this failure at verification disquieted him; and he vainly sought information from several of his intimates, better versed in politics and current literature than in medieval chivalry. In the height of his trouble one of his friends, Mr. William D. O'Connor, in whose conversation he took great pleasure, came in, and it was delightful to see the boyish eagerness with which Mr. Sumner welcomed the new-comer. With one hand he clutched his proof-sheets, and gave the other to his caller, while he exclaimed, "Now we shall see—I'm so glad you've come;" and, to the exclusion of the four or five persons present, and sitting so close that the dark hair of the poet almost mingled with the Senator's grey locks, the two plunged into an animated discussion on several points in the proofs. Finally, with an air of *naïf* anxiety, the Senator broached the point of the blood drinking. His satisfaction was quite evident when O'Connor said he was right in his recollection, and that full account of the custom would probably be found in St. Palaye, or the annotations of Nodier, or in Menestrier, or, perhaps, in the old memoir of Du Guesclin. The comfort the Senator took in these suggestions was delicious to see; and he at once declared he should ransack the Congressional library the next day. Meantime, O'Connor, on going home, bethought himself that the reference would most likely be in Du Cange, where, in fact, he found it. The next morning, armed with the book, he laughingly came into the breakfast-room, where the Senator sat at table, chatting with the Marquis de Chambrun and several other friends, and "here's your blood-drinker!" he joyously exclaimed, brandishing the old volume. Mr. Sumner started up with a great "ha!" seized the book, and, forgetting his guests, and their demands on him, or rather taking them with him in his triumph, read out in sonorous tones, in his rich rhetorical manner, the sounding old French of Du Cange. It is impossible to over-state his intense and boy-like gratification at finding himself right, when he had begun to fear that he had been wrong. This incident, though slight, was so characteristic, that it is given as a specimen of the untiring man-

ner in which he hunted down his authorities.*

In this edition of his works he weighed his words well, and frequently changed them, but the ideas are preserved intact. He always sought laboriously for words to express the exact shade of his meaning. His study had been carried so far that the expression used conveyed to others one shade of meaning, while to himself it had another; hence offence was sometimes taken when none was meant. In his speeches, thus edited, he has here and there translated the language at first used into words which convey the meaning he intended. Sheets were found among his papers, covered with several trial phrasings of the same thought; and the one finally adopted differed decidedly from the rest in its crispness and nervous strength. But no reply made to him will lose aught of its force, because of verbal changes in his collected speeches.

Mr. Sumner's nature was inexpressibly sweet, gentle, genial and tender. Those brought into personal relations with him simply loved him. His personal wants were few, and were, as far as possible, supplied by himself. His servants felt their work to be a labor of love, and they were so seldom called upon, and, as one of them expressed it, were so sweetly thanked, that they were on the alert to supply his wants, and often used artifice to accomplish what they felt was necessary to his comfort. They were sometimes hurt especially during his feebleness, that he would suffer alone and unattended when they were within call.

* Warriors like Du Guesclin, rejoiced to hail each other as brothers. Chivalry delighted in fraternities of arms sealed by vow and solemnity. According to curious and savage custom, valiant knights were bled together, that their blood as it spured forth, might intermingle, and thus constitute them of one blood, which was drunk by each. So did the powerful Emperor of Constantinople confirm an alliance of friendship with a neighbor king. The two monarchs drank of each other's blood; and then their attendants, following the princely example, caught their own flowing life in a wine-cup, and quaffed a mutual pledge, saying, "We are brothers of one blood."

Du Cange, *Dissertation sur l'Histoire de Saint Louys* par Jean Sire de Joinville, Diss. XXI. Ibid.: Petitot, *Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, 1re Série, Tom. III. p. 349. Sainte Palaye, *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, Part III. Tom. I. p. 235. The same attempt at Brotherhood appears in the "Loka-Lenna, or Strife of Loc," quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his Notes to the Metrical Romance of "Sir Tristram," p. 350.

"Father of Slaughter, Odin, say,
Rememberst not the former day,
When in the ruddy goblet stood,
For mutual drink, our blended blood?"

He would sometimes, in warm weather, sit a little at twilight in the beautiful square,—a gem of a park,—opposite his house. Here many little folk would be at play. It was no unusual thing to see a curly head between his knees, or a small hand playing with his fingers. He did not play with them, nor did he seem really sensible of their presence, but he would pat their heads and toy with their curls in an absent kind of way, as one after another would, without his summons, steal up to his seat, and look up into his eyes. So, too, was it among the families he visited. He seldom lifted a child to his lap, but if there was one in the room, it was apt to be found near his chair.

One of his secretaries, who had returned to the city after a long absence, came by appointment to see him, bringing with him his wife and a little girl of two years. The Senator showed them through his house, among the paintings, books and autographs for hours. The child, a patient little thing, toddled about with them, but at last began to show signs of uneasiness. Mr. Sumner was first to notice, as he had her cuddled up against him. "Isn't this child hungry?" said he, and then he rang for a servant; and when the cup of milk he ordered was brought, he gave it to the child himself, but in the most matter-of-fact manner, without at all interrupting the conversation. After this she remained with him till they all left.

It was curious to notice the ways of dogs when near him. After circling round him they would lie down near his feet. Once, when sitting alone, reading, on the piazza of Prof. Longfellow's cottage at Nahant, there were four dogs, each from neighboring places, posted around him. One shaggy water-dog had laid his head on the Senator's knee. Yet he had been in the place less than twenty-four hours, had never called them or noticed them; but somehow they seemed to know that he took pleasure in their presence. When in the country he always had a dog or two at his heels.

He loved horses, although he owned none; but he seemed to think more of blooded cattle. He had many pictures of the latter and none of the former, except the Dray-horses, by Herring. Farmers have said they could learn more of him than he could of them about their own business, but particularly as to cattle.

Mr. Sumner's language in ordinary conversation was free from the blemishes which

disfigure the talk of so many men. During twenty years' acquaintance I never heard from him a single coarse or profane word. He used to say that "to swear was neither brave, polite nor wise." No heat of indignation, no great or petty vexation, could draw from him any word obnoxious to criticism. What many repressed, he simply lacked; it was not in his nature.

He constantly respected and was tender of the feelings of others, when they did not conflict with his ideas of what was right. When conversation took such a turn that one present must be hurt, he was apt to so tone down an untimely remark as to draw its sting and to convey to its maker a mild rebuke. One Sunday morning two young men met in his room. When the bells rang, one said he must take his leave, as he was going to church. The other sneeringly said: "Well, if you must go, pray for me." The Senator, looking between rather than at either of them, repeated, in a reverential tone, Hamlet's words to Ophelia: "Nymph, in thine orisons be all my sins remembered." The one guest, conscious of the rebuke, apologized to the other, who left the room with tears of gratitude in his eyes.

It was in 1859 that I last saw Mr. Sumner at church. He had gone to the Unitarian Church to hear Rev. W. H. Channing. Coming in late, when the building was quite full, he had taken the first vacant seat, which, it happened, was in one of the pews reserved for colored people. There were already two blacks in it, and shortly after two others came in; so there sat the Senator, conspicuous by his tall figure, in the middle of the pew, supported on either hand by two of the race for whom he was doing so much. The city papers commented unpleasantly on this purely accidental grouping, as they did on most matters personal to Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Sumner had an inveterate dislike to ostentatious secrecy. When any one whispered to him he was sure to speak in reply louder than he would had he been addressed in a conversational tone. Still, he was himself reticent on those matters on which he did not choose to speak. While he was opposed to the theory of secrecy in executive session, no Senator was more rigid, in fact, than he, as to keeping within the spirit of the rule. Always open to the visits of the members of the Press, they could learn nothing from him he was unwilling to tell, for, when so minded, he

would simply make no reply to their questions or remarks. As this was his rule, his silence could bear no sort of interpretation. A similar course toward those who asked questions on any subject he did not choose to discuss, put upon them the necessity of retreat and of a change of subject. But his manner was not that of rebuke; he simply ignored the question to which he thought it improper to reply. He was as genial as before when the tabooed subject was dropped.

Since the war he had availed himself largely of his privilege of *pater senatus*, and more especially of his condition as an invalid, to avoid what was always unpleasant to him—paying visits of ceremony and returning formal calls. While he made his friends welcome at his own house, it was tacitly understood that their calls would not be returned. But he never dropped his habit of going to those of his friends who were sick or in prison, whether they were of high or low degree. Captain Drayton and his fellow-prisoners, the New Bedford slave rescuers, felt their confinement lightened by his frequent presence in their cell, and they owed their pardon to his efforts; and finally, their escape from the Virginia blood-hounds was brought about by his foresight and liberality. It was he who threw their hunters from their track, and who provided the private conveyance which took them to Baltimore. When Thaddeus Hyatt was thrown into the old Washington Jail for refusing to answer Jeff. Davis's questions as to the John Brown raid, Mr. Sumner was his most frequent visitor, and it was on Mr. Sumner's motion that he was at length set at liberty. When Messrs. White and Ramsdell, of the New York "Tribune," were imprisoned in the Capitol for refusing to answer certain questions relative to the publication of the Treaty of Washington, Mr. Sumner was an almost daily visitor to their apartments, and a jealous critic of the conduct of their jailors, as well as a frequent protester against their continued confinement. Each of his several secretaries who have been ill while in Washington have been visited by him. Indeed, sickness on the part of any one near him, be he colleague, friend or servant, at once set up a new relation between them. Many a sufferer has been soothed by remembrances in the shape of flowers, fruit, wine or delicacies from his own table. He was as curious in teas as in wines; and seemed to have as many and

as choice kinds. A little package of choice tea has often been sent with a kind message to the sick wife or daughter of a friend. His own house was seldom without flowers that came from friends. Fruits in the season and various table delicacies found their way to him from those who had received like gifts at his hands. Little girls who, when ill, had received oranges or pears from him, sent in return baskets of berries of their own picking. Loaves of brown bread, quaint preserves, curious jellies, new-laid eggs, all manner of similar delicacies, would make their appearance at his table from those who had been obliged by him, and these little things, indicative of such personal kindness, always touched and pleased him, and he was never slow to show the pleasure they gave him.

Mr. Sumner did not hesitate to speak of measures and matters in which he had borne a leading part, but he had none of the offensive forms of egotism. He spoke of himself as of any other actor in the scene he described. Like *Aeneas*, he could speak best of scenes he had himself witnessed, and in which he had borne a large part. He never spoke of what he had done, been, seen or said, except to answer direct questions or to illustrate some point in the best manner. He would no more violate the truth of history, by leaving out his own share in any transaction, than he would by making his own part too prominent; he spoke of himself as of a third person. But he could not speak of public matters, or of the progress of ideas among us for the last quarter of a century, without speaking of himself, so large a part had he borne in our affairs. Senator Thurman well said, in the eulogy he pronounced on the memory of Mr. Sumner: "It may be true that, tried by the standard of modern manners, he was egotistical; but tried by that standard with which his learning had made him so familiar, compared with Demosthenes or Cicero, he was a modest man."

Mr. Greeley was not more opposed to "having something for nothing" than was Mr. Sumner. He was constantly desirous to make a return for whatever he received. If an author presented him with his book; if an engraver sent him a proof of his last picture, he made haste to acknowledge the courtesy by a letter which could be, and generally was, published. But no one could venture even upon his friendship to present to the Senator any

article of value, as he would decline to receive it unless he were permitted to return its money value. This peculiarity was noticeable in the most trifling matters. Did he chance to share a carriage with another, he would insist on sharing the expense. Did a friend pay the fare of both in the street-car, he insisted on repaying the half-dime. He may have been so far educated in the European custom in such matters that it had become a habit with him. It was evident that he did not know he was singular in this, as he spoke of it as odd that others should make it difficult for him to do as he desired. In one case, when he had gone some distance to speak in a doubtful district, by invitation of a Member whose re-election was pending, and was entertained at the Member's house, he persisted in paying his part of the expense of the carriage to the depot; and when his friend refused to receive from him the amount paid for the railroad ticket he procured for the Senator in advance, Mr. Sumner returned him the price of it by post the next day.

Mr. Sumner so ordered his affairs that he always lived within his means, no matter how small those means were. Without having any rigidly arranged plan, without, apparently, giving the matter particular attention, he made income and outgo balance. It may be doubted whether he ever owed a dollar he had not the means to pay. In his latter days, when walking was painful, and locomotion was still a necessity, he did not keep a carriage simply because he could not afford it, or, rather, he could not afford it unless he denied himself the books and pictures of which he thought he had a greater need. But when he looked forward to returns from some of his investments, he wavered between the picture-gallery he wanted and the carriage he needed.

He once had on his desk a tabular statement, compiled by himself, of noteworthy men who, having done much brain work, died between their 65th and 66th years; and he seemed to lay out his work as if he expected to live to a similar age. But his affairs were kept arranged as if he supposed he might go on any day. He spoke of such a contingency without emotion, and as he might speak of a journey. But when such references would occasion emotion in others, he would deprecate it, saying, as he once did to General Wilson, that were

his book finished, and the Civil Rights Bill become law, he would welcome death more gladly than any other visitor. He used to say that he omitted the prayer against sudden death from his readings of the Litany. His physicians, who were constantly protesting against any such effort on his part as a public speech, could not prevail with him by saying that death would follow such exertion. But when they threatened him with paralysis, or with loss of mind, he was more amenable to reason.

After acute attacks of pain, symptoms of the *angina pectoris*, he would, for a while, keep perfect faith with his medical advisers. But, as strength came back, he would again become unmindful of their directions. This pain he described as a cold hand feeling about, and then compressing his heart. "Sometime," he said, "that hand will close, and that will end my life."

Little can be said of the Brooks assault within these limits; but there are some points in it which may be touched.

The assault occurred May 22d, 1856, the second day after the speech on "The Crime Against Kansas." On the day before, Brooks, of South Carolina; Keitt, also of South Carolina; and Edmundson, of Virginia, came into Gautier's about six in the evening, and, after carefully scanning the faces of the people at the table, walked out without having seated themselves. Gautier's was then the Delmonico's of Washington. It was at this restaurant that Mr. Sumner frequently dined. These persons had evidently looked for him there, and, failing to find him, and being tired of waiting, it chanced that their act took on, as it were, a more historic character, by being committed in the Senate Chamber.

The Senator was busily engaged writing when Brooks stole in upon him. He was sitting at his desk in the Senate, which was held down by angle-irons screwed to its legs and secured to the floor. He was seated in a heavy chair drawn so close to the desk that his legs were confined under it. Brooks approached from the front; but, as the Senator had his face very near his desk, being rather near-sighted, his assailant was almost as much protected from view as if he had approached from behind. According to the Senator's sworn testimony before the House Investigating Committee, Brooks spoke and struck so nearly at the same moment, that the Senator lost

consciousness before he heard the end of his sentence. The blow was given with a gutta-percha cane about an inch in diameter. It broke in three pieces; but enough of it remained to form a bludgeon like a policeman's club. During the Mexican War Brooks had served with the dragoons, and the scar on the Senator's head, V-shaped, with the apex toward the spine, shows that Brooks struck with his cane as he would have struck with his saber. The first blows deprived the Senator of consciousness, but not of power. He instinctively sprang at Brooks, fettered as he was by desk and chair, with such force that the screws of one leg of the desk were wrenched from the floor, those of two others were broken off, while the clamp on the left front leg brought out a short piece of the yellow pine flooring with it. The horrible wrench of the muscles of the loins, which accompanied this tremendous feat, must have told on his frame throughout his future life. But the great strength used and the plunge forward, shows what would have happened, could he have reached his assailant. While the unconscious body was hanging across the uprooted desk, and while the legs were held down by the overturned chair; while Sumner was thus in a position of helplessness, Brooks, as if infuriated by the sight of blood, continued to mangle the victim he had apparently killed, until he was forcibly drawn away by his own friends.

Finally the limp, unconscious body was placed on a sofa and taken to an ante-room, when the nearest physician, who had been hastily called, did what seemed at the moment necessary. The Senator was then taken to his lodgings, at the house of the Rev. Dr. G. W. Samson, on 6th, near E. street. He had lost much blood; his clothes were drenched with it, and he presented a ghastly spectacle. When I came to him, about an hour after, consciousness had returned. He was lying on his bed and the physician was still with him.

He was now able to converse; but he was quite reticent on the subject of the assault. He seemed calm and unexcited. His only expression referring to the matter, which I can now recall, was a reply to a sort of an "I-told-you-so" remark—when he said, "I could not believe that a thing like this was possible." I have often heard him speak of the matter, but this is the strongest phrase I ever heard

him utter. He never denounced or spoke ill of his assailant; he never characterized the assault. He often spoke of his injuries, or referred to the period when he received them: but if they had been inflicted by a railroad accident; if the assault had been made by a mad bull in the street; if he had been knocked down and run over by a runaway team, he could not have spoken of the direct cause of his hurts with less feeling. He betrayed no resentment toward Brooks by word, written or spoken. When friends, by whom he was immediately surrounded, threatened vengeance, he said nothing, or else gave them so unequivocally to understand that he would have none of it, that such talk ceased in his presence. He would take no part in the legal proceedings instituted against the conspirators. When subpoenaed to attend the Court before which they were tried, he replied from Silver Spring, Francis P. Blair's country-seat in Maryland, that he was not only unable to respond, because of his physical condition, but that he declined to take any part in the prosecution not legally required of him. It was not that he did not comprehend the extent of the injury done him. Far from it. His injuries had made his life a burden. Previous to the assault, he had scarcely known a day of illness; after it he scarcely knew a day of health. It was not that he was of a peculiarly forgiving temperament. It was rather from the sublime austerity of his nature. It was Slavery that had done this. Brooks and his confederates were but tools in the hands of Slavery. For them he had no more feeling than for the weapons they carried. But for Slavery, their inspiration and their moving power, he felt a hatred so intense that it left no room for any petty resentments. They were lost sight of in the grander feeling with which he was possessed.

And here it may be well, as far as possible, to dispose of some of the ridiculous stories still current. It has been said that the coat, stiff with blood, worn by the Senator when assaulted, was preserved. One touching statement details the awestruck appearance of Old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, when the coat was placed in his hands. An item went the rounds of certain papers, stating that the bloody shirt was once on exhibition at Exeter Hall, and that it is still preserved by the English Abolitionists as a holy relic. It has been

also asserted that the desk and chair the Senator occupied when assaulted were kept in his study.

No person could be more averse to the preservation of such souvenirs than Mr. Sumner. The facts are that the coat went within the week to the cleaner, and the shirt to the washerwoman, and both into immediate use. The desk is still in the Senate Chamber, and is now occupied by Senator Ferry of Connecticut. The chair is used by another senator. They have never been taken from the Capitol.

On June 14, 1860, Mr. Sumner spoke in the Senate, for the first time, after the injuries inflicted by Brooks. His speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery," described by John Bigelow as "the best arranged, and by far the most complete exposure of the horrid rite of slavery to be found within the same compass in any language," produced a tremendous effect. It was known for some time previous that the speech was to be delivered; and it was charged that in it the Senator would show his scars, and dilate upon his sufferings. But his enemies were disappointed, for he did not make in it any allusion, not even the most distant, to any matter that could be considered as personal to himself. The Southern Congressmen had, however, determined that whatever was said they would not again appeal to the bludgeon. Their policy was stated in the short rejoinder made by Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, in which he said: "We are not inclined again to send forth the recipient of punishment howling through the world, yelling fresh cries of slander and malice. These are the reasons * * * why we can take no notice of the matter." Mr. Sumner, in replying, said: "I exposed to-day 'The Barbarism of Slavery'; what the Senator has said I may well print as an additional illustration." But this promise, so publicly given, that "no other notice would be taken," could not be carried out. There were those who emulated the example, and panted for the plaudits received by Brooks, and who were not to be controlled by their party leaders. On the fourth day after, while Mr. Sumner was sitting alone in his lodgings, on F. street, near the Treasury, a person was shown in who announced himself as a Southerner, and a slaveholder, and one of the class slandered in the recent speech; and he demanded "an explanation," or he would hold its author responsible. The Senator simply ordered

him out of the room. The man then became abusive, when the Senator quietly told him if he did not go at once he would be thrown out of the window. The intruder dropped his stilted tone, and, while retreating, threatened vengeance. Among other things, he said he was one of four who had come from Virginia for the express purpose of holding Mr. Sumner "responsible," and that they proposed to do it at all costs. This person had been gone but a few moments when I came in; and it was not until I had spent some moments at my desk, that the Senator, in a calm and almost indifferent manner, told me what had occurred, and suggested that I had better tell General Wilson, and ask him to step in if he were passing that way in the course of the evening. Naturally much moved, I started at once; when it occurred to me to offer the Senator my revolver. Mr. Sumner looked at it curiously, and asked how it was worked. When it was explained, he declined to accept the pistol, and when urged, on the ground that his visitor might return with others to back him, replied that he thought he could do better with the poker than with the revolver, for he was used to the one, and strange to the other.

General Wilson was easily found, and he quickly joined his colleague. Mr. Burlingame was then sought, and found with several other congressmen in the room of Hon. John Sherman. On being told why he was wanted, he at once informed the others, and they all but one went directly to Mr. Sumner's rooms. From that one spread the news that the Senator was again in danger, and, in consequence, there was a constant succession of calls and proffers of service, only ceasing when the house was closed for the night.

While General Wilson was with Mr. Sumner, and before the arrival of the others, a person came to the door, and asked particularly to see Mr. Sumner alone, but, when told who was with him, declined to enter. His manner was so singular that the door-girl was alarmed, and declined to answer the bell again that night. At about nine o'clock, and while several friends were in the rooms, three persons came to the door, and they also asked to see the Senator alone. On being told that others were with him, they sent this word by the servant: "Tell him that Mr. — and two friends called to see him privately; but, not finding him alone, they would call again in

the morning for a private interview, and if they could not have it, they would cut his damned throat before the next night." Mr. Sumner laughed at this as the vaporing of drunken men; but his friends viewed it more seriously, especially when they found that three different parties had called on the same errand at three different times. Hence they remained. Mr. Sumner had returned to his desk, after going through his evening mail, and, though chatting at intervals, was occupied in writing, and from time to time urged his friends to leave him. He had no apprehensions. He felt there was no danger. But they knew the public mind better than he. They knew what was in the atmosphere, and felt that, while there might be no danger from Southern Congressmen, there was danger from those who had the brutality to follow Brooks's example, without sufficient reason to see that they could no longer be sustained, even in the South, in following it. So, in spite of the hints to go, they stayed. At last, the Senator excused himself, and, though it was much earlier than his accustomed hour, went to bed, leaving his friends in possession of his study. Then Mr. Burlingame took charge. It was arranged that four of us should remain in the house that night, and that the rest should reserve their strength for future needs. A mattress was placed in front of the bedroom door, and on this Mr. Burlingame and myself slept, while Mr. Dawes and Mr. Gooch each attempted to sleep on *litte-à-lit* sofas, too short for either of them. Mr. Sherman, now chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and Mr. Dawes, now chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, were then both members of the latter committee, and they utilized the time, spent in the room in going over the details of some matters belonging to their committee as methodically as if in their committee room, while Burlingame tried to interest Gooch in a plan of defense in case of a concerted attack on the house, but with little success.

At about ten o'clock Mr. Sumner had so far prevailed on his friends, that they had agreed to leave him, on condition that he would permit Augustus Wattles, a stalwart Kansas lover of freedom, who had fought with old John Brown at Ossawatimie, to remain in his apartments, and be responsible for his safety. The next thing was to find Wattles. He had attached himself to Thaddeus Hyatt, who had

done so much for Kansas, and who was then confined in Washington Jail, for refusing to tell the Senate Committee, of which Jefferson Davis was chairman, what he didn't know about John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. Our man was in lodgings near the Jail. Mr. Dawes undertook, with my aid, to find him, in what was, to us, an unknown part of the city. The adventures we met, in the dark and the mud, among the dogs, who objected to us on general principles, the negroes, who mistook us for slave-hunters, and the policemen, who could not be persuaded that we had any legitimate business in that part of the city, at that time of night, we remember to this day. But suffice it to say, though we could not find Wattles in person, we found his lodgings, and left a message which brought him to us in good time.

There was no disturbance during the night, but our beds were not sufficiently inviting to make it pleasant to sleep late in the morning, so we were early at the windows, when our attention was attracted to several people on the other side of the street, who were walking up and down, apparently without concert of action, except in that they did not pass from the block. Their course was so unusual that we connected them with the mysterious callers of the previous evening, and began to consider what was to be the next step, when one of them was recognized as the very Mr. Wattles who had been sought the night before. When this was understood, the congressmen went home, feeling that they left the Senator in safe hands. But, before going, they told me that they would return whenever needed, that these new comers were at my orders, and that I should be held personally responsible for the Senator's safety. The rest may be better told in Mr. Sumner's own words.*

"The friends of Mr. Sumner did not feel entirely relieved. Among them was his private secretary, A. B. Johnson, Esq., afterwards Chief Clerk of the Light House Board, who, untiring in friendship and fidelity, without consulting him, arranged

protection for the night, and a body-guard between his lodgings and the Senate. The latter service was generously assumed by citizens of Kansas, who, under the captaincy of Augustus Wattles, insisted upon testifying in this way their sense of his efforts for them. Apprised of Mr. Sumner's habit of walking to and from the Capitol, they watched his door, and as he came out, put themselves at covering distance behind, with revolvers in hand, and then, unknown to him, followed to the door of the Senate. In the same way, they followed him home. This body-guard, especially in connection with the previous menace, illustrates the era of slavery."*

Mr. Sumner, who was never fully persuaded of the actual necessity of these efforts for his safety, was only prevented from putting an end to them, by being reminded that if he had listened to the warnings of his friends, and taken the precautions they advised in 1856, the assault of Brooks might have been prevented. As it was, when he found that friends were determined to follow him, he gave them no assistance. He ignored their existence, and if he had actually intended to escape their shadowing, could hardly have been more successful. There are many ways by which to leave the Capitol; so he frequently eluded his guard, much to their discomfiture. On leaving the house for evening calls, he made no statement of his purpose, as was usually his habit; so, to keep him in view, his guard had to be constantly on the alert. Though they were much annoyed, they were never angered.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sumner's wish to keep the matter from the papers, it soon became public. The then Mayor of Washington, Dr. Berret, came to the Senator's house to inquire into the matter, and invited him to lodge formal complaint. The Senator declined, saying that he and his friends had no inducements from the past to rely upon Washington magistrates. But the Mayor was untiring in his efforts to get at the bottom of the matter. Finally he ascertained who it was that had personally insulted the Senator, and he brought the man, a well known Washington office-holder, from Virginia, to Mr. Sumner's rooms, where the culprit apologized for his conduct, charging it to the effects of drink, and denied all knowledge of the visitors

* The Senator wrote this paragraph, not only to record a fact, but to gratify one who took pride in his service. This has been brought to my knowledge, since his death, by the friend to whom he read it when fresh from his pen. It may seem like egotism to quote such words from such a man, but I cannot refrain, as the fact that they were written to give me pleasure, shows something of the warmth of his attachments, and the kindness of his heart.

* Sumner's Works. Vol. V., page 129.

who, later in the evening, left the brutal message.

This affair grew out of a dinner party given by a Department clerk, just fallen heir to a small estate, of which some slaves formed a part. The newly fledged slaveholder felt that his class had been insulted by the speech against "The Barbarism of Slavery," and he was forced to attempt to carry out his vaporings about calling the maker of the speech to account, by his comrades, who were delighted at the prospect of a row of any kind. There is little doubt that those who came to the house after his call, were of the same party. When the effect of their wine had passed, they were very ready to make such amends for their conduct as were in their power.

The foregoing, at this distance of time, seems a small matter to cause so much stir. But this speech had been long expected, and there had been many threats as to what would be done if it were offensive; and these threats had been duly considered by those who were determined that there should be at least free speech at the Capitol. The feeling was stronger at the North even than at Washington. The letters which came to the Senator, to his private secretary and to his colleagues, showed that bodies of armed men held themselves in readiness to come to Washington in his defense. They were only kept away by the knowledge that others were before them, and that a systematic plan for defense had been organized and was being carried out. Had the Senator prevented the operations of this plan, which positively pained him, he would possibly have precipitated the revolution which followed within the year.*

* The anxiety in Boston was shown in a letter under date of June 9, from his friend Hon. Edward L. Pierce, saying:

"We have just heard of the threat of violence made to you last evening. Dr. Howe and others meditate leaving for Washington forthwith." * * *

Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge, book publishers, wrote at from Boston:

"If you need assistance in defending yourself against the ruffians of the slave power, please telegraph us *at once*. . . . There is strong feeling here, and we can raise a small body of men who will join your Washington friends, or who will alone defend you."

In reply to an inquiry from home, Hon. James Buffinton, [then and now] of the House of Representatives, [from Mass.] wrote:

"The Massachusetts delegation will stand by Mr. Sumner in his late speech. There will be no backing down by us."

See Sumner's Works. Appendix to speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery." Vol. V., page 123.

The following account of the last hours of the Senator is from a letter to the nearest relative of the deceased, written before the funeral obsequies had been performed.

On Monday morning, March 10th, as I came down from my room, Mr. Sumner called from his bed, and after asking the time, remarked that he had experienced a slight return of his old trouble during the night, which had kept him from sleep until four in the morning. On Monday evening, about ten o'clock, he sent for the doctor, lest he should have another sleepless night. He told the physician, on his arrival, that he was suffering somewhat, and feared he should suffer more, unless he found relief in sleep. The usual remedy, a sub-cutaneous injection of bi-meconate of morphia, was administered, when he immediately became more quiet, and soon fell into a healthy sleep. He slept well during the night, and felt less of reaction than was usual, after this remedy. At breakfast he was more than usually genial. It was his custom to occupy himself with his mail, on its arrival; but this morning it failed to come for nearly an hour after its usual time. Of all the breakfasts we had together in the past years, I remember none so pleasant. Waiting for the mail, his conversation was naturally desultory. It touched on many topics; he spoke of many persons, of various events, and always in a kindly, genial, pleasant tone. Indeed, such had been his manner since the Massachusetts Legislature had rescinded the resolutions of censure.

That evening I was spending at the house of Dr. Taber Johnson, the Senator's physician. About nine o'clock we were startled by the announcement that Mr. Sumner was ill. We at once went to him. The doctor found him lying on the bed, suffering, but as a man might suffer with a violent toothache. He was advised to go to bed, as it would be unwise to attempt, as he intended, further work that evening, and he reluctantly obeyed. The hyperdermic of the before mentioned preparation of morphia, a prescription made by Dr. Brown-Sequard, was administered; but the pain increased, and the remedy did not act as it usually did. In about twenty minutes the Senator asked for another dose; and as the first had been but light, the doctor gave him a second. As the pain continued to increase, the doctor ordered a foot-bath of mustard and hot

water. This appeared to relieve him. He presently said, "There now, I have turned the corner, the pain is decreasing; I shall sleep." We then retired to the study, closing the door, and awaited evidence that he was asleep.

During this time he had often groaned, and he frequently spoke to himself rather than to us. We could understand but little he said, but we plainly distinguished the words "My book! my book! If it were not for my unfinished book, I should not regret this;" referring to the volumes of his works, for the twelfth of which he had been preparing matter that very day. These words, "My book! my book!" were frequently repeated while he was writhing in the most acute pain man could suffer and live. He finally said, "But the great account is closed;" and then he never mentioned his book again. Before the narcotic began to act, he only used disjointed sentences; after it began to dull the pain, he spoke in a more connected manner. But the Doctor discouraged all conversation, as it was not good for him.

While sitting in the study we waited anxiously, but not more so than on many previous occasions, and finally his regular, full breathing gave assurance that he slept. But it so happened that the Doctor and myself remained chatting longer than customary. Some twenty-five minutes had elapsed when, just as the Doctor was about leaving, a groan came from the sick room. The Senator had awakened. On speaking to him it was found that the pain had returned. The Doctor now gave him another hyperdermic, and his limbs were chafed to assist his circulation. Presently he became more quiet, and sank into the stupor produced by the narcotic. This quick recurrence of the attack gave grave cause for alarm. The Doctor, who had sat by the bedside holding the pulse of the Senator, at twenty minutes past ten announced that the usual reaction had not taken place, and that his patient was in serious danger. The pulse was so faint that it could scarcely be felt. He sent at once for the most powerful restorative, and called another physician into consultation. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Pierce, of the Massachusetts delegation, and two other friends were sent for. The consulting physician fully approved of the treatment, and could suggest no change or addition. Meantime bottles of hot water had been placed at the extremities, and under the arms. His limbs, which were

becoming cold, were separately wrapped in flannel. Mustard plasters were applied to the chest and abdomen. Others were tied to the wrists. The breathing had become more regular. To all appearance the patient was easier. The only indication of his alarming condition was the weakness of the pulse, and the clammy coldness of the extremities. At half-past one o'clock the consulting physician went home, and he was followed by the friends who had been called in. All of us, possibly excepting the doctors, hoped for recuperation with the morning. Stimulants were administered at short intervals during the night. At five o'clock A.M. on the 11th, as no change had taken place, a long telegram was sent by the attending physician to Dr. Brown-Sequard, at New York, in which the condition of the patient was minutely described. He was requested to come on by the first train, and also to prescribe by telegraph. The physician in charge now called another consultation. At eight o'clock, A.M., Dr. Barnes, Surgeon-General of the United States Army, and Dr. Lincoln joined him at the bedside. After a careful examination, and a short consultation, the three concurred in the opinion that the patient was in a hopeless condition, and that no change in the treatment was advisable. But while life lasted hope remained, and every proper effort was made. Nourishment was administered in various forms; iced champagne was given when thirst was indicated, and so were brandy and ammonia when opportunity offered; the mustard plasters were renewed, as there was no indication that the first had taken effect, and these simple efforts to assist nature were continued to the end.

The news of the Senator's condition had spread throughout the city, and many of his friends hastened to his house. In order that I might give my whole attention to the sick-room, I placed his long time friend, Major Ben. Perley Poore, in charge of the first floor, and his colleague, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, in charge of the second floor, that no one might be allowed to approach the sick room whom they could prevent. Major Poore summoned to his assistance two of the Capitol police; but the concourse of friends,—among them the most noted people of the land,—was so great, that they filled the rooms and the passages. Governor Boutwell was unable to leave his sick bed, but the ladies of his

family came to the house offering services. Lady Thornton came for the same purpose, as did many other ladies, several of whom offered to take charge of the sick room. It was, however, considered that the strong, loving and familiar hands then about the Senator, and the persons to whom he was accustomed, were sufficient, and so these kind offers were declined. At an early hour two colored men, Mr. Wormley, proprietor of the Hotel in this city, bearing his name, and Mr. Downing, the famous New York caterer, came to the sick-room, where they remained as nurses. They were both fully competent, and had proved their devotion in other days. The Senator, in recognizing them, expressed pleasure at their presence. They were of much service in lifting his great weight, and in aiding him in various ways. From time to time other friends, who would not be denied, made their way to the room. Senator Schurz was often by the bedside; so was Judge Hoar and Mr. Hooper. Other friends came in at intervals, but as far as possible they were restrained by the physician, who desired to keep the room quiet.

Up to ten in the morning the stupor continued. After that the patient would, from time to time, recognize friends with a word or two of greeting. On one occasion, when we had changed his position, my arm had been caught under him as he was laid back on his pillow, and to make my position more tolerable I had kneeled by the bedside. With his eyes on mine he said: "Don't let the bill be lost." Supposing he referred to some household account, I replied in a way to quiet him, when, with a motion of his hand toward the other side of the bed, where Judge Hoar was standing, and whose voice he had just heard, he said to me, "You mistake;" and, after a pause, he called, "Judge!" Then he said: "My bill!—don't let it fail!" The judge said, "Certainly not;" but the Senator persisted, as if he was not certain he had made himself understood: "The Civil Rights Bill—don't let it fail!" The Judge assured him he would do his best for its passage. At another time, hearing the Judge's voice, he called to him, "Judge, my bill—Civil Rights—save it!" and again he was assured that all that was possible should be done to carry out his desire. About two hours before his end, when his sight and much of his strength had returned, and when Judge Hoar was sitting on a low chair by his bed, chafing one of his hands,

the Judge said, "I am trying to warm it," and the reply was, "You never will." His eyes were now fixed on the Judge's face with a look of painful and growing intensity, and he began to speak slowly, and with a certain effort, as if he were struggling with a known indistinctness, and in a voice full of the most piteous entreaty, he besought him: "My bill—the Civil Rights Bill—don't let it fail!" His friend, strong man as he was, broke down completely; he sobbed like a child; but he said through his sobs, in words like those of a solemn vow, and in tones that carried conviction to the soul already within the shadow of the dark valley: "IT SHALL NOT FAIL!" and, as he spoke, he lifted the cold hand to his lips, and kissed it. The Senator was satisfied. He never mentioned the matter more. A peaceful look overspread his face, and he sank to sleep again. While the dying man was pleading for the Civil Rights Bill, Wormley and Downing were in the room, and Frederick Douglass, trembling with emotion, and supporting himself on a chair, was standing in the next room, but within the sound of his voice. The study was now crowded with senators and members, among whom was Speaker Blaine. These utterances when repeated to them produced a sensation which words could not express. There were no dry eyes in that room. They knew that the Senator was dying, and they felt that his words were to them as well as to him who was specially addressed.

He spoke to Senator Schurz, for whom he felt much affection, many kind words at various times, but in short broken sentences. His sight had failed him, but he recognized his friend's voice, saying, "I hear you, Schurz, but I cannot see you." He spoke many other words, which might have seemed of little moment, but for their manner. He manifested pleasure, also, when Mr. Hooper was present, and when he knew Mr. Pierce was near; but he showed impatience at seeing other than familiar faces in the room. He frequently asked the time, and once said he must soon dress and go to the Senate. Once he expressed a fear that news of his illness would get into the papers.

Toward one o'clock he regained much of his strength, and his sight, in a measure, came back. He recognized faces readily. He would turn in bed and move about easily, though an hour previous we had to lift him. But voluntary movements gave

him so much pain, he would ask to be lifted as before. He complained of great fatigue, but of no pain, except when he moved of his own strength. He was, he said, tired in every nerve and muscle, even in his bones. He wanted rest, and he begged for more morphine to allay his weariness.

By this time the opinion became prevalent that reaction was taking place. Senator Schurz now went home to his wife with the good news; other friends went to lunch, and I was left to care for the patient, with the two colored men. The Senator now became more restless, and frequently asked to have his head and shoulders raised. I found the easiest way to lift him was to pass my arm behind his shoulders, and, kneeling on the bed, exert my full strength. On laying him back, my arm would be pinned down until he again moved. Once, while in this position, his head resting on my shoulder, he seemed to be conscious of my uncomfortable position, and, as he had at other times, deprecated the trouble he was giving; but this time in these words: "My poor Johnson! You must be very tired; but you can soon rest." Soon after he said to Judge Hoar, who had come, and who now stood on the other side of the bed: "Tell Emerson I love and revere him." Judge Hoar replied, repeating the Senator's words, that he might be certain that he understood them: "I will tell Emerson you love and revere him; for he told me that you had the whitest soul of any man he ever knew." The Senator's head, still on my shoulder, had turned toward me, and in response he said, so indistinctly that I repeated it for the Judge: "I always loved him." In a moment after he changed his position, and my arm was released. Just then Mr. Hooper appeared by the bedside. Some one said (Wormley, I think): "Mr. Hooper has come to see you." The Senator motioned toward a chair, and said, somewhat indistinctly, "Sit down." Mr. Hooper did as he was asked, but quickly retired, as the Senator had now sunk to sleep again. These were the last words Mr. Sumner uttered.

Let me here remark that I am firmly convinced that the Senator at no time knew he was dying. The words uttered meant no more, to me, than utterances during former attacks. His words concerning his cold hands meant, to me, no more than that they could not be warmed

while the attack lasted. His message to Emerson was such as he might have sent from his dinner table. But I am principally convinced of this, from the fact that he said no word of his sister, to whom he was tenderly attached; he sent no message to any friend, except Emerson; he gave no directions concerning his affairs; and he said to me no word of farewell. I lay stress upon this last fact, because I had never, of late years, parted with him, even for a short journey, without a hearty "God bless you," and an affectionate "Good-bye." I feel assured that, had he known his condition, some word of this kind must have escaped him. Hence I think that no friend, no relative, however dear, has reason to feel slighted or forgotten. Each friend may believe this the reason that the Senator sent no word of farewell. Had I not been with him so much during the last twenty years; did I not know so well the meaning of his words and his ways; did I not know much of his mental processes, I should not dare say this in view of the contrary opinion held by others who are themselves so competent to judge.

When the doctors announced the hopeless condition of the patient, I asked that he might be informed. One of them replied: "He has but one chance in a thousand; to excite him would be to destroy that chance;" and they absolutely forbade the disclosure. I then asked permission to call in a clergyman; it was due him and the people who sent him here that the voice of prayer should be heard in the house. It was decided, however, that to hold religious exercises of any kind at the bedside would be equivalent to telling the patient of his condition, and, therefore, could not be allowed. Finally it was decided that the chaplain of the Senate should be sent for, and that services could be held in another part of the house. The idea was carried out; Rev. Dr. Sunderland came. After seeing the dying man he went to the library, where were gathered as many friends as could be crowded into the room, while in the hall and in the drawing-room others were assembled; and there he read the xiv. chapter of John, and made a fervent and touching prayer. This was, under the circumstances, all that could be done. The patient was so far under the influence of narcotics that waking moments were infrequent and short. But, after all, no more was needed, except for the consolation of the sorrowing friends. He for whom they

mourned had long been ready; he had longed to go hence and be at rest.

At about half-past two o'clock, Dr. Lincoln, one of the consulting physicians, dropped in. The Senator was sleeping calmly, lying on his back, with his head and shoulders well raised. The Doctor, after watching him a few moments, came to me at the further side of the room, and was speaking of the hopeful symptoms lately exhibited, when the patient slightly stirred. The Doctor sprang to the left

side of the bed, and I to the right. The Doctor placed his fingers on the pulse and I passed my arm under the Senator's head to steady the pile of pillows supporting him.

He opened his eyes; then came one strong convulsion; the right hand closed with great force upon the hand of Mr. Downing, who had grasped it; and then the Doctor, whose ear was at the heart, announced that all was over.

THE CRISIS IN THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT CHURCH OF GENEVA.

SWITZERLAND is passing through a crisis both political and religious. If the little republic is but a tea-pot, it manages to furnish a very considerable tempest. A revolution is being wrought within the Roman Church *versus* Ultramontanism. The work goes steadily on—in some Cantons quietly, in other localities, as in the Bernese Jura, with the enforced help of the military. The State Protestant Church is also agitated to its very foundation. The contest is here between the two faiths, the Evangelical and the Liberal. The edict in the interest of the latter, sweeping away all confessions of belief, has gone forth from the Cantonal Government of Neuchâtel, resulting in a large secession from the national establishment. And now the blow has fallen upon the Church of Geneva. It is of the nature of a *coup d'église* brought about by the State. The action was consummated on Sabbath, the 26th of April, 1874—one week after the popular ratification of the revised Federal constitution. The suddenness of the event is a marked feature; it fell as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. There was no agitation among the people; no clamoring for change. There were no signs foreboding the eruption; it was an explosion in the National Establishment, startling the unsuspecting sentinels themselves; and the fuse was lighted by those within its own walls. As a result, there has been a remarkable agitation in the Church of Geneva. The secretly long-considered and well-digested plot of the Liberals was to strike a death-blow to the Evangelical party. The con-

sequences may pass beyond the thought of the arch-agitators, and happily prove fatal to the Establishment itself. They destroyed better than they knew.

If we seek for the cause of this revolutionary action, we find it to be the following. The Church existed under the Constitutional Provisions of 1847. The guns of the hostile parties within the same fold from time immemorial have been directed against each other. Of late the hostility has waxed greater, and there has been superadded the bitterness of a family feud.

It is a ghostly contest between the shades of Calvin and Voltaire. Upon the one side are the Liberals, whose ranks are composed of those in the religious world called Radicals, of sceptics with different degrees of progressiveness, and of pronounced infidels. Over against this non-descript and dangerous combination are the Evangelicals, who hold to the fundamental truths of the Word of God, as commonly accepted by Evangelical Christendom. The latter had obtained a large majority in the pulpits of the city and canton. Of the thirty-one pastors within the canton of Geneva, twenty-three are claimed to be in sympathy with this wing of the Church. The theological professors in the Seminary of the Establishment are about equally divided, while there is but one theological student of Liberal proclivities. In the Consistory, the highest ecclesiastical body, and in the Civil Councils, including both the Council d'Etat and the

Grand Council, the Liberals are undoubtedly in the ascendancy. There is, however, what is termed "The Venerable Company of Pastors," composed of ministers in office and professors of theology. It has been the traditional prerogative of this ancient body to superintend religious teaching and theological instruction in the Establishment, and also to pass upon the admission and consecration of candidates for the ministry. Hence this "Company" controlled the pulpits; and in the present condition of affairs no Liberal could aspire to a Church living; hence the complaint and the revolutionary action. The Liberals argued that the rights of the people were not guaranteed, and that the principles of democracy were violated. And "The Venerable Company," with its hated Evangelical preponderance, the safe-guard of the faith, the check of Radicalism, they would sweep out of existence.

Instigated by a prominent Liberal, the new measure obtained favor with the Grand Council. There was needed, however, ratification by the people in order to give it the sanction of law. Great excitement preceded the day of the popular vote. Both parties bestirred themselves as for a death-struggle. Secret conclaves and public meetings were held. There were lectures, addresses, sermons. There was a newspaper warfare conducted alike from a religious and a political standpoint, in the two general languages of the country, the French and the German. The Free Church appointed the day as one of humiliation and prayer, in sympathy with their brethren of the State Church in the hour of trial. Their common faith was the object of attack. Great interest and deep solemnity pervaded the religious services upon this occasion. At the close the congregation rose *en masse* in the renewal of their covenant of allegiance to the faith of their fathers. It was a scene sacred and imposing. The new body of old Catholics, also, took the alarm. Père Hyacinthe hurled one of his most elegant philippics against infidelity. He felt the citadel of the Church to be in danger. He pronounced unbelief to be a greater enemy than Ultramontanism. Not satisfied with doubting and resisting the truth, it seeks the pulpit. "I wash my hands of all sympathy with this false liberalism of to-day. Formerly when one received not the faith he withdrew from the Church, or founded new organizations. Now they will come

in, and substitute for the faith their own negations. Here, where you come not, where you pray not, where you commune not, you wish to be masters. Our church will be one of believers, not one of unbelievers. In this pulpit one doctrine, one morality will be preached, not two. If this should ever be impossible, I will retire and take refuge in the true Universal Church, and wait for the time of reform." These words of courage and sympathy elicited the hearty thanks of Protestant pastors. But all was of no avail. Placards covered the walls. The Liberals posted their bills. "Vote this new law, because it is a work of progress. It ensures entire liberty of belief. This is the true character of a National Church. It is a work of progress because it destroys the remains of the ancient Calvinistic spirit which for three centuries has been the strongest support of the Genevese aristocracy. Radical citizens, the contest is more political than religious. It is a contest between liberty and intolerance, democracy and authority, progress and the clerical spirit. *Vive la Démocratie! Vive Genève!*"

The day came, a beautiful sacred Sabbath. During the hours of divine service, while men were crying unto God, and exhorting the faithful to steadfastness, votes that affected the destiny of the Church were dropped into the urn. Men who never entered the portals of the Church, men who were in deadly hostility to all faith, rejoiced in the exercise of their newly gotten franchise for its overthrow. And the victory was won. Out of eight thousand votes the Liberals polled a majority of eight hundred.

The Church has been thus bound, and taken captive by the minions of the civil authority. Voltaire and Rousseau have become the tutelary deities of Geneva. It is no longer the city of Calvin. "The 26th of April," cry exultingly the victors, "has buried its most terrible antagonist, intolerance. Liberty of conscience, written in the soul of the Genevese people, is now written in the constitution. The Church is at last constituted upon a basis democratic and liberal, consequently more true and Christian. It is a Protestant progression (?) in harmony with modern aspirations." The Evangelical party acknowledge and bewail their disaster. They declare "the former National Protestant Church of Geneva has ceased to exist, and there is nothing left in its place but a

species of religious establishment which is not a church, in the sense at least, that has hitherto attached to the term." They affirm that the Church has now lost the right "even to constitute itself upon any Christian basis whatever."

A secession from the establishment of this party was thought to be inevitable. Their leading organ, the "*Semaine Religieuse*," declared this to be the only possible step to be taken. After many anxious and prayerful deliberations, however, a contrary conclusion has been arrived at. The Evangelical pastors united in issuing an address to the people, recording their protest against the action that had been taken, but stating that, having maturely reflected upon this grave and solemn question before God, they had come unanimously to the determination to remain within the establishment. They then proceed to adduce the reasons therefor. They remain in order to be faithful to the souls committed to their charge. They remain to raise still higher, and hold more firmly, the standard of positive Christianity; making no compromise with error, defending the truth against every foe. They remain to cement together all the vital forces in the National Church, to form a closer and more sacred union, "to organize within the establishment the true church, the church of believers, in waiting for the day when the separation of the Church from the State being decreed, all religious beliefs can be constituted upon the ground of liberty." And they again solemnly make their confession; "affirming the Holy Scriptures, divinely inspired, to be the sole and sovereign authority in matters of faith, and that there is no other salvation save through the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, who died for our offenses, and rose for our justification."

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Evangelical laity responded to and unanimously concurred in the address and proposed action of the pastors. And here for the moment the matter rests.

There are those without who condemn the step taken, or rather the step not taken, in that good men refuse to shake the dust from their feet of a corrupt, politico-religious establishment. There are those among the purest Christian believers and most earnest Christian workers of Geneva who look upon the death-blow the National Church has received as a deserved judgment from God, inasmuch as it has

long connived with error, evangelical men within its fold giving to the Gospel in too great a degree an uncertain sound, their voices not being raised in firm and united protest. And more than all that the ban of this same Church, against Gausson, Malon and D'Aubigné, of sacred memory, has never been revoked, the anathema to-day resting upon their honored graves. Others rejoice that it is a long stride towards disestablishment. This consummation devoutly to be wished would indeed seem, in the present aspect of affairs, to be inevitable and near at hand.

If one examines the new ecclesiastical law for the city and canton of Geneva, he will not adjudge the language of the Evangelical pastors, with reference thereto, to be too strong. The chief innovations are as follows: The entire city of Geneva shall constitute one parish. The whole body of electors, not excluding Romanists, are entitled to vote upon questions affecting the Protestant Church. Thus, the political majority, of whatever faith, can place a minister in any pulpit without respect to the wants or wishes of the individual parish in which such pulpit is located. The Liberals, with their acknowledged majority, can foist upon every church in Geneva a Liberal pastor. Again, under the old constitution, pastors could only be chosen from the National Protestant Church and those who had prosecuted their studies in the schools of Geneva. Under the new law there is no such limitation. Herein is a radical change, begotten by the extremity, and in the interest, of Liberalism. Candidates from any land may now be inducted into the Genevese pulpits.

It is also provided by the new measure that each pastor shall teach or preach freely on his own responsibility. This liberty shall not be restrained by any confession of faith or liturgical forms. This is a most startling innovation. It makes the quasi-church free indeed. A person of any belief, or of no belief, may proclaim his peculiar views from the pulpit. It is not required that he even be Protestant; he may be Romanist, Jew, Mussulman, Deist or Atheist. There is nothing to control his liberty and independence. He may do away with Christian baptism or with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; there is no redress. The power is virtually lodged in the Council d'Etat, and the occupation of "The Venerable Company of Pastors" is gone. It is no longer a union of Church

and State, but a subjection of the Church to the State. Politicians will henceforth control its destiny.

Such developments, such crises, reveal afresh, and more glaringly, the abominations of a State Church. It is to-day the curse of the continent of Europe. It displaces a living faith by a political tenet. It makes the very name of church and priest odious to the people. It transforms that which should be the messenger of peace and good will into an instrument of strife and bitter hate. It entrusts sacred things to

the unclean hands of reckless demagogues.

Its days, however, are numbered. The incubus will be lifted from the peoples. Events are marching rapidly on in the old world. The great question of Europe is the question of Church and State. It affects the internal peace of empires, and the attitudes of States towards each other. Through the irresistible logic of events will be severed the long-held and closely-knit bonds; and the voice of the people concerning the Church will go forth: "*Loose it and let it go.*"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Charles Sumner.

THE eulogists have paid their tributes, and those tributes have been hearty, elaborate and eloquent. The American Press has been just and even generous in its praise of one who has occupied a place in the front rank of those who have wrought in American institutions and American politics a great revolution. Poesy has brought its flowers to smother in beauty and sweetness the great man's grave. He rests from Herculean toil; from the obloquy of enemies; from the fawning of friends; from forensic strife, and from the perplexities that addressed him from a turbulent future. It is not likely that his genius will be estimated at its exact worth during this generation, or that his work will be discriminatingly and impartially weighed. That he was a great man, there is no question. That he was a man of strong convictions, of honest and earnest purposes, of genuine patriotism, of fine learning and remarkable gifts is, we suppose, universally conceded. Still the question remains to be settled whether, in any proper sense, he can be regarded as having been a wise statesman or an astute politician.

As we remember him, throughout his public career, he seems only to have been a moral reformer, clothed with political power. He was only more powerful than Phillips and Garrison, in that he had a vote to give which they had not, and an opportunity which they did not possess, to discuss a question of common interest to the three on the floor of the United States Senate. That he did his work any better than his great anti-slavery compeers would have done it, in the same place, may legitimately be doubted. He was one of them, actuated by the same motives, driving first, last and always at the same thing. Slavery, to him, was the great crime of the nation and the age; and to its destruc-

tion, and the destruction of the political power that was built upon it, he bent all the force of his powerful nature, and contributed all the wealth of his culture and his character. He subordinated everything to this. This was his mission, and by following it, with the exclusiveness and persistence that characterized his course, he voluntarily relinquished,—though unconsciously,—that impartial consideration of public questions which characterizes the wise and comprehensive statesman, and that adaptation to conditions and emergencies that makes the politician. After all the credit shall be given to Mr. Sumner that of right belongs to him as a legislator, it will be found that to take out of his career all that he achieved within the lines of his great reform, will leave next to nothing on which to build a public reputation. General Wilson, with little of his power, and none of his erudition, was a better and safer worker in the ordinary practical affairs of legislation than he. We are aware that this is a point on which he was sensitive, and on which his most ardent admirers are not less so; but we believe the judgment we have rendered will stand. The truth is he could no more have been a statesman, or a politician, with a great moral issue before the nation, than he could have been a traitor. It was his nature to seize upon this and to hold to it, subordinating everything else to it. He may have been greater or less for this: that involves a question which each man will settle for himself.

The unlovely side of Mr. Sumner was exposed in Mr. Curtis's eulogy—by far the best, most comprehensive and sympathetic of all the eulogies that have been uttered. When the eulogist, on one occasion had ventured to suggest that the Senator had sincere opponents, and that there was some reason on the other side, he responded; "Upon such a question there is no other side." This response was

entirely characteristic. Mr Sumner was an enormous egotist—partly so by the superlative strength of his convictions, and partly by natural constitution. He saw but one side, he admitted that there could be but one side, and assumed that he held it. In his position there could be no greater despot than he. It is no secret that with his compeers of the Senate Mr. Sumner was not a favorite, even among those who voted with him, and who acknowledged him in some sense to be their leader. He was arrogant, dictatorial, imperious. His bearing was that of a man who saw no peer. This, of course, rendered him unpopular with all those who felt such an assumption to be a personal insult. During a portion of his career,—the early portion,—this egotism was not without its good results. The North had been brow-beaten by a band of accustomed legislators, who understood the uses of arrogance, and were not bashful in employing it. To this Mr. Sumner had the privilege and power to oppose a nature and temper so wonderfully self-assured and self-sufficient that no headway could be made against him. He was a rock that not only stood unmoved by the waves of arrogance that beat against him, but hurled them back upon the angry sea, shattered into harmless spray. It was around him and behind him in this attitude that the strength of the North gathered.

As the smoke of the great conflict in which he bore so prominent a part has cleared away, and the animosities and antagonisms begotten of his imperious temperament are forgotten over his grave, it is delightful to find so many who loved him tenderly, to learn that to the distressed he was beneficent; to the humble, kind; to those who served him, gracious; and to his friends, genial and companionable. The tributes that have come to him from the humble walks of life are those which speak loudest of the fine quality of his manhood.

Mr. Sumner follows the rule of great men, however, in his personal friendships, and in the exhibition of the better, or more lovable, side of his nature. Very few great men are loved by their peers. There is only space in one room for one great man. Every great man is the center of a system, and the system is always made up of lesser orbs, which have no dispute with him as to preponderance or pre-eminence. This establishes the conditions of gracious intercourse and personal attachment. Mr. Webster, Henry Clay, and all the rest were like him in this. Mr. Webster's friends were his worshippers, and so were Mr. Sumner's; and the attitude they assumed was one which would have created amiability, even if it had not been already there waiting to be evoked.

To the young men of America, and particularly to those who are ambitious of political distinction. Mr. Sumner's life conveys a very important lesson. Whatever his friends may urge to the contrary, he was throughout his career, a *doctrinaire*; a theorist in politics, a moralist in statesmanship. When he came into political life, he saw one great wrong to

be uprooted, one malign institution to be overthrown, one political power to be destroyed. In this view, he beheld his mission; and apprehending it clearly, he assumed it. From that day to the day of his death, he devoted himself to this one thing, and on his death-bed the principal cause of his anxiety was an immature bill which seemed necessary to the completion of his work. That all his work was wise, we do not believe. That the closing measure which gave him so much solicitude was most unwise, in many of its features, we are certain. But it is easy to see that this work, so conscientiously followed through so many years, has made him immortal. While hundreds of his fellows have come and gone, with their intrigues and compromises and show of statesmanship and party expedients, he has won the laurel. He has carried a dominating moral principle into politics, and kept it there, in defiance of hate and spite and violence; and he carries off a crown. He was armed to do right, and to institute and organize right, for right's sake, and humanity's sake, and his country's sake. He has won the plaudits of more than a moiety of his countrymen, and if he has accomplished his great object, the years are not far distant when he will be universally regarded as one of the nation's greatest benefactors.

Prof. Swing.

THERE is one aspect of Prof. Swing's case that has failed to elicit the comment which its significance demands, and to this we purpose, briefly, to call attention. He has had, from the moment of his arraignment before an ecclesiastical tribunal, the sympathy, both of the Christian and unchristian public. Before the public knew definitely what the charges were against him, and after those charges were published, he had the open and outspoken good-will of all classes, all sects, and all free-minded individuals. It would have made no difference with the public if the decision in his case had been what Prof. Patton desired, except, perhaps, to have given him the unction of a martyr, and made him even more popular than he is. Why?

On the roughest Sunday of last winter the writer of this article was in Chicago, and responded gladly to an invitation to hear Prof. Swing preach. He went to a large, cold theater, and found it filled. We venture to say that not a church in that city had half as many attendants on that inclement day, as had eagerly gathered to this theater to hear Prof. Swing. The building was as cold as a barn—so cold, that the preacher was obliged to curtail his services somewhat, though not a soul left the house on account of the discomfort and the danger. The man who could command such an audience, on such a day, became naturally an object of curious study; and the most the writer could make out of him was that he was a clear, vigorous, independent thinker. Orator he was not. Charlatan in any sense he was not. There was about him none of the clap-trap

that so often accompanies popular pulpit gifts. The sermon was written, and was not thoroughly well delivered; but by its clear argumentation, and powerful and brilliant illustration, it made a profound impression upon the memory, and left a strong desire to drink again at the same fountain. It was a Christian sermon in spirit, purpose and effect; and differed only from many other strong sermons, from other lips, in that it left the impression that the preacher did his own thinking with perfect independence of all written formulas of faith.

This we believe to be the secret of his hold upon the people of Chicago, and upon the sympathies of the whole country; and the confidence in him at home, and the faith in him among those who do not know him, come from the popular conviction that he preaches the truths of Christianity precisely as he, in his individual judgment, apprehends them; that he preaches them purely in the interest of Christianity and humanity; and that he has the fortunes of no sect or party to serve. We believe this to be a fair exposition of the secret of his hold upon the people. There are, probably, others in Chicago with as much learning, as fine rhetorical and dialectical skill, and as pure a Christian purpose as Prof. Swing. There are preachers there of finer presence and greater eloquence than he; but there is something in him that draws the masses, alike of cultured and uncultured men and women, which those preachers do not possess. If that something be not the precise something which we have indicated, we should be glad to hear it named. Here is a good test case, and when it is thoroughly examined, we shall find that the people throng to hear Prof. Swing simply, or mainly, because he is a free man, saying nothing because his written creed requires it, and refraining from saying nothing because his written creed condemns it. He holds his reason and his common sense above the dogmatic theology of the schools, and takes his Christianity directly from the Gospels, unformulated by the hands of other men.

It is said that error, and what is called liberal Christianity, are attractive to the unchristian world. This is given as the reason why Theodore Parker and Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Collyer have attracted large crowds. The reason does not apply in this case. Those who have tried Prof. Swing declare that he is not guilty of heresy, and those who have heard him preach know that he is thoroughly true to what may be denominated the evangelical ideas of Christianity. He has preached a pure doctrine and a true Christian life. He has been reverent to the Scriptures, and true to the Master, and yet he has been, and is, as popular as any of those whose names we have written. And when we come to the real reason of the popularity of the men called heterodox, we shall find it precisely the same as that which makes Prof. Swing the popular favorite that he is. Their absolute freedom is their charm. There is, undoubtedly, something

deeper than the demand for freedom in our teachers which has had something to do with this case. It is coming more and more to be understood that the great end of Christianity is character,—to transform bad character into good character, to make good men out of bad men, to substitute benevolence for selfishness, as the rule of life,—this is recognized, more and more, as the mission of Christianity. More and more, too, is it seen that all the sects hold their Christianity in such form that in numberless instances this supreme consummation is reached. Therefore it is that dogmatic theology is deemed of comparatively little importance. A church may be orthodox, and by the confession of its own members, be cold, inefficient and even dead. Orthodoxy saves nobody; Christian love and Christian character save anybody. Therefore it is that when a useful, efficient, laborious and popular Christian teacher is pounced upon as a heretic, with the definite intention of curtailing his influence, the public heart rebels. Results are what the world wants. It is seen to be more important that men be saved and edified into a Christian manhood, than that maintenance shall be given to some non-essential dogma that has found its way into the creed of the sect with which the preacher finds himself associated. It is safe to say that any free Christian teacher in this country, who drives straight toward the true Christian end, will have hearers in plenty. If there is not something to be learned from this fact, among those who find their churches growing thinner year by year, then they are neither wise in reading the will of their Master, nor quick in interpreting the signs of the times.

The Struggle for Wealth.

No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. There is a sad side to this pleasant picture. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly come from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning good for them to aim at, so they try to get

what they can on the way. They make much of fête-days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

In America it is very different. A humble backwoodsman sits in the presidential chair, or did sit there but recently; a tailor takes the highest honors of the nation; a canal-driver becomes a powerful millionaire; a humble clerk grows into a merchant prince, absorbing the labor and supplying the wants of tens of thousands. In city, state and national politics, hundreds and thousands may be counted of those who, by enterprise, and self-culture, and self-assertion, have raised themselves from the humblest positions to influence and place. There is no impassable gulf between the low and the high. Every man holds the ballot, and, therefore, every man is a person of political power and importance. The ways of business enterprise are many, and the rewards of success are munificent. Not a year, npr, indeed, a month, passes by, that does not illustrate the comparative ease with which poor men win wealth or acquire power.

The consequence is that all but the wholly brutal are after some great good that lies beyond their years of toil. The European expects always to be a tenant; the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for his home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and its rewards comparatively bountiful, so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself, works early and late, and bends his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great good that beckons him on from the far-off, golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation, it is purely for health's sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly

of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain. Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more childlike, when acquired among genial, everyday delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," may not be an accepted maxim in political economy, but it was uttered by the wisest being that ever lived in the world, whose mission it was to make men both good and happy.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHEN you sit near the fountain in the square in the evening, eating strawberries from a brown paper cornucopia, and a belt of lights stretches across the view, about one-third of the way up from your feet to the stars—lights of the windows around the square, lights of the theater and hotel entrances, of the drug stores and the bar-rooms, and the lights of the fruit-stalls; when two or three green flags among those that grow at the edge of the water flutter and dance crazily all by themselves; when the crashing street noises grow softer; when people do not hurry by so fast, as if only taking the square in their race for the boarding-house; when a gentle breeze stirs among the branches and flurries about the fountain; when the fountain itself makes a gentle dark gray against the sky (perhaps that is the gentlest thing of all); when the man in his shirt-sleeves, with a stick in his hand, walks around on the curb and will not let you catch cold by sitting on the stones, and will not let you pick the forget-me-nots just inside the basin; when you wonder whether, as your Philistine friend approaches, you shall hide your strawberries or offer him some; when you take a simple pleasure in looking at the young men and young maidens who do not mind your looking at them while they hold each other's hands and talk audibly, though not ostentatiously, about their sincere affection for each other; when you refuse to have your boots blacked by any one of seven; when you are surprised to see a couple get up and go away, for it seems so much like a play or an opera, with reserved seats, and you are not prepared to have people leave suddenly; when men begin to fall asleep here and there, and the policeman shakes them up and makes them move on; when you begin to think it is getting a little cool, and perhaps you had better go in, and therefore every moment is a stolen sweet—there, in the queer, glimmering, splashing half-darkness; when you cannot see but feel afar off the fatherly, outstretched hand of General Washington on horseback—"Bless you, my children—don't stay out too late;" when the very air seems to be burdened with the fragrance of the words carved around the base of the Lincoln Monument—then it is perplexing beyond description to think of your friend Judas Iscariot, and know that in your heart you have for him, now and here, malice and not charity. If I say your friend Judas Iscariot, you will understand that I do not mean any person of that name, mentioned either in sacred or profane history, but a gentleman of this century and city, for whose intellectual and moral attributes you have always had the most supreme and just contempt. And if I say "you" when I mean "I," neither will you be long deceived by that merely introductory euphemism.

It is true that this is a man of whom his biographer will say that he stood high in the community. His biographer has, indeed, already said it in the Biographical Dictionary, where you will find a paragraph containing all those details upon which a man lovingly lingers when called upon to write a sketch of his own life. The newspapers have also said it. To-morrow morning's "Reticule" will say it again. I speak with confidence, for I saw J. I. himself coming out of the local editor's office at a late hour this very afternoon. Some of his latest acquaintances will, doubtless, declare that I malign an agreeable gentleman—a gentleman of polished manners and refined sensibilities. They see no connection between the person mentioned, and him of the thirty pieces of silver—which only means that there is nothing large, adventurous, or tragic in this man's baseness. He has no soul for a great crime. He is small in his treacheries, ridiculous in his pretensions, hollow as to his reputation, underhand and petty in his dealings with his washerwoman, his wife, his neighbor, and his God; false at heart; a fawner; a flatterer; a self-seeker, and a sycophant. If I should drop into tautology in describing his contemptible qualities there would be no excuse for me, because there are a thousand sides to his character, and they are all unpleasant. I have known other mean and disagreeable persons; I have even known persons who had every one of his vices, and not a single redeeming virtue. But this man has so to speak, a patent on the combination. I have believed from childhood that the Lord loves every human being he has made; but how the Lord can love this creature of his is almost as great a mystery to me as the origin of evil. Perhaps if I could understand one, I could understand the other.

I intended, when I began this essay, to sketch the characters of two or three other persons towards whom I find it difficult to be charitable. But I am afraid they would look like pigmies beside this giant of respectable iniquity. I have played my best card.

Yes, you are right, my Biblical friend—"The greatest of these is charity." Here I sit with the most pleasant surroundings imaginable; having not an enemy on earth that I know of; with pleasant prospects in life; with my heart running over with good-will toward all mankind—until suddenly some one happens to pass by who reminds me of Judas Iscariot; and all at once, morally speaking, I become a ravening lion—a malicious and uncharitable monster. O Abraham Lincoln—Salvator Patrie—how could you do it! And if you couldn't do it, how did you have the face to say it!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Word for the Children.

OUR summer exodus is, perhaps, the only instance of a freak of fashion which has broadened into a great social movement, founded on common sense and prudence. A few wealthy people, two generations ago, fell into the habit of frequenting the watering-places, to find amusement for themselves, or eligible matches for their daughters; but now, every clerk or mechanic who can afford a few spare dollars, sends his wife and babies to a Long Island farm-house, or the Jersey beach, and runs down himself over Sunday, in the hope of laying up a stock of strength to last them all through the drudgery and bodily drain of the rest of the year. Many, of course, go because it is "the thing" to go; but be their motive what it may, there is no wiser or more necessary social movement than the periodical emptying of the cities during the heated malarious months of July and August into the pure air and calm healthy expanse of the mountains and seabeaches. There is one class, however, who are forced to remain in town, for whom we have just at this time a word, and a most urgent word, to speak. We mean the children of parents too poor to give them the fresh air, which, during the diseases of the first five years of their lives, is absolutely necessary to them, and for the want of which, in the seaboard cities, they are dying by the thousand, every year. The records of mortality for the three summer months almost invariably apportion two-thirds of the deaths to the children from, teething or cholera infantum, for which the only cure is pure air. During the intense heat of '72, the deaths from these causes in New York were double those of any equal time since the foundation of the city. Verily, it was a wholesale murder of the innocents, cruel and causeless as that of Herod! These are the facts of the case. If any of our readers, floating down some shady stream with this page before them, or lying idly beside the cool, creeping tide, could be brought back to town for an hour, and see the wan, dying little creatures carried by their miserable mothers, in the evening and morning, into the shade of the squares for the chance of the breath of pure air for which they are struggling, they would find the terrible pathos of it. There is ample provision for every kind of disease and need in New York but this—the most fatal of all. It is true that a few hospitals, under the control of private charitable associations, are accustomed to take those of their own patients out of town who require it; but, with these exceptions, there is no summer refuge for sick children away from the city, where they can receive the nursing and especial medical attention which they need. Philadelphia, we believe, has children's hospitals in the country and at Atlantic City, to

which the poor are admitted every summer. Now this great and crying need is, we think, a matter which concerns our homes and society quite as much as the last advices in fashion. We choose to urge it, therefore, on every man who is enjoying his summer holiday at ease and in quiet. Free excursions are well enough as far as they go; but how far do they go towards saving the life of a child dying of cholera infantum or marasmus? A costly building and high-salaried permanent corps of nurses are not needed for this charity. Any vacant farm-house on the coast or in the mountains, which could be rented for a few weeks, would answer; the expense of fitting it up with temporary beds, &c., would be a mere tithe of the annual sum required to maintain our large hospitals, while the saving in life would be more certain and larger. Or—a much more commendable plan,—how easy it would be for any one of our readers to find boarding in some farmer's or fisherman's cottage for some poor mother and her child for this month of August, always the most fatal of the year. The price of a new *fichu*, or bit of bric-à-brac, would give to one over-worked woman, at least, health and rest, and a certainty for the rest of her life of beauty and quiet, which she had almost forgotten were in the world, and to her dying baby all that it asks—unpoisoned air to breathe, and a chance to live.

The Tent under the Beech.

It is safe to say that of the thousands who are this month summering along the beaten tracks, in the mountains, at the springs, and beside the sea, but very few will return in the fall thoroughly satisfied with the summer's experience. There seems to be a growing prejudice against the fashionable centers, and all of them are discovered to have disadvantages which are rather increased than diminished by years of prosperity. To those of a limited purse, who are obliged to consider the matter in its financial aspects, the exorbitance of the charges is the first and greatest objection. The accommodations are often meager and of an inferior quality, and the repose of informality is impossible. The result is, that the American pleasure-seeking public is eager to find some method of eluding the general expensiveness and the necessity of elaborate toilets incurred at these centers, without falling into the snares of the traditional cheap boarding-house, with its bad bread and slipshod society.

We have recently heard of a party, consisting of eight or ten families of neighbors, who, after a careful estimate of expenses, decided to spend the summer camping out on the shore of a beautiful lake, about six miles from the city of M—. They took with them thirteen tents—one for the dining-room, a second for the kitchen, and a smaller one for pro-

visions, etc. Each of the others contained one or two beds, a washstand and a bureau, though others who have tried this plan prefer a trunk to the bureau. The parlor consisted of a sheltered wooden platform, rustically furnished, and commanded a superb view of the lake scenery. Hammocks were suspended under the dense foliage, and here the ladies brought their fancy work, books and periodicals. Accompanying the party were three cooks and two coachmen. A carriage and a light wagon were sent to the city every morning, and the freshest provisions thus supplied. Milk was readily procured from a farmer's near at hand, where the horses were also stabled. Light, loose and healthful clothing was generally worn. The youngsters were dressed plainly, and turned out to romp and gather flowers, and climb trees, and delve in the dirt to their hearts' content. The "urchin" element received full recognition and encouragement, to the corresponding improvement of both health and temper. The lake afforded the finest rowing and fishing, the air was pure and the scenery picturesque. Excursions of all kinds were made in every direction, and at the end of six weeks the party voted unanimously to return to the same place in the succeeding summer.

One charm of this plan of living is its elasticity. As many servants and nurses can be taken as occasion may require, and the details may be arranged to meet the circumstances and tastes of the party.

Tube-Drinking.

DURING these warm days, the temptation always is to drink more liquid than is best for us. A good way to obviate this, and at the same time to slake the thirst fully, is to take water, lemonade, or iced tea, through a small glass tube—the smaller the better. By this method, the liquid seems to reach the palate more directly, and certainly quenches the thirst with half the quantity taken after the ordinary manner. You may test this to your satisfaction by using and dispensing with a tube on alternate days. A number of persons of our acquaintance who have been in the habit of drinking so much water in summer as to render themselves uncomfortable, have tried the tube, and been surprised at the reduced quantity needed, and at the increased satisfaction gained. An old-fashioned "straw" will answer the purpose, well enough.

Losing Money.

MEN are incessantly talking of woman's proneness to lose money through carelessness. It might be said, in behalf of the latter, that they have and handle so little money, that they never learn how to look after it. But a more direct and practical reason is that they usually carry pocket-books too small for the accommodation of bank-notes or even postal currency. In order to crowd their money or change into their porte-monnaies, they are obliged

to fold it in such a manner as to render it liable to fall out whenever the porte-monnaie is open. If they would buy pocket-books a little more spacious, they would have less of this trouble, and be comparatively free from anxiety on the subject. The pocket-book should be long enough and deep enough to contain, without rumpling, a folded bank-note, or the largest denomination of fractional currency, without folding.

Just here may be mentioned the habit into which many women fall in making purchases, of not counting the change they receive. Some refrain from this from indolence, nervousness, or heedlessness. Others again are influenced by the absurd notion that they shall seem mean—the bugbear of Americans generally, who really show their regard for money by affecting to despise it. Tradesmen much prefer that change should be counted before customers leave the shop, since they are often annoyed by requests to correct errors which they believe they have not made. Outside of this country, everybody, whatever his or her wealth or position, examines bills and counts change carefully; and the sooner we learn to do the same, the sooner we shall reach the plane of common-sense and business dealing.

Two Games.

RING Toss and Magic Hoops are so nearly alike that one description almost serves for both. The former has a slender wooden post, securely fastened in a wooden base, and a number of slender, wooden hoops of the same size. The game consists of trying to throw the hoops on the post, from a distance of fifteen or twenty feet; scoring a certain number for each hoop. The number of rounds is determined by the players.

Magic Hoops has a similar post; but several hoops of various sizes, scoring different figures when caught round the post. These two little games, which seem to amount to nothing, are really entertaining; provocative of interest from their deceptive simplicity. No one can tell how difficult it is to toss twenty feet a light, wooden ring, that offers no resistance to the air, and have it alight in any place aimed at. These are peculiarly wet-weather amusements, because they are as well adapted to the parlor and piazza as to the lawn.

Children and Money.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:—A very sensible article is that in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for March, about "Children and Money." But why not go a little further and suggest that children be taught to do little necessary things for which they may receive a just compensation, the money so earned to be their own for "experience" to teach them how to spend wisely. Can "experience" teach the "merest youngster" how to wisely spend money he never earned? Is not the "sense of responsibility" of having in our possession money to spend, more earnestly felt, if we have the added responsibility of having first earned it? Will not children, as well as those who have reached more mature years, have a clearer idea of the value of money when they have learned by "experience" just how much brain or muscle work it takes to

acquire "sixpences and shillings?" If children were taught to judiciously earn, as well as to judiciously spend what others earn, would not there be fewer dishonest men and women, and fewer bank defaulters, and would not the "desirable feeling of self-dependence" be more thoroughly gained? Is not the principle of depending on the fruits of others' labor, without rendering a just equivalent, a principle only one step nearer honesty than the one that impels children, as well as grown men and women, to appropriate for their own use what they know does not belong to them?

Yours, &c., W.

We are not sure about this. We have known parents not only to abstain from hiring their young children to do anything for them, but to teach them not to take money from anybody for anything, without first consulting them; and we have known the effect to be not so much loose notions about money, as very strict notions about meanness—in fact an apparent annihilation of any possible sordid tendencies.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Cottier & Co.

UNTIL the good time coming, when any carpenter who knows his trade will be able to make us furniture that shall unite comfort, solidity, and good looks, we must be content, we suppose, to depend upon the cabinet-maker and the "decorator,"—two purely modern make-shifts,—for anything elegant or distinctive by which we may hope to vary a little the monotony of our houses, or to relieve their common-place.

In the old time, in the wondrous mother-age, the carpenter and the cabinet-maker were one and the same man; and "stuffing" was confined to the fowl, as it should be now. Yet, "it is not but a little while ago" that a carpenter who had gone through the mill of apprenticeship could make any piece of furniture that is in common use, in a style that would at least give no offense to an artistic eye. It must be admitted, however, that there are very few such carpenters left, though there are some, even to-day, who can carry out in a thorough and sympathetic style any design that may be furnished them by an architect—provided it do not call for too much carving. And even this difficulty, which, a few years ago, was a serious one, is much diminished since Mr. Ellen came to us from England.

But, although the rule that makes us dependent on the cabinet-maker and upholsterer is now and then broken, it is inevitable that, for most people, the only thing to be done when the question of house-furnishing comes up is, to go to the Marcottes, and Herters, and Rouxs, if they have Fortunatus's purse, and to Canal street, if they have only the widow's purse, before she gave the mite. There is, of course, Sypher's, and, for certain people, Sypher's is the very place. For the majority, however, it is too unconventional, requires too much independence, and implies too sentimental a love of the past and its fashions. We are speaking now of the antiquarian part of Sypher's establishment, the part that distinguishes it from the cut-and-dried cabinet-makers' shops. It is the only real bric-à-brac maga-

zine we have in New York, and with money and taste in equal quantities, a young couple may make even a New York house attractive, by picking up, now a chair, and now a table; to-day a lot of china, and to-morrow a looking-glass in a quaint frame. But they must expect to do this sort of thing in a leisurely way. It takes time and patience, besides no little judgment, and one must make large allowance for mistakes and disappointments. Sypher's is a pleasant place to move about in, and we owe him many of our household treasures, but we are aware he won't do for everybody, and the great majority of people, who are bent on being in the fashion, and up to the times, and who have no weak sentiment about grandmothers, must be cared for;—and the place for them is Cottier's.

There can hardly be a more delightful surprise for the lover of rich color and beautiful form than to pass directly from the dull uniformity and architectural ugliness of the Fifth Avenue into the show-room of Cottier & Co. This room seems as strange in New York, as a rose-bed with nightingales and a fountain would be, come upon in the back yard of a First Avenue tenement-house. Looking at the best of our rich men's houses, where individual taste has but little play, and where the whim of fashion and the hour is fed, not by men working in the domain of art, but by shopkeepers whose business is only to exchange their tawdry for the rich man's money—the effect of this apartment, so splendid and yet so quiet, exhilarating and yet soothing the sense, teaches a good, solid lesson—that money can do nothing by itself, it must be content to take its place as a servant, and it is only when used by a taste that enjoys what it produces, that anything artistic or decorative worth having, is produced. For, all this wall and ceiling decoration is produced at a cost far less than would be imagined by those who know what the regulation-drill get-up of New York drawing-rooms costs the unhappy people who feel obliged not only to sleep in the Procrustes-bed of our society, but to pay for their lodging besides.

It is not, however, the fitting-up of this room that will be of the most interest to those seeking to make their homes beautiful, for it would rarely be worth while to spend so much money and time on a landlord's house as this would call for; it is the furniture, the chairs and tables and side-boards, the curtain-stuffs, the glass and china, that will excite the heart's desire. It is small praise to say that things like these have never been seen here before, because there has never existed a taste here that demanded such satisfaction. Indeed it is only within the past ten years that even in England,—where household decoration is now far in advance of what it is in France,—it has been of a character to please an artist's eye or a layman's cultivated taste. And there can be no complaint that we Americans are slow to be taught. Let a few years pass and we are sure the lesson that Messrs. Cottier are teaching us will have been so learned, that they will be put upon their mettle to keep up with us. For in America, there is a real love of comfort and of beauty; we love our homes, and gladly welcome any news of how to make them more agreeable to our friends and to ourselves. We are all sick of tameness and copying, and only ask to be shown the better way, to walk in it with a will.

George Eliot in Verse.*

THAT the poet is born, and not made, writers like George Eliot are constantly convincing us. They have naturally, or they teach themselves, "the accomplishment of verse." They know and practice its laws, and are skillful in the use of its devices. All that can be learned is theirs—all but "the vision and the faculty divine." This eludes them, and, search for it as they may, it is not to be captured. It comes unsought to men like Burns, and Bloomfield, and Clare. "The huts where poor men lie" are its chosen haunts.

George Eliot is a woman of genius. It is the fashion just now to say that no living English novelist is her equal. This may or may not be true. But we can name a dozen living English poets whose verse is in every way superior to hers. Miss Ingelow is one, to begin with the ladies, and Miss Rossetti another; and, as for the gentlemen, surely her ardent admirers would not name her in the same breath with Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Allingham, and the rest. Why, Allingham's little fairy song, "Up the airy mountain," is worth more, as poetry, than her two volumes of labored verse. Her intellect may be, and perhaps is, of a larger order than theirs, but unhappily for her it is not a poetical intellect. It is too hard, too cold, too metaphysical, ever to win for her more than the semblance of success as a poet. Her sense of form is good, but she has no sense of color. She reasons, but she does not create. Her lines scan well, but

there is no movement in her verse. It goes like a well-regulated instrument. You hear in the beginning the click of the machinery which sets it going, and when you reach the end, you expect to hear it still; but it has stopped, because it has run down. She has twice essayed the English heroic measure, or one which passes for it now, and which, to our thinking, is better than the heroic measure of Pope and Dryden—the measure of Keats, in "Lamia," of Hunt, in "The Story of Rimini," and of Marlowe, in "Hero and Leander." "The Legend of Jubal" is one of these essays; "How Liza Loved the King" is the other. Neither is successful. The "Legend" is dull reading. It is full of prosaic lines that appear to have been written for some purpose which we have not been able to detect. If it was to convey an idea of remoteness of time and simplicity of manner, it has failed. Tennyson has shown George Eliot the way to success in this direction in "Dora," if she had but known it, and Clough has bettered the instruction of the Laureate in his "Jacob," and "Song of Lamech," which are noble Biblical productions. As representative, and, in a certain sense, dramatic, studies "A Minor Prophet" and "Stradivarius" are entitled to considerable praise. They recall Browning, whose manner, which at its best is violent, is quietly improved upon. The poem of the volume, for there is *one*, is "Brother and Sister"—a series of eleven sonnets, made up of little episodes of child-life. They are apparently real,—that is to say, they read like genuine recollections,—and they are certainly charming.

Art versus Heart.*

THE poetry of the period puzzles us more and more. Judging it by the eye and the ear, we have no fault to find with it, but judging it otherwise we find a thousand faults with it. We do not understand much of it, and we certainly do not feel it. If we could have reached its writers before they wrote, we would have said to them—"More matter with less art." To which they would have doubtless replied, in the words of Polonius:

"Madam, I swear I use no art at all."

And they would probably have emphasized the "Madam," for to give advice to a writer of to-day, particularly a young one, is to sink in his estimation to the level of the veriest old granny. Here is Mrs. Piatt, now—we wish we could impress upon her mind the necessity of putting more heart into her poetry. She has art enough, and more than enough, but lacks sentiment, tenderness, feeling. It is a curious deficiency, too, when we look into the substance of some of her poems. "Sometime," for example, touches upon a thought which must come into the mind of every loving wife and husband, *i.e.*, that one will have to die before the other.

* The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems, by George Eliot. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, etc. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"Well, either you or I,
After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die,
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
Sometime."

The theme is pathetic, but there is no pathos in the poem. How has Mrs. Piatt missed it? One would think there was something touching in the recollection of a dead child, but we do not find it in "Their Lost Picture." "Sweetness of Bitterness," a poem of wonderments, shows far more feeling.

"I wonder if my hair were gray,
It would not then be sweet to see
Some other head in gold, and say,
Shaking my own: 'Ah me! ah me!
How very pleasant it must be
To have such lovely hair as she!'"

Mrs. Piatt is at her best when she is writing for and about children. Her child-poems are dainty and imaginative. "I want it yesterday" is so charming that we overlook its unnecessary moral.

Regarded as art-work simply, the present volume is an advance upon "A Woman's Poems." Its chief fault is that it plays round the head, but comes not near the heart.

Christlieb on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief."

DR. THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, of Bonn, whose address at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in this city, last October, gained for him immediate and wide recognition as one of the ablest of living theologians, has laid the English-speaking world under new obligations by issuing a translation of eight of his lectures on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief," (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) These lectures are published in a neat octavo volume of 550 pages, the translation having been chiefly made by the Rev. H. U. Weitbrecht, Ph. D., a relative and former pupil of the author. Dr. Christlieb has himself given to the work careful supervision. The style is generally clear and accurate, though somewhat sluggish; for, unhappily, few of the orthodox writers of Germany have attained to the piquancy and vivacity of Strauss.

This volume covers the ground of Professor Christlieb's lecture at the Alliance, and considerable more, which was not then occupied. Moreover, that lecture was necessarily but an outline sketch of the arguments against modern infidelity, while in these lectures the field is pretty carefully gone over, and all the strong denials of the modern skeptics are fully met. We know of no treatise in Christian apologetics at once so thorough and so well adapted to the needs of this time. Many of the old books of Christian evidences, when read in response to the criticisms of the recent skeptics, are like the Irishman's echo: they answer back boldly enough, but their answers are not always pertinent. If the questions raised by modern unbelievers are in substance the same as those raised by the unbelievers of fifty years ago, they are in form quite different; and the reply must be addressed to the form as well as to the substance of the questions.

Dr. Christlieb thinks that it is not well "to adhere to the forms in which the old faith has crystallized, and to try to force the intellectual convictions of them upon our time in total disregard of the progress of science. By this course," he says, "the breach [between Culture and Christianity] can only be made wider. Our course is rather to endeavor to penetrate more deeply into and present more comprehensively the old truths of faith by the aid of the growing light of science." Such an avowal as this will win the respectful attention of multitudes of men of this generation who hold with firm faith to the substance of the old doctrine, yet who wish for some modification of the terms in which it is stated. It is Professor Christlieb, not Dr. Blauvelt, nor Mr. Swing, who says: "It must then be confessed that the Church theology of the last century deserves the chief blame for the general apostasy which then began from the Christian faith." Yet it is this theology of the Reformers, not only in its substance, but also in its literal forms, to which men are required, even now in this country, to assent on entering the ministry of several of the Christian denominations. It is to be hoped that the protest of Dr. Christlieb will be heard through all our borders.

The first of these lectures, on "The Existing Breach between Modern Culture and Christianity," is the ablest and most important discussion in the volume, excepting, perhaps, the chapter on "Modern non-Biblical Conceptions of God." In the first lecture the author discovers to us his method; and it is this which distinguishes him from most of the apologists. With absolute candor he will consider the arguments of doubters; he will concede all the truth they urge, and find, if he can, a common ground upon which he and they may stand together. Thus he hopes that the divorce between the Church and modern science may be prevented.

The culture which denies Christianity, and the Christianity which despises culture are, in his opinion, equally in error. "Christianity is itself culture; the true normal and highest form of culture; and culture, in the highest sense of the word, is impossible without Christianity." This is the main idea of the first lecture, and it is enforced with marvelous clearness and power. Professor Shairp's delightful little book on "Culture and Religion" has the same motive; but the German's grip is stronger, and his range is wider.

The lecture on Modern Conceptions of God is also most timely. This is the spot where the battle is now hottest. The leading question in theology is the question of the existence of a personal God. "Formerly," says Dr. Christlieb, "the issue lay between Biblical Christianity and Deism. Now it lies between Christianity and—nothing; between belief in God as the personal Spirit, who is Love, and the denial of God, which must be the annihilation of man's spiritual and moral being." The establishment of the doctrine of a personal God

makes probable every essential truth of supernatural Christianity. The apprehension by the writer of this, as the critical point in modern apologetics, demonstrates his clear vision; and the logical analysis to which he subjects the claims of Atheism, Materialism and Pantheism, shows him to be an acute and profound philosopher.

Books on Art.*

A FEW years ago it was not easy to find in our book stores elementary works upon art, except those written in a foreign language. The little paper-covered series, published by the London color-dealers, Winsor & Newton, were almost the only books of this kind within the reach of our art students. It is a pleasing sign of a wider interest that American publishers now find it worth while to print so many text-books of art.

The most important volume on our list is Miss Frothingham's translation of Lessing's "Laocoon." Some books suffer oblivion by reason of their renown. We are all supposed to have read them, and, therefore, do not take the trouble to do so. Lessing's "Laocoon" should be studied by all cultivated persons, and yet of E. C. Beasley's translation, published in England in 1853, only a very few copies found their way to America; and we may be sure it has been little read here in any form. The whole ground covered by Lessing is, we may almost say, the whole question of art, as art. To a thorough classical equipment this author adds the keen perception of a great poet—then with the gusto of a born critic, he analyzes, compares, explains, and, in the end, places the reader in the way of reconstructing. It is not until the entire essay is well read that his elaborate details are found, each bearing directly upon the main point—namely "the limits" of the various expressions of art. The chief lesson of the book certainly was never more needed than to-day—that painting is out of place in poetry, and the literary element out of place in painting. It was a difficult piece of translation, and is well done, though Lessing's delicate sarcasm, like the fine irony of Heine, is apt to escape in the transfer from the German to a foreign idiom.

Charles Blanc, in the preface to his "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," refers to the need, in France, of

a lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design. How much greater has been the want this side the Atlantic! Ignorance always answers your protest against some piece of bad taste with the reply,—supposed to be unanswerable,—"Well, that is *my* taste; every man his own!" In vain you urge the existence of standards; of academies that judge of merit; of trained and honest critics who examine its reasons; of refined classes who take an intelligent interest in meritorious work. What have they to do with principles to whom art is a pleasure of the senses, limited only by the individual's accidental degree of culture, perhaps by a crude apprehension of beauty undeveloped by special training. It is evident that with ignorance there can be no argument. The only thing to be done is to do away with the ignorance—give the special training, and let the culture be no more accidental in art than it is in geography. There has been a strong movement in Boston and New York during the last ten years to counteract this almost universal plea of the indolent; and the most effective method has been adopted—that of giving elementary artistic instruction to the young. Our readers know something of the work in the schools of the Cooper Institute and the Academy of Design in New York. In the Boston High Schools the experiment seems to have been so far successful. There is much yet to be accomplished by these and other means. Meanwhile our critics fill our newspapers with guesses, and every reporter thinks himself competent to sit in judgment upon the work of a master. Worse than all, the artists themselves,—accustomed to an uncultured public and an unreliable criticism,—slight education, and carry out, in the making of statue, picture and public building, the happy-go-lucky system which is the natural result of their surroundings. M. Blanc's book may not be sufficient for an entire art education. France and Germany have twenty books, not one of which a well-taught connoisseur can do without; and for the artist this work is hardly technical enough. But it is imbued with reverence (that virtue which we rule out in America), and cannot fail to convince the candid student of his own liability to error. It is itself candid, and not unduly devoted to any one school or man—a tendency which forms an element of dissolution in the teachings of so stimulating a writer as Ruskin; nor is it bound with the iron rings of a system which, in the works of a critic as eminent as Taine, fills you, from the outset, with an involuntary distrust. In style it is familiar and lucid, and though apparently written with ease, condenses a great deal of history, as well as criticism, into its three hundred and odd pages. Mrs. Doggett's work is carefully and agreeably done. It gives the impression of having been a labor of love; indeed the clearness of the French has such a charm for the translator, that sometimes she keeps altogether too literally to the idiom of the original.

* Lessing's *Laocoon*. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*. Translated from the French of Charles Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," by Kate Newell Doggett. With the original illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The *Old Masters and their Pictures*. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Modern Painters and their Paintings. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects and Engravers, and their Works. By Clara Erskine Clement. With illustrations and monograms. Second edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The *Theory and Practice of Linear Perspective*. From the French of V. Pellegriin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Paradoxes and Puzzles. By John Paget. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

The author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls" could not fail to give a simple interest to any subject about which she undertook to write for young people. In "The Old Masters" she has not allowed the charm of her subject to carry her too far into the romantic legends of their lives, and in "Modern Painters" personal impressions have not outweighed received authorities. In both, she has given the general verdict with a sincere attempt at fairness. Of course English modern art holds the largest place in the second volume, and she refers most frequently to Ottley, Ruskin, and Redgrave. In French painting her references are to Hamerton; in American to Tuckerman, so that in the latter department the artists of the last fifteen years are excluded. German art suffers most, however, as she mentions no schools but those of Overbeck and Kaulbach. Mrs. Tytler's style is not always fortunate—in the endeavor to be child-like she is sometimes absurd.

Mrs. Clement's book is a dictionary of sculpture and painting, especially useful for collectors and travelers. It includes all the great names except those of living artists, and has much valuable reference in regard to engravings in metal, and wood-cuts. When the interest in great art shall make such a book possible, we wish Mrs. Clement might undertake a dictionary of the drawings of the most interesting masters, with some account of where these are to be found, their variations upon the same theme, etc.

Pellegrin's book on perspective is a convenient little volume, containing the few elementary rules by which the most elaborate linear problems may be worked out. The author has the sanction of the French Ecole des Beaux Arts, where the mechanical parts of art are more thoroughly understood than anywhere else in Europe.

Mr. John Paget's "Paradoxes and Puzzles" are principally historical and judicial, but the author throws in some "Essays on Art" at the end of his book, which may, at least, be called lively reading. There is an irritating dogmatism about Ruskin, which makes it agreeable to hear some one say "fiddlesticks," at the close of the great critic's edicts: and that is Mr. Paget's refreshing way. To be sure, we should be better pleased if the critic's critic, in offering a substitute for Mr. Ruskin's method for beginners, did not encourage the copying of Retsch's outlines—drawings which have just enough charm to allure the beginner into a pernicious mannerism.

"The Heart of Africa."*

THE unexplored territory of the unknown continent is growing beautifully less, and the great geo-

graphical problems which have perplexed the ages are finding their solution, one by one. Strangely enough, the one, the solution of which has been longest and most industriously sought, is the one which is likely to be last determined. One source after another of the Nile has been reached by one after another of the various explorers who have risked life in their adventurous efforts. And yet the great river is a mystery still, and waits for one more enterprise, at least, to give a complete and conclusive answer to the question of its source.

Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, whose great work, translated into English, has been put before the American public by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, must have the credit of discovering the source of one of the important branches of the White Nile, in the low mountain region, north-east of the Albert Nyanza; and of determining the water-shed by which the Nile basin is separated from the adjacent river-system terminating in Lake Tsad. In this achievement he has rendered a geographical service of very great, though not of the greatest, value. We can appreciate the enthusiasm with which, after long months of patient and laborious exploration, along water-courses which tended always to the northward and the north-eastward, he came at length upon the great, broad river Welle, of which he had long heard the rumor, but which now his eyes beheld, and found it flowing surely and directly westward. That moment the limits of the great Nile basin, in one more section of its great circumference, were positively determined.

This was Dr. Schweinfurth's chief geographical discovery. And it must have been hard for him, after having accomplished so much and reached the very heart of the continent where the secrets of all its water-system are locked up, to be obliged to turn back without achieving the successes which were waiting to be won only a little way beyond. Between Schweinfurth's furthest point to the southward and Livingstone's furthest point to the northward, there is less than five hundred miles of unknown territory. The English traveler had reached the very border land of mystery on one side. The German traveler was close upon it from the other. In that five hundred miles the course of the great river Congo, which flows westward to the Atlantic, is waiting to be mapped out. In that five hundred miles is the missing link which is to prove whether Livingstone was, as he believed, upon the upper waters of the Nile, when he was following the stream which he had traced almost from the very fountains of Herodotus in its northward flow; or, whether that unknown river, by the side of which at last, he fell, tired out, and yielded up his weary life, was, (as the geographers almost with one voice maintain,) the Congo. To no one man, to no two or three men even, is to belong the glory of determining beyond all doubt this ancient question of geography. Only by degrees and grudgingly will

* The Heart of Africa. Three years' travels and adventures in the unexplored regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer, with an introduction by Winwood Reade. In two volumes. With maps and wood-cut illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros.

the great continent give up its mighty secret. Meantime, every approach to the complete discovery makes the uncertainty all the more intensely interesting and enticing.

Dr. Schweinfurth is, in some respects, the most fortunate of African explorers. He is still a young man; but he has lived for three years consecutively in the most deadly and inhospitable of savage countries without serious illness, and almost without serious peril from the hostility of the savage tribes among whom he journeyed and sojourned. The cannibals even, treated him as a man and a brother, did not disguise from him their little peculiarities of diet, made him at home in their simple, unconventional domestic life, welcomed him, we will not say to their hearth-stones, for that phrase might be misunderstood, but to their villages and fields and forests. His descriptions of the Niam-niam,—the very name has, as it is spoken, a sound as of gnashing teeth,—is full of interest. It may indicate a depraved and morbid taste on the part of the readers of books of travel, but, as a matter of fact, stories of well authenticated cannibalism are always popular, and exert an influence of dreadful fascination. Dr. Livingstone, in a private letter (never yet published) sent by Mr. Stanley's hands to an American correspondent (the late Mr. W. F. Stearns), speaks doubtfully of the Manyema people among whom he journeyed, as, "if cannibals, not ostentatiously so." But about Dr. Schweinfurth's Niam-niam there can be no doubt. And his narrative is, of course, all the more delightful, for that ostentatious certainty.

Concerning the race of dwarfs or pigmies, Dr. Schweinfurth has also much to say. And he was fortunate enough to secure the custody of a living specimen, whom he had hoped to bring in person with him on his return to Europe. But little Tikitikki died before he ever saw the sea. Evidently, Africa will not reveal her secrets—will not let her wonders go, if she can help it.

Dr. Schweinfurth's style is straightforward and unpretending, but most readable. And the translation, except for an occasional inelegance, is all that could be desired. His geographical and ethnological researches were apparently incidental to the main object of his journey. He is by profession a botanist, and it was in the interests of that branch of science, particularly, that he conceived the enterprise of which these two stately volumes give the record. But the general reader will chiefly value the general information which the volumes contain, rather than the special details of scientific investigation. And it is as a book of travel that we have chiefly considered it, and give it cordial and emphatic commendation.

Agassiz.*

IT means very little to say that the death of Agassiz was a loss to science, in the ordinary sense. Of course any branch of human knowledge must wait a little longer in its development, when so ardent and intelligent a votary ceases to cultivate it. But the position of that eminent savan among the scientists of this country was peculiar in this respect, that on the one hand a crowd of admirers will suppose that without him the sciences he pursued must be neglected or unfairly read, while on the other many thinkers will hold that in his departure an obstacle to their true interpretation is removed. Both will argue that they are right, because he maintained the successive creation of distinct species, and combated evolution. As regards that disputed doctrine, it would benefit people whose minds are fixed in the habit of satisfying themselves with words alone, to read Winchell's late clear exposition of the different senses in which it may be taken ("The Doctrine of Evolution," Harper & Brothers.) There is a doctrine of evolution which reduces the universe to unintelligent force, and reasons away a personal creator. There is another doctrine of evolution which regards the original endowment of simple force and matter, or of force alone, with the capacity to unfold into the marvelous web of the universe, as a grander act of creation than is a stated interference in producing species. Agassiz believed in neither doctrine, yet he might easily have adopted the latter, and still held the most orthodox views of theologians, if he could only have raised them to his level. As it is, though science loses much in the cessation of his earnest investigations, it loses more in his bold objections to extremes, and his obstinate resistance to those who persist in arraying it and religion against each other, while professing merely to disconnect them. He affords a curious illustration of the rapid advance of thought in our day. It was some centuries before any one dreamed of excusing Galileo for frightening the church by the assertion that the earth moves. Agassiz could say of himself twelve years ago, "I know that I have been considered by many persons an infidel, because I have not taken for my guidance, in the study of science, the dictum of certain creeds," and yet long before his death could hear himself reviled by one party for theological narrowness, and applauded by another as a champion of faith. The lectures here reproduced were delivered in 1862, and are devoted to the demonstration that the structure of animal life, in its plans and its gradation, denotes the constant working of a present intelligence.

* The Structure of Animal Life: Six Lectures, by Louis Agassiz. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Hay Fever.

IN 1868 Professor Helmholtz, announced the discovery of low organisms in the secretion of the nasal cavity of persons suffering from hay fever, and Prof. Biny, in a recent letter on the subject says:—I have suffered since 1847 from this catarrh, the attack coming on regularly in the hay season, and the specialty being that it ceases in the cool weather, but on the other hand, quickly reaches a great intensity on exposure to sunshine. It is attended by violent sneezing and a thin corrosive discharge. In a short time a painful inflammation of the mucous membrane and often of the skin of the nose supervenes, together with fever and headache. In a cool room these symptoms are relieved, but there remains a soreness of the membrane, which after a time disappears.

The curious dependence of the disease on the season of the year, suggested to me the thought that organisms might be the origin of the mischief. In examining the secretions, I regularly found in the last five years certain vibrio-like bodies in it, which at other times I could not observe in my nasal secretion. They are very small, and can only be recognized with the immersion-lens of a very good microscope. It is characteristic of the common isolated single joints that they contain four nuclei in a row, of which two are more closely united. Upon the warm objective-stage they move with moderate activity, partly in mere vibration, partly shooting backwards and forwards in the direction of their long axis; in lower temperature they are very inactive. It is to be noted that only that kind of secretion contains them which is expelled by violent sneezings; that which drops slowly does not contain any. When I first saw the statement regarding the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, I determined at once to make an experiment with that substance, thinking that these vibrionic bodies, even if they did not cause the whole illness, still could render it much more unpleasant through their movements, and the decompositions caused by them. For that purpose I made a neutral dilute solution of the sulphate of quinine. I then lay flat on my back, keeping my head very low, and poured with a pipette about a teaspoonful into both nostrils. Then I turned my head about to let the liquid flow in all directions. The desired effect was obtained immediately, and remained for some hours. I could expose myself to the sun without fits of sneezing, and the other disagreeable symptoms coming on. It was sufficient to repeat the treatment three times a day, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, to keep myself quite free from the annoying symptoms.

An Ethnological Curiosity.

To the ethnologist the study of the peculiarities of different races is a matter of absorbing interest, and, at times, very singular fancies are discovered by those who examine into these matters. As an illustration we quote the following from the notes of an ethnological explorer among the groups of islands known as the Nicobars, about 150 miles south of the Andamans. Speaking of the customs of the inhabitants, the writer says: "One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the island, is the passion for old hats which, without exception, pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject alike, endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their life-time. On a fine morning at the Nicobars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean, in the vicinity of the island, dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing on but the conventional slip of cloth, and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well-known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoa-nuts, the only product of these islands; a good tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoa-nuts. Intense excitement pervades the island while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are often asked and received. When the hats or the cocoa-nuts have at length come to an end, the trader lands a cask or so of rum, and the whole population in their hats get drunk without intermission until the rum also comes to an end. It is curious that in far-away regions so profitable a market should be found for cast-off specimens of one of the most disagreeable symbols of civilization."

The Old or the New World?

THE recent expeditions for the geological exploration of the Western States have furnished results which tend to show that America has a better claim to the title of Old World than either Europe or Asia. Among the discoveries which have been made is the former existence of a series of great lakes between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Surrounding these there was a flora and fauna of a tropical character, and in the lower strata which at intervals come to the surface, many gigantic fossils are found, not only great extinct pachyderms, of which we have made mention in a

former number, but also fossil turtles, elephants, mastodons, tigers, hyenas, wolves and camels.

Sex and Mind in Education.

"THE Fortnightly Review" contains an article on this subject by Dr. Maudsley, in which he assumes, on the authority of American experience, that the physical constitution of young girls is unequal to the strain of an ordinary school education, and that consequently the interests of the race demand that their instruction should have especial reference to their predestined duties as wives and mothers. As excessive stimulation of the mental faculties will quickly disturb the general health, the practical question to be decided by parents and physicians is, in each instance, the extent to which mental exercises may be permitted without interfering with a perfect parallel development of the other functions of the body. Whether differences in character and method of study should be made in accordance with the sex, depends on the extent to which the brain may be affected by differences that attend sexual organization; of these we are still ignorant regarding the details, though there can be no doubt of the existence of differences in cerebro-structure, just as there are differences in the types of mind.

Gigantic Cuttle Fish of the Northern Coast.

PROFESSOR VERRILL assures us of the existence of gigantic cuttle fishes and squids on the North American Atlantic Coast. Of the latter he says there are at least two kinds. The body of one that came into his possession must have been fifteen feet long and nineteen inches in diameter, the ordinary arms about ten feet long and seven inches in diameter, and the two extensile arms of unknown length. Another with a body ten feet long, had extensile arms about forty-two feet in length. A smaller specimen, caught in herring nets in Logie Bay, about three miles from St. Johns, had a body more than seven feet long. The two tentacular arms were twenty-four feet in length and two and a half inches in circumference. The short arms were six feet long and ten inches in circumference at the base. Each of the long arms bears about one hundred and sixty suckers on the broad terminal portion, all of which are denticulated.

A New Motor.

A CURIOUS experiment in capillary attraction has recently been devised by M. Lippmann. It may be described as follows: Place in a saucer a globule of mercury an inch or so in diameter, and pour upon it a little water acidulated with sulphuric acid and slightly colored with potassium bichromate. If the mercury is then touched on the side with the point of a needle, the globule will contract and withdraw itself from the needle, and then return to its first position. This brings it in contact again with the needle point, the contraction is repeated,

and so on indefinitely. The explanation of these movements is to be found in the fact of the alternate oxidation and deoxidation of the mercury, whereby its capillary condition is changed, and the alternate swelling and flattening produced. This movement M. Lippmann has utilized as a motor, and a machine has been constructed in which the fly-wheel has made a hundred revolutions per minute.

A Certain Proof of Death.

THE signs of death which can be implicitly relied upon, even by medical men, are comparatively few. Consciousness may be abolished, the pulsation of the heart may be inaudible and imperceptible to the touch or eye, the respiratory movements may be inappreciable, the surface may feel cold—and yet life may not be quite extinguished. It has recently been suggested as a good method of general application, to tie a piece of twine rather tightly around a finger. If after a few minutes the part beyond the ligature neither swells nor alters in color, life may be regarded with tolerable certainty as extinct. In a recent contribution on this subject, Dr. Leon Davis has proposed another plan, which, however, can only be practised by a surgeon. The plan proposed by Dr. Davis, is the denudation and section of an artery. If the artery be empty, the heart is dead; the heart dead, the whole body has ceased to live. The great advantage to be derived from the employment of this sign is, that the emptying of the arteries must be simultaneous with death, and if it be present, attempts at restoration should be abandoned. If this phenomenon is not present, the attempt to restore life may yet succeed. The temporal artery, by reason of its nearness to the surface, may be selected for the operation, as also for the slight degree in which it contracts. ["Academy."]

Crossing the Red Sea.

A PAPER recently read by Herr Brugsch, at Cairo, contains the following interesting statements: 1st. The hieroglyphic tablet, which has cast so much light on ancient Egyptian geography, shows that the city of Tanis was also called Ramsès. 2d. Herr Brugsch has satisfied himself that the Pharaoh under whom Moses lived was Ramsès II., and his son and successor Ménephthah, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Near Mount Casius, in the north-east of Egypt, existed formerly the Serbonian Lake, which was subject to great inundations from the sea under certain conditions of wind. It was there that the Persian army of Artaxerxes perished in the same manner as the army of the Egyptian king, and there it is, says Herr Brugsch, that the latter perished in their pursuit of the Hebrews. He argues that the mention of the Red Sea only occurs in the "Cantic of Moses," a work composed a long time after the occurrence, and that in the true historical narrative of Exodus, there is only men-

tion made in a general way of "the sea," which was the Mediterranean. On this hypothesis all difficulties vanish. Tanis, Ramsès, Succoth, Migdol, Pithom, the Land of Goshen,—hitherto the despair of all the theorists,—can now be quite readily identified. It was not at Memphis, nor at Heliopolis, that the Israelites gathered together to cross the Red Sea or to traverse the salt lakes between Suez and the refilled bitter lakes on their way to the desert and the land of Canaan, but at Tanis, where Ramsès ruled, and where Ménephthah drove them to desperation. ["Academy."]

Memoranda.

EITHER coffee or milk alone, or taken at considerable intervals, contains valuable stimulating and nutritious elements. M. L'Abbé, however, states, that when they are mingled together the tannin of the coffee forms with the albumenoid substance of the milk an indigestible substance similar to that formed in the tan-vat when animal substances are immersed therein.

Careful experiments have been recently made in France to determine the respective effects of fully supporting a projectile along its whole length in the gun-barrel, and of balancing it upon two nearly central points. The same shells were used for both experiments, and the results obtained were greatly in favor of the method of supporting the shell along its whole length.

Mr. John Barrow recommends the use of naphthaline as a support for tissues in the section-cutter employed in making preparations for the microscope. Its advantages over wax are a low fusing-point, absence of contraction in the cutter, very little injury to the edge of the knife, and ready solubility in benzole or spirit, so that the substance may be removed at once from the section without injury.

F. C. Calvert finds that while eggs are not acted upon by dry oxygen, they change rapidly in moist oxygen, and are soon covered by a mossy growth of penicillium. In nitrogen, eggs pierced or whole, can be kept for three months. In hydrogen they also remain sound, also in carbonic acid and illuminating gas.

Mr. Garrod has proposed a new system for the classification of birds. It is founded on the presence or absence of certain muscles, these he designates by the letters A, B, X, Y, and thereupon constructs formula for the indication of the families, as is illustrated by the following examples: The ostrich family, BXY; the doves, ABXY; the falcons or eagles, A; the ducks, ABX, and so on through the list.

It is proposed to excavate a third Alpine tunnel. It is to pass under the St. Bernard, and will be 20,000 feet long. A shaft is to pass from the center of the tunnel vertically to the top of the mountain. In this an elevator is to be placed, and at the mouth

of the shaft a large hotel will afford accommodations to those who desire to visit the higher Alpine regions.

A new photometer has been invented, which depends for its action on the fact that light alters the power of certain substances to conduct electricity. The application consists in measuring this change by means of a current of electricity and a galvanometer.

In some English towns the determination of the amount of gas consumed by the street lamps is made by means of gas meters. One of these is attached to every twelfth lamp, and the average of the results obtained is taken as the average of consumption for each lamp.

"La Nature" states that the Museum of Natural History of Paris has recently received an entire skeleton of the *Palæotherium Magnum*. The most important result of the discovery of this specimen is the demonstration of the fact, that in place of being a bulky massive animal, the *Palæotherium* was very slender, with a graceful carriage, and a contour resembling that of the Llama.

M. Tissandier finds that in the course of twelve hours several pounds of dust fall on every half mile square of Paris.

Two French aeronauts have made a balloon ascent, during which they employed pure oxygen for the purposes of respiration. In this way an altitude of 7,400 meters was reached at this altitude, all aqueous lines in the spectrum disappeared. When the oxygen was not used, the sky appeared quite dark, but the blue color re-appeared as soon as the respiration of oxygen was recommenced.

A horizontal pendulum is described by Zöllner, in which the susceptibility was so great, that it was set in motion by the vibrations produced by a railway train a mile distant.

Ditaine, an alkaloid obtained from the bark of the "Dita," is recommended as a valuable and efficient substitute for quinine.

It is proposed to hold a fungus show at Aberdeen, in Scotland, for the purpose of directing public attention to the valuable qualities which many of these growths possess.

Regarding the great lava flow of the West, Professor Joseph Le Conte says: Its eastern and northern limits are not well known, but its extent cannot be less than 200,000 square miles, and the average thickness about 2,000 feet.

Baron Larrey states that he has frequently found young soldiers suffer from goitre, caused by the pressure of the bottoms or clasps of the tightly-fitting regulation collar.

Picric acid may be detected in beer by warming the fluid, and passing wool through it. The acid may then be removed from the wool by ammonia.

ETCHINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT who has the good taste to admire our Etchings, and the sagacity to perceive the accurate scholarship and the wide range of reading of which they are the playful result, a correspondent, we say, and, judging from her fairy-like MS., a fair one, wishes to know the exact meaning of the word, or words, "*bric-à-brac*," the happiest use of which, so far as she has seen, is on the artistic cover of a charming little book, which she has just read with unalloyed delight. We know many things—some profoundly, some well, and others, we have to confess, not so well. "*Bric-à-brac*," we are sorry to say, comes in the last category. Feeling from the start that the question, which our fair correspondent has asked, would be likely to be asked by others, not so fair perhaps, we consulted the best philological authorities within reach, by letter or otherwise, one of whom, who is now in England, cables a few remarks across the deep (at his own expense,) in regard to what he supposes to be its misuse on the artistic cover of the before-mentioned little book. Here is what his scholarship arrives at: "*Bric-à-brac* means not 'choice bits,' but literally 'odds and ends,' broken fragments, scraps, rubbish, etc., and is a phrase made by onomatopoeia (as Max Müller would say,) from the sound made by smashing a thing to bits." An irreverent but facetious paragraphist in "*The Tribune*," entertained the same views as our cableist, when he first saw the book. He stared at it admiringly, removed his hat from his manly and capacious brow, and shouted—"Brickbats!"

We respect the opinion of these learned men, but as there are two sides to most questions, we quote against them the opinion of another learned man, than whom America has produced no riper scholar: "The use of the word '*bric-à-brac*,'" he writes, "is far from being so familiar to me that I should be able to speak with any authority as to its application. According to my understanding of it, you have used it very appropriately. There isn't any etymology to help one, and the phrase is one belonging to wealthy dilettanti, rather than men of learning, or the general public; it comes out of the French to us; and I have looked in *Littre's Dictionary*, with confirmation of my impression."

Admirers of "*Bric-à-brac*," you are like the young gentleman in the menagerie, "you pays your money, and you takes your choice."

AN epigram to be good must be very good, which very few that are written now-a-days are. The art of writing them seems to be lost, though many versifiers do not know it, or will not own it. Such a one was Egerton Webbe, whose epigrams, so called, were cleverly bantered by Leigh Hunt in "*The London Journal*." His imitations, which have all the solemn turns of the originals, are the best

specimens of mock wit that we recall. Here are some of them:

"CONCERNING JONES.

Jones eats his lettuces undressed:
D' you ask the reason? 'Tis confessed,
That is the way Jones likes them best."

"TO SMITH, CONCERNING THOMSON.

Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board;
D' you ask the reason? Thomson can't afford."

"TO GIBBS, CONCERNING HIS POEMS.

You ask me if I think your poems good;
If I could praise your poems, Gibbs, I would."

"CONCERNING THE SAME.

Gibbs says his poems a sensation make,
But Gibbs, perhaps, is under a mistake."

"TO THOMSON, CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir."

Rogers, the poet, is credited with a terse epigram, which was written at the expense of Ward, the author of "*Tremaine*," who had somehow contrived to offend him:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

Sir John Harington wrote a stinging political epigram, which is as true to-day as it was in the days of James the First:

"OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason."

As Harington's epigrams are little known, except among readers of old English verse, we subjoin a few of the best. Here is one which concerns the literary craft:

"AGAINST WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? For when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it,—not the cooks."

Harington did not enjoy criticism, as what writer does, except it be favorable:

"TO FAUSTUS.

Faustus finds fault, my epigrams are short,
Because to read them he doth make some sport;
I thank thee, Faustus, though thou judgest wrong,
Ere long I'll make thee swear they be too long."

What constitutes a debtor?

"OF DON PEDRO'S DEBTS.

Don Pedro's out of debt, be bold to say it,
For they are said to owe, that mean to pay it."

Tailors, time out of mind, have been the butt of wits, who are never so happy as when chaffing them. It takes nine of them, they tell us, to make a man, (why nine?); they are given to cabbaging cloth, (why cabbaging?); they are associated with the goose, etc., etc. Harrington's best epigram, if it is not too long to be called one, is a merciless onslaught upon this unfortunate sitting and sewing craft, and a witty satire on a sort of repentance that still remains in the world. Stripped of its antiquated spelling, it runs ruggedly as follows:

"OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, a man of an upright dealing,
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner,
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That one day he might find it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great Precisian.
He bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life he showed great reformation,
He walked mannerly, and talked meekly,
He heard three lectures, and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all companies unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "Truly:"
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the even was dressed.
And lest the custom that he had to steal,
Might cause him sometime to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff allowed fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclined,
He then should put the banner in his mind.
This done,—I scarce can tell the rest for laughter,—
A captain of ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet, and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slept away three quarters of the stuff.
His man espying it, said in derision,
"Remember, master, how you saw the vision."
"Peace, knave," quoth he, "I did not see one rag
Of such a colored silk in all the flag."

"HE is but a landscape painter," as Tennyson sings in "The Lord of Burleigh"; but once he was a physician, and, if his knowledge of medicine was equal to his knowledge of art, he was a very good physician. He was younger then than he is now, and he is not old, and he was greener—greener than any spring foliage he ever painted, and spring foliage, by the way, is a specialty of his. City born

and bred, he made a short summer visit into the country, and, while there, heard incidentally of a country doctor who wished to sell his practice. He was hesitating, was our young friend, about his final choice of a profession, having failed to procure any but poor patients, who could not pay, and having also failed to paint any but poor pictures, which would not sell. It was an even thing with him whether he became a starving artist, or remained a starving physician. He was earning no money as either, nor was he likely to, in the city. Why not try the country? Its inhabitants were honest, and simple-minded, he had somewhere read, and what, with the heat of the sun, and other novel peculiarities, they were, he thought, more liable to sickness than the denizens of a crowded city. Certainly the children were, for were they not perpetually eating green fruit? Yes, he would try the country, if, after looking into the practice that was to be disposed of, he could see a living in it. He called upon the disposing practitioner, who was but a little older than himself—an affable, good-natured young fellow, though rather verdant, he thought. The verdant one was willing to "vamoose the ranche," as he remarked, "for, between ourselves, there is a lady in California who is attached to me, though you wouldn't think it, perhaps." "But about your practice?" "I won't say anything about it. But to-morrow, if you like, say to-morrow forenoon, I'll harness up, and you can see for yourself. It is not sickly now, I must tell you, but it's going to be soon, especially among children and old folks. Men like you and I might live forever here, only they have no such men. Plenty of money though. My horse remembers the house of every patient in the neighborhood, and stops of himself at their doors. You can jot down the number as we jog along, and decide whether you'll buy me out or no. And now suppose we adjourn to the tavern (are you stopping there?) and have something cool? I'm thirsty, and want to smoke. Mustn't smoke in my office, you know. Here's a cigar, you can smoke. Try it." They adjourned to the tavern, had something cool, smoked, and came to an agreement regarding the sum to be paid for the practice, past, present, and future—especially the future!

The next forenoon the pair drove through the town, or rather the country doctor did, and was a considerable time about it, so often did the noble animal that drew the buggy stop. "Why, Doctor, nearly every person in the town must have been under your hands," remarked our delighted cit, keeping a mental tally of the stoppages. "Yes,—suppose so,—at one time or another. Get up!" It was a constant "get up!" to the horse, who appeared to remember his master's practice better than his master did.

It was purchased at once for a good round sum in cash, and that very afternoon the retired practitioner proceeded to the station, accompanied by two or three acquaintances who were enjoying something

hugely. "Best thing out!" said one. "Beats all," replied another; "eh, Doc.?" "Tol lol," he answered coolly. The train stopped, took him on, and went screaming away with its precious freight—that affable, good-natured, verdant young person, who was going to California, where he had a tender attachment!

Days passed, and no patients. More days passed, and still no patients! What did it mean? Mean?—it meant that there was no practice there! The country M. D. had borrowed the horse of the milkman! That's all!

"Only this, and nothing more."

If it be true, as the poet says, that "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," it is equally true, as we say, parodying the line of the poet, that "The world knows nothing of its greatest fools." They abound in all professions, including the literary one, into which they rush with a temerity that is dreadful to behold, and that would be amusing, if it were not melancholy. They have no qualifications for it, and no chance of success in it at any time. They always aim high—as high as the amateur who is certain that he can play "Hamlet," when, in fact, he cannot acquire himself tolerably with the stage message,

"My lord, the dinner waits."

The writing of a good novel is considered rather a difficult feat by men of letters; at least Thackeray so considered it, as did also Dickens and Bulwer. Not so these literary amateurs, the most modest of whom,—supposing, indeed, that modesty ever existed among them,—is convinced that he, or she, has already excelled the great masters of fiction in the story which he, or she, has written, and which only awaits publication in order to astonish the world. Like Byron, they will wake up some morning, perhaps, and find themselves famous. Budding Thackerays are as plentiful as blackberries among our youth, and full-blown George Eliots are to be found at every young ladies school in the country. Fifteen is the ripe age at which one precocious Corinne produced her romance, which, alas, still remains in MS. Publishers are so hard-hearted, and their "readers" so indifferent! As with fiction, so with poetry. There are hundreds, thousands of young poets among us. "They rave, recite, and madden round the land." What is there they cannot do? What is there they have not done? Mr. Adolphus has written an idyl, which is as good as any of Tennyson's; Mr. Benoni has written a dramatic study, which is better than all of Browning's; while Mr. Carolus has written an ode, which is superior to the best of Swinburne's. Poetry—what is it? One sweet youth answers—"Honey and Gall." Another, "Asses' Ears!" Settle it between yourselves, gentlemen, if you can. Our opinion is the ears have it!

How was it that the old school rhyme ran?

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds."

This great truth comes home to us whenever we encounter the poetry of the period, and what, with MS. and print, we encounter a great deal of it. Adolphus is sweet, but imitative; Benoni is strong, but unintelligible; Carolus is daring, but atheistic. They are not dull, we will say that for them. Dullness is the exception, not the rule. Once in a while they are funny, without intending it. Here now is a funny versifier, whose name we will not mention, out of consideration for his family, if he has one, and for himself, in case he should live to repent his "poetic effusions." He is moralizing on the serious thought—we know not what a day may bring forth, and giving examples of the uncertainty of life. Here is his first:

"I knew a lady friend who said,
'To-morrow will be pleasant,
For two dear friends are coming then,
How dreary seems the present.'
To-morrow came, also her friends,
She joyous ran to meet them,
Her heart leaped up with sudden bound,
With gladness then to greet them.
She caught their hands and said, 'How g'ad,'
No other words did utter,
But sudden fell before their feet,
Her heart had ceased to flutter."

And here is his third:

"Another, in proud manhood's strength,
Said, 'I will hunt to-morrow,
But while I think I'll load my gun,
That game may come to sorrow.'
He took his gun from off the rack,
And said, 'I wonder if it's loaded;
Wife, will you pull the hammer back
While I blow in the muzzle?'
A shudder shook her frame, she said,
'The gun it may be loaded,
And I might shoot you through the head—
Oft evil is foreboded.'
He placed the gun upon the floor,
His foot upon the hammer,
He thought not death was in its bore
Life on its slippery hammer.
He placed his mouth upon the bore
And blew down in its muzzle,
His foot slipped off on to the floor,
Leaden death shot down his palate.
To him to-morrow never came,
But with a flash life left him,
He tasted death that sudden came,
And took his checks to cash them."

Once upon a time a certain French banker expressed the wish to write a play with Scribe, the dramatist, which play he would bring out regardless of expense, provided his name figured on the bills with Scribe's as his collaborator. Scribe declined

the proposal in a note, in which he said that an ass and a horse never worked well together. He had his little joke, as he thought, until he received the banker's reply, which was: "What do you mean by calling me a horse?" If we have called—if we have insinuated even—that any one is a horse, we

apologize. If the verse we have quoted suggests the other useful animal, who was described recently as being without pride of ancestry, and without hope of posterity, the writer has accomplished by his writing the wish that was so dear to Dogberry!

PLIGHTED. A. D. 1874.



"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

NELLIE, *loquitur*.

BLESS my heart! You're come at last.
Awful glad to see you, dear!
Thought you'd died or something, Belle—
Such an age since you've been here!
My engagement? Gracious! Yes.
Rumor's hit the mark this time.
And the victim? Charley Gray,
Know him, don't you? Well, he's *prime*.
Such mustachios! Splendid style!
Then he's not so horrid fast—
Waltzes like a seraph, too,
Has some fortune—best and last.
Love him? Nonsense. Don't be "soft."
Pretty much as love now goes;
He's devoted, and in time
I'll get used to him, I s'pose.
First love? Humbug. Don't talk stuff!
Bella Brown, don't be a fool!
Next you'll rave of flames and darts,
Like a chit at boarding-school.
Don't be "miffed," I talked just so
Some two years back. Fact, my dear!
But two seasons kill romance,
Leave one's views of life quite clear.
Why, if Will Latrobe had asked
When he left, two years ago,
I'd have thrown up all and gone
Out to Kansas, do you know?
Fancy me a settler's wife!
Blest escape, dear, was it not?
Yes, it's hardly in my line

To enact "Love in a Cot."
Well, you see, I'd had my swing,
Been engaged to eight or ten,
Got to stop some time, of course,
So it don't much matter when.
Auntie hates old maids, and thinks
Every girl should marry young—
On that theme my whole life long!
I have heard the changes rung!
So, *ma belle*, what could I do?
Charley wants a stylish wife,
We'll suit well enough, no fear,
When we settle down for life.
But for love—stuff! See my ring!
Lovely, isn't it? Solitaire.
Nearly made Maude Hinton turn
Green with envy and despair,
Her's aint half so nice, you see,—
Did I write you, Belle, about
How she tried for Charley, till
I sailed in and cut her out?
Now she's taken Jack McBride,
I believe it's all from pique—
Threw him over once you know—
Hates me so she'll scarcely speak.
O yes! Grace Church, Brown, and that,
Pa won't mind expense at last,
I'll be off his hands for good;
Cost a fortune two years past.
My trousseau shall out-do Maude's,
I've *carte blanche* from Pa, you know,
Mean to have my dress from Worth!
Won't she just be *raving* though?

ALICE WILLIAMS.